THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

OCT. 29, 1910 — 5c. THE COPY

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

A GOOD coat must have "character"—as well as the man inside it. And the one is almost sure to be indicative of the other.

If it is a Kuppenheimer garment it has character plus. The markets of the world have been searched for the best of fabrics, the best of materials and the best of workmanship—that it might be made as perfect as human ingenuity can produce.

Go to the store of our local representative and see. Send for book, "Styles for men."

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B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

The House of Kuppenheimer

Chicago New York Boston

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Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men
and Men Who Stay Young

The Highest Type of Clothes Made—Ready-to-Wear.

YOU'LL soon need an overcoat. It being your Winter's outer garment, you want it to be stylish as well as comfortable. It will be both if it's a Society Brand.

MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN. SOLD BY THE BETTER CLOTHIERS. FALL FASHION PANELS FOR TEN CENTS IN STAMPS

To the 5,196,267 Unmarried Men of America

You men who have no wives or sisters to darn for you will find genuine Holeproof Hose to be the softest, most comfortable, best fitting, most stylish hose ever worn. Six pairs are *guaranteed* not to wear out for six months. Please do not judge Holeproof Hosiery by ordinary guaranteed hose.

"Holeproof" comes in the very lightest weights—in all the latest colors, and is perfect in finish and weave.

It fits just as snug after washing as it does before. The colors are guaranteed to be fast.

It has every advantage that cotton hose can possess.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

From Egypt

We use a yarn made of cotton grown in Egypt; also from cotton grown in the Sea Islands. These are the finest cotton yarns in the world. They cost us an average of 70c per lb. We could save almost half if we bought common yarn.

But the hose would then sink to the common grade.

"Holeproof" is the finest hosiery made.

We have made, sold and guaranteed Holeproof Hosiery for 12 years.

38 Years of Knowing How

But we spent 38 years in the hosiery making business.

We have made thousands of tests and experiments.

We have learned how to make hose that wear longer without sacrificing comfort or style.

People who judge our product—the original guaranteed hose—by what they have learned or heard of the "inexperienced" brands, do us a great injustice.

Please Try the Genuine

There are scores of poor imitations, so one must be careful to get the original. It bears the name "Holeproof" on the toe. Also the trade-mark shown in this ad.

Six pairs of men's "Holeproof" guaranteed for six months cost $1.50. The lightweight mercerized cost $2. The Lustre Hose, finished like silk, cost $3.

Holeproof Silk Sox, three pairs guaranteed three months, $2.

Six pairs of women's hose cost $2 (mercerized, $3). The children's hose cost $2 for six pairs.

Sold in Your Town

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Holeproof Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
512 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic

Are Your Hose Insured?

(65)

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Copyright, 1910, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 183 — PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 29, 1910 — Number 18

The Automobile and the Farmer

Adamless Automobiles

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

A FARMER was chugging down the road in an automobile in Pawnee County, Kansas, one hot day last August, when he passed a neighbor jogging leisurely along in a buggy. He slowed down his machine and yelled back at his friend: "Whose funeral are you going to, Jim?"

"Nobody's," was the reply. "My wife's out visiting in the auto."

"I see," said the man in a relieved tone as he disappeared in a cloud of dust.

This little incident is typical of new conditions in the great middle and western farming belt. So wide has become the use of the automobile among farmers that in many sections the buggy is regarded as a well-nigh superannuated institution whose use at once suggests the slow-moving tribute to the dead. In some counties about the only time the buggy is rolled out is for funerals or for courting.

Just as practically every great American activity harks back to the soil or finds its root there, so has the automobile industry found in the farmer one of its surest supports and one of its best justifications for the future. No phase of a business, whose development has been an industrial miracle, is more significant or farreaching in its effect than that which touches agriculture. Today there are eighty-five thousand automobiles, or practically one-fourth of the total output, owned and used on the farms. They could comfortably carry the entire population of Detroit. Two-thirds of the machines in Kansas and nearly one-half of those in Nebraska belong to farmers. Where only one out of every two hundred persons in New York owns a motor car you find one out of every thirty-two farmers in Iowa possessing an automobile. Between January and June of this year the farmers of six middle-western states spent more than twenty million dollars for automobiles, and they bought for cash. Wherever you turn, from the northern outskirts of the Dakotas to the Texas border-line, you find the trail of the gasoline car across the farm. It has made agricultural life more attractive; it has destroyed the isolation of the rural worker; it has annexed the ranch to the town; it has brought the market to the farm's door, and in various vicinities it is working out a social and educational revolution. In short, it has become an implement of practical utility instead of a luxury.

The farmer did not go at the automobile impulsively. With characteristic foresight and prudence he waited until the speed mania had subsided and until after his city brother had paid for the early and costly years of experimentation. When a standardized and uniformly efficient car whose usefulness had been demonstrated was put on the market he started in to buy. As late as 1907 less than two-sevenths of the automobile output went into the country; now the bulk of moderate-priced production is for the farmer. Together with the merchant, he has become the mainstay of the business.

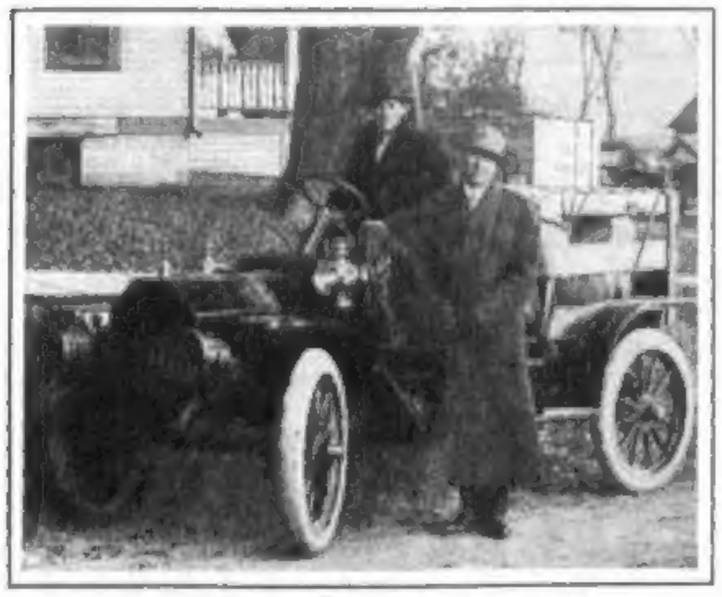
Nor was the adoption of the automobile by the farmer a very surprising thing. Years of tinkering with the binder, the thresher, the stationary gasoline engine and all the other machinery of the farm had made him a good mechanic and equipped him to handle the motor and the magneto. He had no traditions of joy-riding either. From the very outset the automobile has had to perform a definite work for the farmer. At first it was swift transportation for the family or for the hired help; today there are combined with this a large utilitarian work and an economic service the ramifications and extent of which are little short of amazing. Let us see what it is.

You can go to any one of half a dozen western states and get the typical story of the automobile on the farm. I went to Kansas because there are more automobiles on the farms there than in any other state and because their work is illustrative of what is accomplished elsewhere. The Kansas farmer did not take the lead in motor ownership "because," as one Westerner has said, "there is so little liquor in the state the farmer has to make up in gasoline," but because he is one of the most intelligent and prosperous of all the American farmers. He realized just what aid the motor car could bring him in his work. In 1908 there were only twenty-one hundred automobiles in the state, evenly divided between town and country; now there are nearly eleven thousand, and two-thirds are on the farms. In the ten counties of Reno, Barton, Rice, Pawnee, Stafford, Finney, Ford, Kearny, Hamilton and Gray, with a total population of barely one hundred and sixteen thousand, there are over four thousand automobiles, or one machine for every eighth family, for these western families are large. In Barton County, which has eighteen thousand people, there are one thousand cars,

A Group of Farmers' Cars at the Hutchinson, Kansas, State Fair

Auto Street Scene at Great Bend, Kansas

Farmers' Autos at a Kansas Church



Hauling Live Stock by Motor

A Kansas Circuit Rider Who Uses an Auto

or one for every third family. In Larned there is a car for every fifth person, while in some counties, notably Pawnee, there are enough machines to carry the entire population.

Now, though these statistics look and sound very impressive, the big question that lies behind them is this: What do they really mean and what is their worth to the farmer? To answer this question I made a motor trip through the very heart of the state, where the rich emerald of the alfalfa vied with the gold of the harvested grain for wealth and supremacy. Everywhere I talked with farmers and with bankers; for, in addition to wanting to find out what the motor did for the farmer, I wished to know whether the farmer was stinting himself to be a car owner.

Good Garages in Every Kansas Town

I STARTED at Hutchinson, the county-seat of Reno County, where there are four hundred automobiles to a population of sixteen thousand. There are as many more in the county. I reached there during the state fair. At the railway station, instead of finding buses and surreys, there were scores of automobiles. Many of these were owned by farmers who were doing a livery service and hauling people out to the fair-grounds at twenty-five cents a head. Down the main street was a continuous stream of machines, all from the country, all bearing farmers and their families. The majority of these had come twenty miles. One man had driven sixty miles in his car since breakfast; he spent the day at the fair and got back home in ample time that night. In Hutchinson there were half a dozen good garages and a dozen other places where motor supplies could be had. Indicative of the sway of the motor in that section is the fact that the town's fire equipment is gasoline-propelled and the town collects its garbage in an automobile truck.

At the fair-grounds I found an automobile exhibit that looked like a cross section from the national show at Madison Square Garden. I watched the farmers talking to the salesmen. Many knew as much about the mechanics of the car as the agent, and some of them more. Formerly the horses and buggies occupied all the parking space at the Kansas fairs, but now the automobiles overrun everything. One afternoon I counted one hundred and ninety cars parked at the fair-grounds and the only reason why there were no more was that the space was all occupied. A quarter of a mile beyond, outside the ground on the common, was the space allotted to horses and traps; and the horses looked lonely. The roads leading to the fair-grounds were like some of the Long Island turnpikes on the morning of the Vanderbilt cup race, so thick were the cars. Remember this was Kansas, and on the outskirts of a small town too.

I went out to the Forsha Farm, fourteen miles from Hutchinson, comprising five thousand acres and one of the great alfalfa producers of the region. Six years ago, on my first visit to the place, there was not an automobile within ten miles. It took me a whole day to get partially over the ranch behind a team of big Missouri mules. On my latest visit an automobile took me comfortably over it in a few hours and we waded hub-deep in the alfalfa and forded creeks. Formerly it took a dozen mules to haul a four-bottom plow; now a gasoline tractor manages an eight-bottom plow with ease. The motor is succeeding the mule all over the place. Every afternoon a runabout hauls out a lunch for the farmhands and a big car brings them in at sundown. This same car is at work at daylight taking cream and butter into town. It makes the fourteen-mile trip to Hutchinson in half an hour. Formerly it took a good double team two hours to make it. The machine is back by breakfast time ready for the day's work on the farm. Mr. Fred A. Forsha, who operates this farm, used to keep four riding horses for getting over the estate; now one automobile does the work of all of them and much more, and the expense, except for the original investment, is scarcely larger.

When I struck the highway I recognized the immense change that the motor had wrought in a few years. The landscape was the familiar succession of red barns, prosperous farmhouses, and brown and yellow fields that had yielded to the gleaner, but the horse was strangely absent from the road. Instead, I met motor cars everywhere. I seldom saw a horse-team save in the fields. I met a man driving a team of horses hitched to a buggy, and it was such a strange sight that I stopped and asked him why he did not have an automobile.

"It's not that I don't want one and don't need one," he said; "but I have a lot of money in these horses. If I don't get a machine soon, though, I guess I'll have to get out of business."

Delays Saved by Swift Cars

I SOON saw the concrete evidence of one of the largest services that the automobile renders to the farmer. We were whizzing by a big wheatfield where a harvesting crew was at work. Suddenly the thresher stopped and we saw that there was something wrong with the machinery. The farmer who had been bossing the job took a quick look at the outfit, ran down the field to an automobile that stood in a corner, cranked it up and started down the road to Ellinwood, which was seven miles ahead. Half an hour later we met him coming back at the rate of forty miles an hour. He slowed up and I asked him what was the trouble. It seems that the prong of a fork had dropped into the cylinder where it had broken some teeth in the separator, putting the thresher out of business. He had been to town, got new parts and in less than half an hour would be back in his field with the thresher at work. With a horse it would have taken him fully four hours to get the parts and all the while his crew of fourteen men would have been idle; with the machine he had secured the parts and was back in less than an hour.

This is a very typical case and I found it happening all over the wheat region. It not only applies to harvesting but to any other kind of mechanical work on the farm. It may be an accident to a windmill or to a stationary engine or to a corncutter. With a horse the farmer had to drop all work for hours and spend half a day getting a small piece of machinery; with the automobile he can send his boy and have the desired part back in a short time. Meanwhile the horses are kept in the field at work. Everywhere on the farms the automobile is saving time—a real mile-shrinker—and in so doing is making money for the agricultural worker.

As I proceeded on this trip I noticed that in the smallest towns there were good garages. At Chase, for example, a small place with a main street and a few stores, the best building in the place was a brick garage. I asked the helper there how it happened and he said: "A Kansas town without a garage is no town at all. It's getting to be the best business in the place." Kansas, it should be kept in mind, is a prohibition state and there are no saloons.

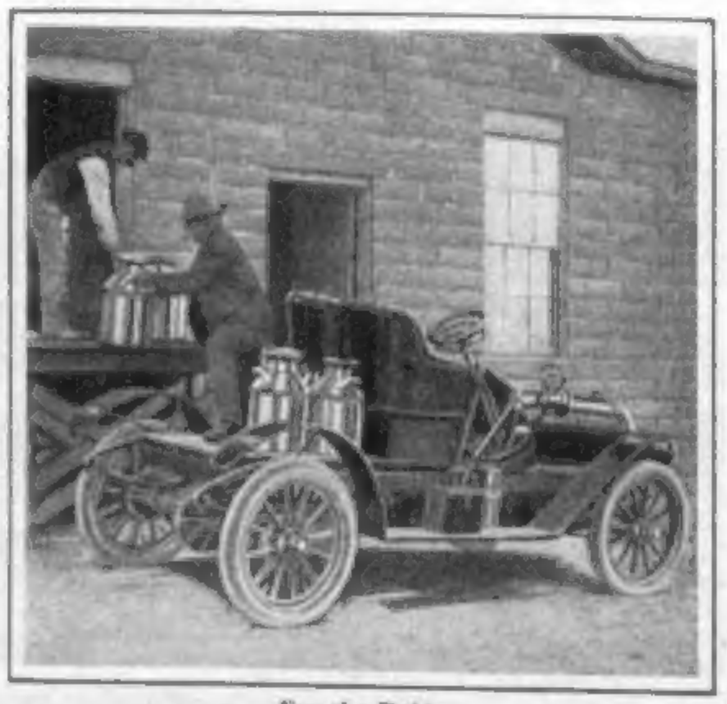
Where Automobile Agents Prosper

AND so it was all along the line. The introduction of the automobile on the farm has been a developing factor in the country towns. The hustling young clerk has become agent for a car; the blacksmith has graduated into a mechanician. Both have prospered. Here is a story that illustrates: Ten years ago a German blacksmith came to Ellinwood from Louisville, Kentucky, and opened a small shop. He had a large family and a small income. The struggle was hard. Now he owns one of the finest buildings in the town, a two-story brick garage. Half of it is a machine shop and the other half is devoted to automobiles and motor repairing. Two of his sons are in business with him. His income has increased tenfold; he owns property in Stafford County, and all this prosperity is due to the coming of the automobile to the farm. He is agent for a well-known car and gets good money out of sales. In short, he has become a prosperous and efficient force in the community, and what has happened to him has happened to hundreds of humble artisans through the great agricultural belt where the farmers use the automobile.

Beyond Ellinwood I saw a touring car standing alongside a fence. Inside sat a man who was watching a harvesting crew at work in a field. I asked him if he owned the car and he said he did. Then he added, "I don't know what I'd do without it." His case is the common one that I found in many sections. He owns thirty-five hundred acres of land in half a dozen pieces scattered throughout two counties. He used to keep four driving horses and with a good team it took him a whole day to get around. These horses, with harness and vehicles, represented an investment of eight hundred dollars. The upkeep was thirty-five dollars a month. In threshingtime he had to leave home at four o'clock in the morning and he did not get home until after ten o'clock at night. Then he bought a second-hand touring car for fifteen hundred dollars and sold his horses. Now he can get all over his farms in half a day. During the last harvest he did not have to start from his house until seven o'clock in the morning and he could leave the fields as late as six o'clock in the evening, stop at the post-office and get his mail and be home in time for supper. The upkeep of his car so far has not been as

For Fencing

For the Mill



For the Dairy

great as the cost of all his horses, and the service rendered has been larger. On several occasions he has hauled a wagonload of corn behind his machine.

This case illustrates a very common service that the automobile now renders in those states where land has become so valuable that it is impossible to get new pieces save by going away from home. Thus, in Kansas and Iowa, for example, many rich farmers own quarter-sections in three or four counties. To visit all these with a horse requires much time, but with an automobile it is easy and quick.

It was in Barton County that I struck the real empire of the rural motor. In this prosperous county I found all the farmers rolling in wealth and in automobiles. So accustomed have they become to the use of automobiles that many keep runabouts to take them from the house to the barn. The county-seat, Great Bend, is alive with machines. On September 8th last, when the circus showed there, by actual count there were five hundred and ten automobiles lined up against the sidewalk in six blocks, waiting for the parade. In Great Bend nearly every person either has a car or has one somewhere in his family.

Nobody walks. I counted a hundred cars in the public square one Saturday afternoon. Later in the day I saw most of these cars whizzing out to the country loaded with groceries and supplies.

All through this vast wheat region of which Great Bend is the hub I found this significant happening: The farmer with the automobile is the one who not only gets the best hired hands but keeps them on his place. The harvest hand now shies at going out to a farm in a buggy, but he will jump at the chance to go to one in a motor car. Therefore the man without a motor on his farm has to pay considerably more for his help, for he has to offer other inducements and probably be looking for new hands all the time, which is a costly business when the sun is shining on the harvest fields.

The democracy of our farmlife has not been changed by the advent of the automobile. The shrewd farmer teaches his hired man how to run his motor car. It has two distinct values: First, it is a good human investment, for it makes the man want to stay on the place; second, it increases his efficiency. One Kansas farmer summed it up in this way: "I teach my hands how to run the automobile for the same reason that I show them how to operate a binder. It is part of the farm education now."

When the farmer goes out for a little ride, and there is an extra seat, he takes the hired man along. This leads to another great result that the motor car is working out in all rural communities where it is used in numbers. It is giving the farmer and his family a new social life. All through Kansas I found groups of farmers taking what they call "sociability runs." This is a trip of from one to four days taken by a group of farmers with their families. They ride all day and spend the night at a small hotel. Last summer hundreds of farmers went in their motors to Colorado Springs and other resorts in the Rockies. What does this mean? Simply that the old aloofness and isolation of the farmer are passing away. He is mingling more and more with human beings. It is making him a better man and a better citizen. The motor has brought about an intimacy that several generations of railroads could not achieve.

Even the old settlers have taken to the automobile. I saw one of these settlers' picnics in Kansas, where graybeards who had crossed the plains in schooners and who had fought off the Indians were handling the wheels of touring cars.

But no experience is more typical of the emancipation of the farmer than that of Thomas Keddie, a well-to-do farmer of Sylvia, Kansas. He was born in Scotland, but he went to the sunflower land many years ago. The years have prospered him, so last summer he decided to get a look at the thistle and the heather. He had his touring car packed up and shipped to Scotland. He followed with his wife and they made a tour by motor through the old land. He will tell you proudly that he saw more in the few weeks of that trip from the seat of his machine than he had seen in all the twenty years of his young manhood. He was, perhaps, the first Kansas farmer to take his car to the other side and run it.

In the same way the automobile is keeping on the farms many prosperous farmers who would have retired and gone to the city to enjoy its luxuries and conveniences. The effect of this new comfort is that their families remain on the farm and the rural population is therefore not lessened.

The wholesale annihilation of distance by the automobile is making a new woman of the farmer's wife, for it

(Continued on Page 37)

THE SHEEPMAN

By George Pattullo
ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

UNCLE JOE WINS A VICTORY ON TWIN PEAKS

The Mexican Herder, Standing Clear Against the Skyline

TUMBLING K RANCH
F. LISBY, Manager

Cattle Brand, K on Left Side Horse Brand, L; Left Hip

——— County, New Mexico.
August 1, 1909.

FRIEND BILL: Yours of July 1 to hand and contents noted. Will expect you as soon as you can make it, and make it quick. Trouble with the sheepmen just now, as usual. Of all the doggone, thieving rascals, they're the worst. They try to hog this whole country, and if it gets any worse I'll close out and go look for a new range in Arizona. Some of them are too low and mean to live. Hurry up. You ain't any fonder of this breed than I am, and perhaps you can help. If we don't run them off the face of the earth now we might as well give up cattle raising and take to hoeing cotton. Regards.

Yours truly, F. LISBY.

P. S. Jimmy Wilson has skipped the country—no one knows where. Red Fox is south, buying me a bunch of steers. Tom got shot; drunk. Nothing new since my last.

It was like Lisby to drag me into his feuds. He would probably expect fanatical support; practically anything short of murder. Thinking it over as I rode along, it occurred to me that I was rushing needlessly into trouble.

I pulled up in a quandary as to trails and studied the lay of the country. The sun was sinking, and Twin Peaks faced me where a tableland ought to have been, with Lisby's ranch straggling over a few hundred feet of it. Where a cowpath curved upward to wind between the peaks, a small animal slouched into view. It stopped, threw back its head and barked hoarsely. A collie! Here, then, must be humankind; and I shook up my horse. A rider slouched behind the dog. He halted at sight of me.

"You was bound for Lisby's ranch? My, my! but you done come a powerful ways from it. Lisby's is all of forty mile from here; yes, sir."

He was old and bleached and listless, and while he talked his vacant blue eyes fixed themselves on my saddle-skirts, never wavering from them. The tone was soothing. He seemed to be thinking perpetually of something mournful. Here was a sheepman—I knew the type. But necessity makes strange bedfellows, and I bespoke him civilly. Where could I find shelter for the night and food? My horse was weary and must have water. Apparently still a million miles away in thought, the rider nodded his head and slued his pony.

"I reckon you'd better stay with me; yes, sir. Me and Mary Lou will shore be glad to have you."

"That's very kind of you. How far is your place?"

"Only a couple of mile. You cain't see it now, 'count of that ol' rock. When we round the bend you'll see it."

The collie followed, off to one side, red-eyed, suspicious and growling. Soon we came in sight of the sheepman's home. It clung to the slope of a hill whose crest afforded protection from the violent storms that swept down from the mountain. At the door of the squat, sod-roofed shack a woman shaded her eyes against the light with one hand and clutched a frying-pan in the other.

"I thought you was going to Pine Spring, Joe."

"I didn't git to go. This gen'l'man met up with me, and I done asked him to stay the night with us, Mary Lou."

"Come right in. Come right in. I'll have supper ready in no time. Things don't look none too tidy. I was just cleaning up, mister. What'd you say the gen'l'man's name was, Joe?"

"Thatcher," I said; "William Thatcher."

We led the horses inside a gate—apparently the sheepman had fenced a quarter-section—and turned them loose. He would round them up early in the morning, explained my host, and would put me on my road.

The sheepman went by the name of Harris—"went by," because he had not been born in that country, of course, but had drifted there; and it is to be presumed he had followed an early custom as regards nomenclature. Having been a year in a cowcamp, it astonished me mightily to see them bow their heads when we sat down to supper.

"Ef you don't mind; yes, sir," the sheepman said courteously.

He mumbled something that I failed to catch; but his face was serene and mildly expectant when he opened his

eyes on the bacon and beans, the biscuits, with flour gravy, and the coffee. His wife waited on us; she would eat when we had finished, having received a careful upbringing. She too was gray, lean of face and keen of eye—one of those angular and alert, flat-chested female pioneers who acquire a stoop prematurely from excess of toil. They are found ever in the vanguard of civilization.

"Kin you sing?" Harris inquired deferentially.

We sat in front of an open fire, smoking, while the dog curled himself at our feet and started in to have nightmares. The beast had entertained lingering suspicions of me until after a certain transaction in bacon rind and a scratching at a point in his neck difficult to reach with his hind paw; he knew that none but a friend could have divined that spot.

"We're kind of fond of singing. We don't hear it much, but it sort of comforts us," continued the sheepman.

A hasty review of my repertory made me flush. None seemed suitable for this patriarchal couple; but I plunged desperately into The White Captive, and they listened sympathetically, the sheepman nodding his head in time to the weird cadences and tapping with his foot on the earthen floor. Having washed the dishes, Mrs. Harris now joined us. In the pause following the song they looked at each other with a certain confusion, and then she glanced at me.

"There's a song a traveling parson done sung when he went by here a month ago. A new thing it was. It was right pretty. Do you know it?"

"Do you remember the name?"

"Something about angels and a choir, a heavenly choir. I cain't think of the name."

"It was a lot about Gee-rusalem," her husband interrupted in his soft voice. "He hollered Gee-rusalem quite a bit, you remember, Mary Lou. It was shore a fine song."

"Oh!—The Holy City?"

"I reckon so."

"I haven't heard it in ten years, but I'll try."

"You're wrong, I take it. This is a new song. The parson done told us that. He'd got it from Brother White, over to Oklahoma."

Once, in the course of the song, I leaned down swiftly to stroke the dog, for the sheepman's hand stole out and met his wife's; and there are some things a man should not see. How cut off we were from the world! Had anybody, twelve months previous, tried to sing The Holy City to me, he would have done it only over my dead body. Yet this couple, listening in the flickering light, scarcely breathing, gazed raptly at the fire; and when the thing was done with they drew in a long breath. They said nothing for a space, but looked at each other and looked at me.

"That's it; yes, sir. Ain't it strange he should know it, Mary Lou?"

"The parson must have left out some, don't you reckon, Joe? His tune seemed to sort of go off queer in spots."

"It kind of comforts me; yes, sir. Would you mind singing it agin before we go to bed, Mr. Thatcher? It eases my mind a heap, and Mary Lou's too."

"I'll bring you out blankets and you kin sleep here in front of the fire. I'm sorry we ain't got but the two rooms," explained his wife.

Once more they listened to The Holy City, their gaze blurred and far away. Perhaps they could see it—who knows? And then we went to rest, the aged couple in the tiny space off the living-room. As for me, I spread the blankets and stretched out where we had sat.

The fire must have gone out, or it may be that habit asserted itself; an hour before the sun would scale the Twin Peaks I awoke. It was stingingly cold, and I raked up the ashes and put on wood, then went outside and sought the well with a bucket, being minded to perform certain primitive ablutions. The sky wore a grayish tinge, and when I returned to the shack, glowing and hungry, objects close at hand loomed in ridiculous disproportion.

There was a small white square on the door. I scanned the message dully:

"Don't you wait, but get to moving—this is the last."

Whoever gave the warning had scrawled it laboriously in pencil on a piece of wrapping-paper; but the hand that drove the knife was strong and cunning, for the blade was sunk deep into the wood. Steady pressure had done that and not a swift blow, because we had heard no sound; the dog had raised no alarm. I pondered the matter, casting about in my mind as to just what individuals I knew in this country. Was the warning for me or for this quaint pair?

"I reckon you've found a li'l' piece of paper there? Shore. Would you let's see it, please?"

Harris stood beside me, holding a basin with water in it. I could hear his wife moving about inside the shack. Presently the crisp whirr of the coffee-grinder came to our ears.

"No use showing her. She's kind of high-sperited."

"What does it mean?"

He did not appear to have heard me, but, setting the basin down on a stool beside the doorway, he fell to

"I Reckon You've Found a Li'l' Piece of Paper There? Shore. Would You Let's See it, Please?"

fingering the missive, his expression fixed and vacant. "It seems kind of mean; yes, sir, it shore does. And this is the third one, too."

As he volunteered no further information I watered my horse, while Harris splashed his face and hands and combed his tousled beard with his fingers. After which we breakfasted.

"What's wrong with your hoss? He's limping."

This had been apparent before, but I had put it down to a slight stiffness. After an examination: "He's strained his leg."

"You cain't go on today"—there was actual pleasure in the tone—"he couldn't carry you to Lisby's place. It's a bad trail in spots and forty-two mile easy. Leave him rest a couple of days."

"What'd you say, Joe? Is his horse done gone lame? I'm right glad—leastways, we enjoy having you a heap, Mr. Thatcher."

Thus it was that I became the sheepman's guest. What Lisby would say, I hesitated to think. Of course all sheepmen must be rascals—I and every cowman knew that—yet Harris appeared to be a singularly mild and harmless individual.

We dawdled about all morning, making repairs on a shed wherein he kept a decrepit wagon, a plow, tools, corn and some alfalfa hay, and in the afternoon the Twin Peaks attracted me. It was absurd to talk of ascending them, said the sheepman; they were a good six miles away and I had no horse. In the cow-country a man will walk a mile to catch a horse in order to go half a mile. The sheepman was riding in that direction himself, however, to see one of his herders, and accepted my company, afoot, with as much alacrity as he ever displayed.

We set out, the sheepman on his forlorn steed, his saddle and bridle frayed and patched with rope, the stirrups worn thin. On his head was a ragged felt hat, and his low shoes were cracked and white with alkali. A stream brawled across the trail a league from the summits; it was evidently fed from a spring above. Here we paused beside two huge rocks that stood perilously on end at the edge of the brook.

The sheepman's eyes rested on them dreamily. Slowly a far-away smile twisted the corners of his mustache, and he slid to the ground.

"Do you reckon, Mr. Thatcher"—his manner never lost an impersonal diffidence—"do you reckon the two of us could move them there stones? You look right stout."

"We might, with a little work."

"I'd like for to switch this stream into that other channel you kin see over there. That crick's gone dry and it feeds one of my waterholes."

We toppled the rocks into the creekbed and turned the current as he desired. Thereupon he left me and descended the rough slopes to the right, while I continued straight upward. Soon I saw, far below, what appeared to be an expanse of hill moving in long undulations—a flock of sheep, perhaps three thousand in it. Harris had said he owned thirty-five hundred, grazing near Pine Spring.

Rain was driving down from the mountain in squalls when I shook myself free from the blankets next morning. The door was bare.

"No"—the sheepman seemed to divine my thought, though he was preoccupied as always—"I didn't look for one this morning. That's the last, I reckon."

He donned a slicker and rode away after breakfast, but returned for the midday meal. Torrential as had been the downfall, it continued to pour as though the sky were toppling down. We tinkered in the shed throughout the afternoon, repairing a couple of cinches. The sheepman cleaned and oiled a .45-70 rifle, handling it with affectionate care. And just before his wife called us to supper the rain ceased abruptly and in a rift of hurrying clouds the sun gleamed coldly yellow.

"My horse is better," I remarked, returning from the pasture.

The sheepman was smoking tranquilly in front of the door, his slight, stooped figure hunched on a stool.

"There ain't any call for hurry, Mr. Thatcher."

"No. I'll rest him another day if you'll have me."

"I reckon we won't turn you out. Will we, Mary Lou? Will we turn Mr. Thatcher out?" Mary Lou came to the threshold with a dishrag in her hand, and beamed on us.

More than once that night, while we stared in languorous silence into the fire, the sheepman rubbed his hands softly along his overalls and made an odd noise in his throat. Had he ever been guilty of mirth one would have suspected him of chuckling. His wife busied herself darning a pair of thick, green-gray socks; and, as usual, Rags hogged the heat where he was stretched on the hearth.

"Would you mind singing that Gee-rusalem piece agin? It is shore comforting; yes, sir."

About midnight I roused, and was turning over to adjust the bundle of coat and trousers that constituted my pillow, when I was shocked wide awake. There by the window sat the sheepman, a rifle across his knees, his dog at his side. He was so quiet that I stared stupidly and rubbed my eyes to make sure it was not a dream. Rags growled at me and I feigned sleep. After all, if he did not wish to take me into his confidence it was his own affair, and I stretched out again to woo slumber. Let him keep his secret. If the sheepman . . . if Rags . . . what was Lisby doing on top of the peaks, astride a goat? . . . and there was old Waggoner . . .

The bizarre chimeras of the borderland of sleep suddenly jumbled and were smashed. A fierce bark, bitten off sharp, brought me to my senses. Harris was on his feet now, with the muzzle of the rifle thrust through the window. The collie sniffed at the jamb of the door, tense and trembling.

"Hush!" The sheepman turned his face toward me petulantly. We listened, straining to catch a sound, but all was so still outside that Rags' throaty growl sounded like distant wind among the pines. Then a blaze of light reddened the aperture through which Harris peered: it wavered and leaped. When I reached the sheepman's side he was mumbling incoherently and clawing the rifle in feverish impotence. Something stirred behind us, and there was Mary Lou in the shadow of the inner doorway.

"The shed's afire, Joe." The announcement was quite casual.

"Ef I could only see one of the doggone scoundrels!" he muttered; "jist one. There, I've got you!"

The rifle flew to his shoulder and blazed, but he jerked the shell out with the only oath I ever heard the sheepman use, and banged the weapon's butt down on the floor.

"Missed him! Consarn my fat haid. They're keeping behind the shed in that rim o' dark." He wheeled. "Git back to bed, Mary Lou. There ain't any danger. Me and Mr. Thatcher won't let nothing hurt you."

"I reckon I'm all right, Joe. But what about the shed?"

The flames illumined the room as brightly as the noonday sun. We could see the fire leap from the log walls to the board roof. After the heavy rain the fierceness with which the structure burned mystified me.

"They done used oil," Harris said.

He had got back his calm, and walked to the door. Rags whined in a frenzy of eagerness when he loosed the bar. He shot out with a howl of defiance in advance of his master, his note changing to the snarl of close quarters as he reached the firelight.

"Don't, Joe! Don't go. Oh, Joe!"

As he threw the door wide and rushed out, his wife's cry mingled with the businesslike spat of a .30-30, and the sheepman staggered. I caught him under the shoulders and dragged him back inside the hut. Here he recovered from the shock and shook me off furiously, striving to go into the open; but Mary Lou had barred the door and stood with her back against it.

"I'll git you next time, Harris. Better stay indoors," a clear voice called from beyond the shed.

Could this be the man who had sat in the firelight, listening with lusterless eyes to a song of angels and heavenly peace? The sheepman's eyes were blazing with unholy fire; the perspiration poured from his forehead and down his neck; over his right shoulder a crimson stain was widening on his shirt, and in the clutch of his weapon

was revealed the lust to kill. He stationed himself at the window, and his wife came and stood beside him, trying clumsily to staunch the blood and bind the wound.

"Harris!" The call came again with cheerful unconcern. "You listening? Then hear me. Listen good. You hit the trail before forty-eight hours, or we'll come for you."

His answer was to fire vindictively into the night, but a good-natured laugh was all that followed the report. Shortly afterward we heard galloping hoofs, and I sent a shot after the dim, flying figures, but the light was bad and they were too far away for a six-shooter. The flames from the shed gave a final vicious leap, then wavered and died. Their work was done.

"Joe, what for you didn't tell me? I knew there was something you were keeping back. Didn't they threaten you? Shore. I knew it all the time, and you thought . . . Oh, Joe, they'll kill you!"

She broke down and sobbed, her head against his unhurt shoulder, one strand of white hair straying across his cheek; and he comforted her with gentle pats while he kept his eyes upon the window. So the dawn found him staring out over the ruin.

What did it all mean, and who were his enemies? Surely all such lawlessness and crime were of another age, of the long ago. The sheepman laughed bitterly and touched the bandage at his shoulder with a wince.

"You keep out of this, Mr. Thatcher. The less you know about it the better. Your hoss kin carry you today, and you'd do well to git on to Lisby's. Besides, you're a cowman. You're one of the other side."

"No; I'm going to stay."

He looked at me oddly, but did not either urge further or thank me for my evident intention. The day had not advanced far when his habitual preoccupation returned and his voice took on again the peculiarly gentle note characteristic of his speech. It was as though a mechanical force impelled him to perform the routine of life while his spirit was meditating elsewhere. Aloofness from surroundings is frequent among old sheepmen actively employed with their flocks. It finds expression in a meaningless stare or a wild, furtive gleam; and in the end it often means madness.

We rode over one of the Twins that afternoon to ascertain how his sheep fared. The woolly ruminants browsed on a ridge clothed with grama-grass. And on the homeward way we encountered two riders. Harris was for passing them with a civil "Howdy!" but the foremost barred the way.

"One of the boys tells me that somebody fired your shed last night, Joe."

"They shore did. Which of your boys done told you that? Kind of mean, I call it; yes, sir."

"A Mexican, I reckon. They're pretty low if you've ever injured 'em."

"These Mexicans talked American pretty good."

"What's the matter with your arm? Somebody hurt you?"

"Jist a scratch. Well, *adios;* we must be gitting on."

They let us pass. One was a bold-featured man of about forty years, with more of the mid-Western town than of the cow-country in his bearing; the other a bewhiskered, massive individual, with a kindly brown eye, who sat his horse like a sack of meal.

We had gone but ten paces from them when I heard: "Harris, wait a minute!"

The younger man wheeled about and spurred up knee to knee with the sheepman.

"Somebody turned the mountain spring," he said. "It's running into your waterhole now, Joe."

"Is that so, Mr. Loring? I seen I had lots of water and was sort of wondering. That's mighty curious."

"Very curious," the other assented; "so very curious that we had to drive the day herd eight miles to water. The cattle round Coyote tank are in a bad way."

He paused. It was very warm and uncomfortable, and I gave a slight hitch to my belt.

"Who's your friend?" he shot out, not troubling to lower his voice.

"His name's Thatcher. Why?"

"He's got a queer way of playing with his belt. It ain't a safe way, either."

"He's safe enough, I reckon." The sheepman spoke very quietly, and the other laughed.

"Well, you quit your fooling with our water, and quit annoying our cattle, or this country won't be big enough for both of us, Harris."

"And say, Mr. Harris," the stolid one said in a booming voice; "you keep your sheep off'n the Twins. Those are mine."

"It's all Gover'ment land. And one of 'em's nearer my waterhole than yourn, Richter."

"You'd better drive your cursed sheep over across the line," Loring exploded. "Where they crop no cattle can graze."

"What's the matter, Mr. Loring, sir? Shore, there's room for all of us. The Lord's been mighty kind to us out in these parts; yes, sir. Them ol' mountains and these valleys could keep double your cattle and Richter's sheep and my pore li'l' bunch. I'm a peaceful man, Mr. Loring, and I'd like for to git on friendly with you-all."

"You're going about it the wrong way."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Richter. You stick to the big Twin, and I'll take the other. How'll that do?"

"It won't do. You've got to get out, Harris. You've annoyed us a heap," Loring interjected.

"Then why don't Mr. Richter's sheep annoy you? He's got fifty thousand, and I've ——"

"He keeps his off our range."

The sheepman turned from him and looked questioningly at Richter. "Will you take the big Twin, Mr. Richter?"

"All right. For a while, anyway," boomed the massive individual; whereupon they went their way.

"That's Loring, of the Flying W, and the other's Richter, the biggest sheepman in these parts. Some folks say as they're partners; yes, sir."

And that was all the enlightenment he would give. The trail split two miles above his abode, and as we reached the junction the patter of a horse's feet on turf brought the sheepman out of a reverie. He drew one hand across his eyes, as though suspicious of an apparition.

"Hello!" called a sharp young voice.

"Howdy! You're alive, then? Real flesh and blood?"

"I reckon so. I'm Louise Loring. What's your name?"

"Joe Harris. Some of the boys used to call me Uncle Joe; but of course I'm too young for that. What do you think?"

Instead of replying, the girl gazed at us speculatively, while she swung the ends of the reins idly against her boot.

"Why, you don't look bad or wicked."

"I reckon I ain't so very, very bad. What made you go for to think I was?"

"Why—that is—nothing. I just heard—oh, nothing!"

The sheepman nodded his head good-humoredly. "You shouldn't ought for to be riding alone across country this away. You're sixteen miles from headquarters."

"I'll be home in an hour and a half. Goodby."

"So long."

Next morning, we found pinned on the door a scrap of paper:

"If you ain't gone by tomorrow noon you'll go in a box-car."

"Mary Lou," said the sheepman, "you git all your things together. I'm going to take you over to that nester's—Davis, his name is. Miz Davis said as you could come and welcome. You kin stay there a few days."

"Nobody ain't scared you, Joe?"

The mild blue eyes, with their persistent questioning, were raised to hers. "No; I'm staying here, Mary Lou."

Mrs. Harris had departed, and we were seated beside the door, oiling a tarpaulin, when a yellow pony shot around the corner of the shack and Louise Loring half slid, half tumbled, to the ground. The sheepman evinced no surprise, but regarded her with a placid smile while she struggled to regain her self-control and power of speech.

"Oh, Mr. Harris—Uncle Joe—I've ridden so hard! I came—I came ——"

"Here, miss. Set down. Thanks, Mr. Thatcher. Take this cup of water; now you'll feel easy. Don't take on so. There's nothing in this world worth your crying over, miss."

Harris picked up an end of the tarpaulin again, and sitting down beside her on the bench fell to his work languidly. He was always languid, yet I found him an industrious man.

"Mr. Harris"—she put one hand on his arm to arrest his attention and her words came chokingly—"Uncle Joe, I heard Dad and Mr. Richter and Padden talking this morning. You know Padden? He's the gunfighter, and everybody's afraid of him. It's dreadful. Dad—he'd half kill me if he found out I'd told; but they're going to—Padden's going to—I can't say it. . . . I can't."

"There, there, don't go for to cry; and you most fifteen years old. You want to tell me something? Shore. Mr. Thatcher won't mind stepping inside. Put your head back agin the wall. It'll kind of rest you."

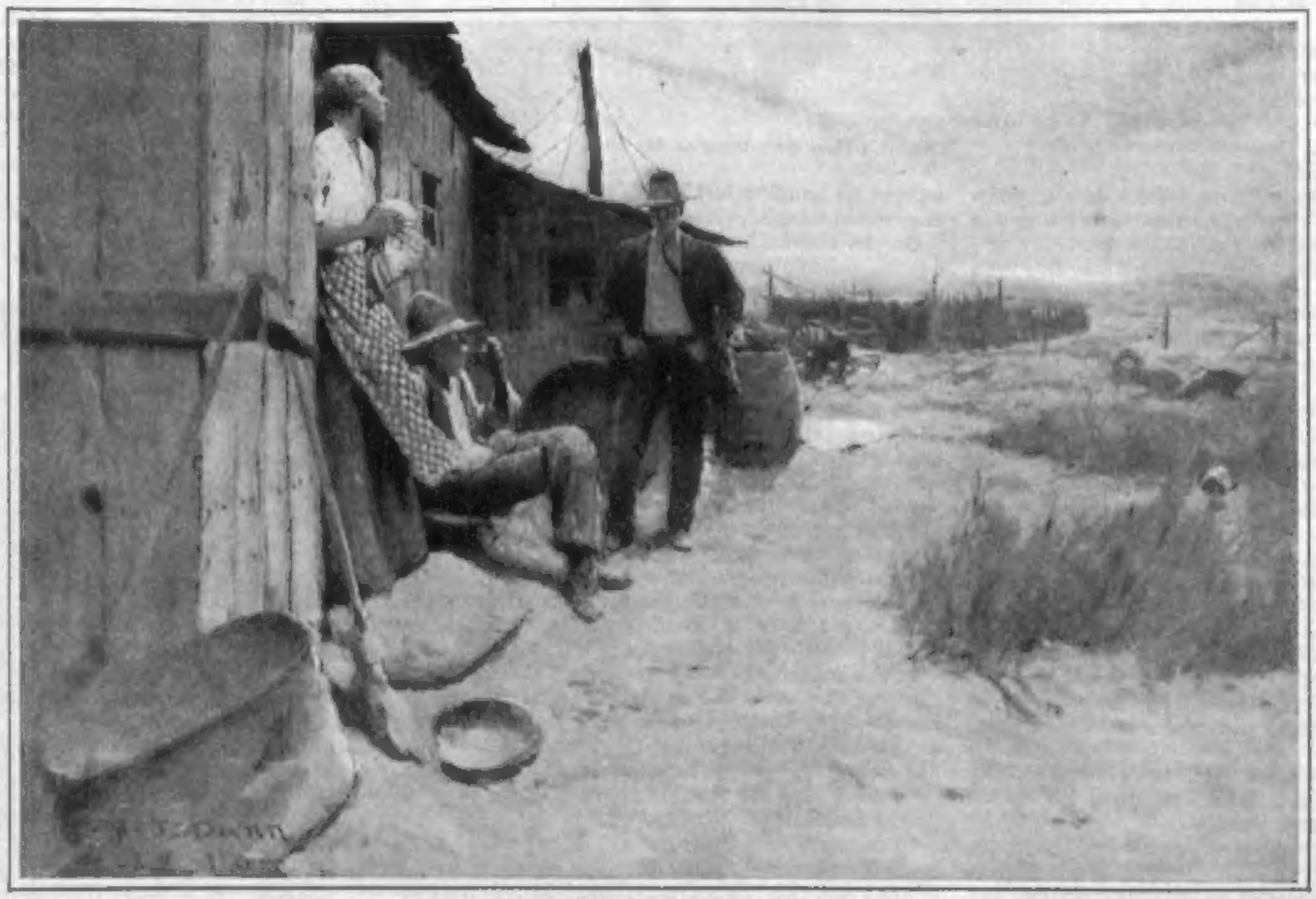
We accompanied the child back along the homeward trail for twelve miles; then, satisfied she was safe, cut across country for the Twin Peaks. On one of the Twins a flock of Richter's sheep was grazing, perhaps five thousand in all. Harris watched them idly as he rode round the base of the hill; and on the other Twin he came upon his own.

The Mexican herder, standing clear against the skyline, recognized the figure and descended to meet him. Over the man's shoulder was flung a slicker; overalls and a jumper clothed him, and upon his bare feet were crude sandals. Harris talked to him in his own tongue, and the herder listened dully. The sheepman's tones never deviated from indifference, and when he had done there was a long silence, wholly free from awkwardness. Then the Mexican leered up at him with a sly twinkle, and started off at a swinging stride for the neighboring peak, and Harris rode upward to guard the sheep.

"He's gone to see his brother," Harris told me. "The brother, he works for ol' Richter."

It was almost sundown when the herder returned, and the glimmer of a grin spread momentarily about his lips. He said something to his master, and as Harris plodded down the main draw toward his home the

(Continued on Page 27)



Mary Lou Came to the Threshold With a Dishrag in Her Hand, and Beamed on Us

THE ROPER

By JOHN R. McMAHON

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

THE superintendent of the detective agency pressed a button and, when the office attendant appeared, said:

"Call No. 25."

A moment later a short, well-built, smartly dressed man with a reddish-gray mustache stood before the desk.

"McIntyre," said the superintendent, with explosive rapidity, "get a taxi and board the Neptunia, which sails in forty minutes. I 'phoned for a berth, first cabin, under your working name: if they haven't got it fix it up somehow yourself. Here is fifteen hundred dollars for expenses, and you'll get plenty more by cabling for it. Use our regular code."

"Who is the subject?" asked McIntyre, stowing fifteen yellow bills, which he counted, in an inside pocket of his waistcoat.

"James Larned, booked under the name of William Springer. Here is his picture. He was assistant cashier in the Bank of Miners and Traders until two weeks ago, when he resigned on account of alleged ill health. A big trick has been turned off in that bank—about a million of securities gone—and Larned must be on the inside of it. We could arrest him at the dock—he's been shadowed since he quit—but that would scare the bigger crooks. We want to get them. Your job is to rope out Larned, stay by him if he goes to China, and cable us all you get out of him. Here are some statements and reports that may help you. That's all."

No. 25 nodded, helped himself leisurely to the superintendent's 'phone and ordered a taxicab in a smooth voice.

"Please send a machine. . . . Yes, if you please, Miss Gertrude. Thank you very much. Goodby."

"Mac," exclaimed the superintendent fretfully, "you're a good roper, but with all your fandangoes of talk you'd be a deuce of a man in my job."

"I don't want your job," replied the other, smiling amiably; and he smoothed his lavender-striped waistcoat over a slight embonpoint.

He retired to the operatives' waiting room to pick up his ever-ready traveling bag. The well-labeled pigskin contained a dress suit, an opera hat, pumps, duck trousers, yachting cap, a medicine chest, toilet articles and what not.

"Lend me your steamer blanket, Billy," said McIntyre to an operative who was smoking a corncob, feet on table.

"Sure. Help yourself. Crossing the pond this time, Mac?"

"Looks like it. Goodby, boys. Take care of yourselves, and don't make your expense accounts go up like a biplane." He waved a genial hand at the door.

"Wish you luck!" came a chorus, not entirely free from envy, as the best roper in the agency took his departure.

The superintendent, looking down on Broadway from the fifth-story window, saw McIntyre's taxicab starting off, with only eighteen minutes to make the pier and the chance of being blocked by traffic right at the start.

"Confound the artistic temperament in the detective business!" ejaculated the superintendent.

However, McIntyre's cab arrived at the dock during the second whistle, and he was able to board the liner just as the gangplank was being withdrawn. The shadow who had trailed the fugitive to the vessel was standing guard at the gangplank and gave him a signal that all was well.

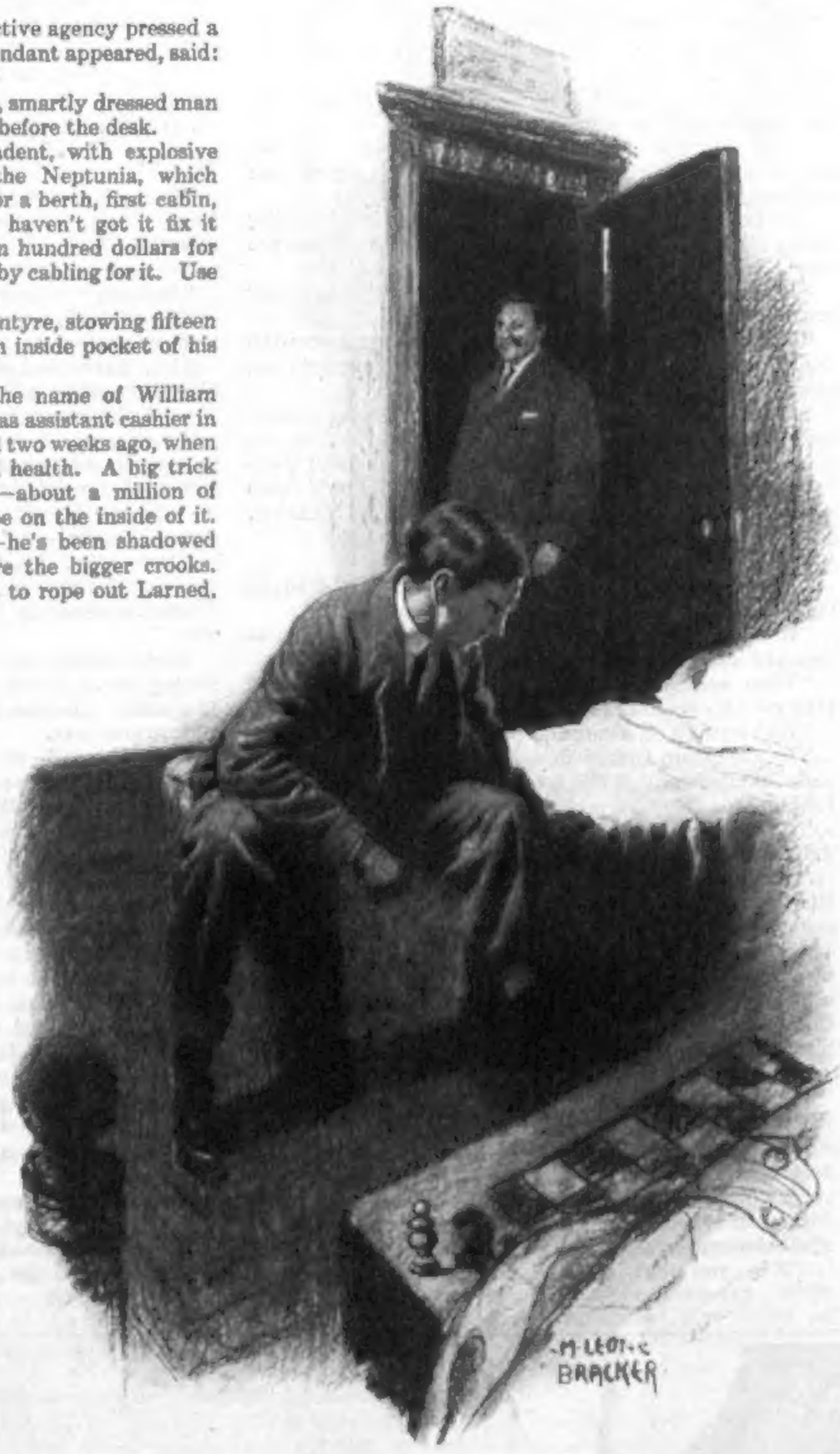
There was no sign of the subject among the excited passengers who thronged the rail and exchanged farewells with their friends on the dock. Surmising that a natural desire for privacy at such a moment was keeping him in his stateroom, the roper remained on deck and indulged himself in the pleasant emotions of the occasion.

A flaxen-haired tot, with a pudgy nose and a bouquet of pansies, began to wail.

"Can't you see, little one?" said the cheerful-looking man with the reddish mustache. He lifted her on his shoulder. "There. How's that?"

"Doodby; doodby, everybody!" vociferated the joyous youngster.

The ship's orchestra played an immemorial tune, and the roper, with the child on his shoulder, could not help waving his handkerchief to an imaginary group of loved ones whom he was leaving behind.



"Garrett, I Have Something on My Mind"

On the approach of a fashionably dressed woman he put the child down rather hastily and turned away, for it was not policy to make haphazard acquaintances, and he had not yet ascertained the rôle it would be necessary to play on shipboard.

After luncheon, when most of the passengers were through with the purser, he went to that official and said:

"I am Mr. Garrett—S. B. Garrett. There was a telephone from the office just before we sailed. Have you a berth?"

"Yes, Mr. Garrett. We had the 'phone. I could put you in No. 34."

"Are there others in that room?"

"One gentleman, sir."

Mr. Garrett glanced at the book over the purser's shoulder, and saw that Mr. William Springer was in No. 34.

"I am a little cranky," announced the passenger. "That is nearer the engines than I like."

It was desirable to study the subject at first from a distance and to avoid the suspicions that the latter might cherish of a roommate, especially of an unlisted late arrival.

"There is nothing else but the imperial suite," said the purser, "which costs six hundred dollars."

"I don't mind the cost," replied Mr. Garrett truthfully, "but I do mind the notoriety."

"I'm sorry, sir. Of course I didn't mention a vacant berth in a servants' room—chauffeurs and valets."

"Put me with the servants," said Mr. Garrett cheerfully. "I'm a democrat."

The subject did not appear on deck until late in the afternoon. He was a pale, thoughtful-looking young man, a little round-shouldered, wore noseglasses, had a small chin and a full mouth. He was manifestly of a retiring disposition and a nervous habit. Clad in a gray ulster, he smoked a long cheroot while he walked the upper deck in solitude. He was suspicious of every one. His distrust was impartially extended toward the smooth-tongued persons who were likely to be professional gamblers and toward the bluff, red-faced bores who sought to make friends with everybody.

In the smoking room that evening Mr. Springer smoked a taciturn pipe, keeping aloof from card games and talk. He went to the ship's library, obtained a book and read it for an hour before retiring. Mr. Garrett, in sequence, obtained the same book, which was Balzac's Splendors and Miseries, and spent two hours reading it. He thought, as he put it down, that if the subject's ideas of detective work were derived from that highly colored classic, with all its disguises and masquerades, it would be no hard task to entrap him.

The first thing was to get a "lead," otherwise an "opening," on the subject. Nothing in the reports on the assistant cashier furnished by the superintendent suggested a good opening. He had stayed mostly at home during the two weeks of espionage prior to his flight.

The roper, feverish yet patient, like an author, brooded and waited for the inspiration of the right opening. He felt the throes of creation. Any small, agile person may become a shadow, but it requires imagination and wit to make a roper. The former dogs his fellowman, the latter faces him and beguiles him. One is comparatively a mechanical hack, the other is an artist in his sphere. Hence McIntyre brooded and, as he tossed sleeplessly in his berth, invoked the detectives' muse—doubtless Sapphira—to grant him a favorable introduction to the Iliad he was about to compose.

Not until the next evening in the smoking room did anything come up. The pale, thoughtful young man had been poring over an English illustrated weekly and had not turned the page for twenty minutes. The roper walked casually behind him, looking for the matches, and saw that the absorbing page was devoted to chess.

After breakfast the following morning Mr. S. B. Garrett, his yachting cap low over his eyes, his legs rolled in a rug, like the remains of a Pharaoh, reclined in a steamer chair on the main deck and studied the figures on a pocket chessboard that he grasped in both hands. He had borrowed the outfit from the ship's surgeon, after playing with that gentleman half the night and increasing his resistance to checkmate from six moves to twenty-three. He had also obtained the loan of some chess magazines, whence he refreshed his memory of the game's argot and its notable exponents.

Nothing happened that morning, or, rather, a useless insect of the bore species blundered into the web, and the exasperated proprietor felt like committing an assault.

Since the afternoon was fine, the human spider determined to spread his lines once more.

The subject, perambulating in solitude, stopped on his third round before the seemingly unconscious chess student.

"Good day, sir," he said in a hesitating voice. "Are you working out a problem?"

"Yes, a kind of a problem," replied the other, without looking up. "It's an opening problem."

"That's the whole game," said the assistant cashier.

"Pretty near it," assented Mr. Garrett, glancing carelessly at Mr. Springer.

"If we could get a board I'd like to try you a game," said the subject.

"I'm no player, but I'm willing," responded the roper, with mild indifference.

They went to the smoking room, where a board and men were obtained after some difficulty, and the game began.

The assistant cashier pronounced checkmate in thirteen moves.

"It makes me sore to lose like that," complained Mr. Garrett.

"Try just one more," entreated Mr. Springer, whose spirits had risen wonderfully under the stimulus of victory.

"Oh, well; just to oblige."

Day and night thereafter Mr. Garrett permitted himself to be slaughtered at chess by his mathematical-minded and therefore able opponent. He developed his own capacity in all sincerity, lest the other might tire of a too easy prey, and managed to improve his game up to twenty-four moves.

There was little conversation between the two men, either during games or when they walked the deck

together. The roper's artistic temperament took on the exact mood of his companion. Mr. Springer observed that his bath was too cold in the morning. Mr. Garrett complained of the ship's barber. The assistant cashier said he did not fancy the people who sat next to him at table. The roper denounced the company for giving him a berth with a roomful of illiterate persons whom he suspected of being servants.

"It's an outrage to put servants in the first cabin," said Mr. Garrett. "I'm no aristocrat, but I think valets and dogs ought to travel second class."

"Do you believe in class distinctions on a money basis?" asked the other.

"Well, not so much as on a brains basis, and it's a fact that money generally goes with brains"—a delicate epigram which the assistant cashier missed. "I'm a self-educated man—didn't have much chance when I was a kid—but I've learned something and earned something, and I always take off my hat to brains plus cash."

"You believe in the pragmatic philosophy," suggested Larned.

"Sure!" assented the roper, and deftly changed the subject, with a resolve to look up "pragmatic philosophy" in the encyclopedia. James Larned was a college man and had retained enough learning to throw out, at intervals, fragments that puzzled and annoyed the self-taught roper.

Larned had education—a degree of culture; but the roper had worldly wisdom and personality, imagination and charm. The latter's assumed taciturnity and gruffness did not deceive the children, who came to him confidently on all quests. The little girl whom he had held up at the parting scene toddled after him on deck. Small boys asked him to tell stories. He visited the ship's nursery one afternoon and created a happy riot by his pretended fear of the wild animals painted on the walls.

But to all adult passengers his geniality was veiled. He told a few discreet anecdotes. It was not his present rôle to play the comedian and universal entertainer, of which he was quite capable. The tempered glow of his personality was reserved for the subject's benefit.

As the Neptunia plowed through the Channel, due at Southampton the next day, Mr. Springer said to Mr. Garrett:

"Do you know anything about London hotels?"

"A little," was the reply. "I know the big ones are filled up with Americans. I don't go abroad myself to meet my own kind—fellow-citizens and all that. I want a change."

"That's my idea," exclaimed Larned eagerly.

"Yes; it's a bore to mix up with Americans when you're on a holiday in a foreign country. I know a quiet little hotel off the Strand where you never see a fellow-citizen. That's where I'm going."

"I'll go with you if you don't mind," said Mr. Springer.

"Sure! Come along," said Mr. Garrett indifferently. He retired to a nook in the library to compose a wireless message in cipher, informing the superintendent of his progress and the address of the subject and himself in London.

When the time came to go ashore Mr. Springer was manifestly agitated, as though he expected something unpleasant to happen. Mr. Garrett cheered him up with stories and a casual remark, apropos of something in a newspaper, that the English detectives were the stupidest in the world. On the train Mr. Springer felt better and enjoyed a game of chess with his companion, which he won in twenty-five moves.

"That seems to be my number lately," said No. 25, with a smile. "I'll checkmate you yet."

Mr. Springer laughed.

When they were installed in the London hotel, where no boresome Americans intruded, Mr. Garrett remarked:

"I don't care for the sights of this town by day. The only thing worth looking at is London by night."

"That's my idea," exclaimed Mr. Springer warmly.

"All right. We'll rest up in the daytime and go out at night."

After a week of nocturnal rambles in quarters where fellow-citizens were not likely to be encountered, the roper ascertained, by sponging a letter with alcohol, that a director of the Bank of Miners and Traders was on his way to London. He cabled this information in cipher to the superintendent who, already aware of it and with a man on the director's trail, ordered McIntyre to prevent a meeting between the subject and the director.

"I'm sick of this town," announced Mr. Garrett two hours afterward in a Holborn bar. "I'm going to Paris tomorrow."

"Can't you wait a few days?" asked Mr. Springer, his eyes turning from the red-haired barmaid who placed brimming pewter mugs before them.

"No. I can't stand this climate another day."

"I'd like to go with you," said Mr. Springer reluctantly. "Maybe I will, later."

"Suit yourself. To tell the truth, these familiar, nosy fellow-countrymen who follow you around ——"

"Has anybody been following us?" interrupted the other anxiously. The pallor of his face took on a grayish-green hue.

"I may be mistaken—of course it's only nosiness, which is the great American habit—they mean all right; but it's a national disease. Curiosity. Nosiness. Meddling." Mr. Garrett punctuated with cigar puffs.

Mr. Springer, suddenly convinced that the London climate was bad for his lungs while he did not disguise his dislike for meddlers, accompanied Mr. Garrett to Paris.

It seemed that Paris was comparatively free of fellow-countrymen, and it was safe to go about at any time; but, in order to make sure of restful isolation, Mr. Springer agreed, on Mr. Garrett's suggestion, that they should pass themselves off as Continentals and not respond to any one speaking the language of their own country. They took lodgings in an obscure hotel on a street called July something. Between chess games, the study of a French phrase-book, and visits to the points of interest by day and to the cafés by night, the travelers filled in most of their time. Mr. Springer entered into sightseeing and amusements with feverish zest. He did not eat well, though he drank steadily, everything from table-d'hôte wine to boulevard absinthe. Mr. Garrett protested mildly, at intervals, that the pace was rapid for him, but he was always ready to oblige his companion. As a matter of fact, he had a vast, almost Gargantuan capacity for food, drink and diversion. He was enjoying everything. His face ripened like a tomato and his embonpoint increased to such an extent that he regretfully parted with his lavender-striped waistcoat. His reddish-gray mustache waxed to a point, he only lacked a decoration to pass for a retired military hero.

It occurred to them one morning that they had not visited the Louvre. They went in, running the gauntlet of guides, and stood before a mutilated statue.

"What do you think of it?" asked Mr. Springer, brightening.

"I've seen her before," said Mr. Garrett.

"Yes, but this is the original Venus of Milo."

MILONE BRACKER

Day and Night Thereafter Mr. Garrett Permitted Himself to be Slaughtered at Chess

"I take off my hat to her," quoth No. 25, removing his black derby with a low bow to the statue. He added in a sincere undertone, "She must have been the queen roper of her time."

"'Art is long, but life is short,'" quoted the former collegian.

"You bet! And she didn't need arms to win," said the selfmade man respectfully.

A fellow-countryman behind them, who overheard the last and started joyously to introduce himself, was staggered by Mr. Garrett's remark, accompanied by a threatening movement of the waxed mustache:

"Pardong mwha! Skidoose! No spik zee Engleesh."

A few days later the rubicund traveler found his pale colleague sitting in his room in deep dejection.

"Garrett," he said, "I have something on my mind."

"Liver," replied the other cheerfully.

"No: it isn't that, old man."

"High living," insisted Garrett, patting his equatorial region, whereon shyly blossomed silk-embroidered flowers. "Take a pill and think no more of it. We'll do a little more walking, cut out the absinthe and get some of that reliable American whisky that grandfather used to make."

Springer smiled and temporarily recovered his spirits in a brisk walk to the fortifications.

The roper had perceived for some days the symptoms of approaching confession. He did not deem that the subject was quite ready for a clean breast and, like a surgeon who waits for an abscess to ripen, he postponed the operation on the fugitive's conscience.

Unlike the characters who thrive on novelty, excitement and adventure, Larned, a sensitive type, used to routine and the snug comforts of home, was bewildered and depressed by new things, whether dissipations or legitimate enjoyments. He was desperately homesick, bitten by fear and remorse.

His companion keenly watched the development of the abscess. He cheered Larned in a small way and increased the rigor of his moral solitary confinement. He prevented him from seeing home newspapers as well as hearing home speech, intercepted his letters—which contained little of importance—and sidetracked a director, who had arrived in London and telegraphed Larned to join him.

Returning late one night from a vaudeville Larned, who had been gloomy and nervous all the evening, followed the other man into his room.

"I can't stand it any longer," he groaned, sinking into a chair.

"It's ripe," thought McIntyre, and he said, "What's up now?"

"What I started to tell you the other day," replied the pale fugitive, taking off his glasses and running his hand across his eyes. "Garrett, I must talk with somebody. It's eating my soul out—if I have a soul—not to talk. Perhaps you could advise me. You're a good fellow. I trust you—but it makes no difference ——"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Garrett. "Is all this something about yourself?"

"Yes."

"Something a little shady, so to speak?"

"Yes, you might call it that."

(Continued on Page 56)

"It's Eating My Soul Out—if I Have a Soul—Not to Talk"

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

It Proves That Morris Perlmutter is a Good Designer After All

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THERE was an intimate connection between Abe Potash's advent in the lobby of the Prince Clarence Hotel one hot summer day in June and the publication in that morning's Arrival of Buyers column of the following statement and news item:

Griesman, M., Dry Goods Company, Syracuse; M. Griesman, ladies' and misses' cloaks, suits, waists and furs; Prince Clarence Hotel.

Nevertheless, when Abe caught sight of Mr. Griesman lolling in one of the hotel's capacious *fauteuils* he quickly looked the other way and passed on to the clerk's desk. Then he asked in a loud tone for Mr. Elkan Reinberg, of Boonton, New Jersey; and, almost before the clerk told him that no such person was registered, he turned about and recognized Mr. Griesman with an elaborate start.

"Why how do you do, Mr. Griesman!" he exclaimed. "Ain't it a pleasure to see you! What are you doing here in New York?"

Griesman looked hard at his interlocutor before replying.

Some two years earlier there had been an acrimonious correspondence between them with reference to a shipment of skirts lost in transit—a correspondence ending in threatened litigation; and Mr. Griesman had transferred his account with Potash & Perlmutter to Sammet Brothers. Hence he regarded Abe's proffered hand coldly, and instead of rising to his feet he continued to puff at his cigar for a few moments.

"I know your face," he said at length, "but your name ain't familiar."

"Think again, Mr. Griesman," Abe said, quite unmoved by the rebuff. "Where did you seen me before?"

"I think I seen you in a law office oncet," Griesman said. "To the best of my recollection the occasion was one which you said you didn't give a damn about my business at all, and if I wouldn't pay for the skirts you would make it hot for me. But so far what I hear it, I ain't paid for the skirts, and I didn't sweat none neither."

"Why not let bygones be bygones, Mr. Griesman?" Abe rejoined.

"I ain't got no bygones, Abe," Griesman replied. "The bygones is all on your side. I ain't got the skirts; so I didn't pay for 'em."

"Well, what is a few skirts that fellers should be enemies about 'em, Mr. Griesman? The skirts is *vorbei schon* long since already. Why don't you anyhow come down to our place oncet in a while and see us, Moe?"

"What would I do in your place, Abe?"

"You still use a couple garments, like we make it, in your business, Moe," Abe continued. "You got to buy goods in New York oncet in a while. Ain't it?"

"Well, I do and I don't, Abe," Moe rejoined. "I ain't the back number which I oncet used to was, Abe. I got fresh ideas a little too, Abe. Nowadays, Abe, a buyer couldn't rely on his own judgment at all. Before he buys a new season's goods he's got to find out what they're wearing on the other side first. So with me, Abe, I go first to Paris, Abe. Then I see there what I want to buy here, Abe, and when I come back to New York I buy only them goods which has got the ideas I seen it in Paris."

"But how do you know we ain't got the ideas you would seen it in Paris, Moe?"

"I don't know, Abe," Moe replied, "because I ain't been to Paris yet so far. I am now on my way over to Paris, Abe; and furthermore, Abe, if I would been to Paris, y'understand, what does a feller like Mawruss know about designing?"

"What d'ye mean, what does a feller like Mawruss know about designing?" Abe repeated. "Don't you fool yourself, Moe; Mawruss is a first-class, A number one designer. He gets his ideas straight from the best fashion journals. Then too, Moe, when it comes to up-to-date styles, I ain't such a big fool neither, y'understand. I know one or two things about designing myself, Moe, and you could take it from me, Moe, there ain't no house in the trade, Moe, which they got better facilities for giving you the latest up-to-the-minute style like we got it."

"Sure, I know," Moe continued; "but as I told it you before, Abe, I ain't in the market for my fall goods now. I am now only on my way to Paris, and when I would come back it would be time for you to waste your breath."

"I could waste my breath all I want to, Moe," Abe rejoined. "I ain't like some people, Moe; my breath don't cost me nothing."

"It's Perfectly Stunning. What Size is it, Mr. Perlmutter?"

"What d'ye mean?" Moe cried indignantly. He had allowed himself the unusual indulgence of a cocktail that morning as a corollary to a rather turbulent evening with Leon Sammet, and he had been absently chewing a clove throughout the interview with Abe.

"I mean Hymie Salzman, designer for Sammet Brothers," Abe replied. "There's a feller which he got it such a breath, Moe, he ought to put a revenue stamp on his chin."

"That may be, Abe; but the feller delivers the goods. Sammet Brothers are sending him to Paris this year too, Abe. He is sailing with Leon Sammet on the same ship with me, Abe."

"Well, then all I could say to you is, Moe, you should look out for yourself and don't play no auction pinocle with that feller. Every afternoon he is playing with such sharks like Moe Rabiner and Marks Pasinsky, and if he ever got out of a job as designer he could go on the stage at one of them continual performances as a card juggler yet. A three-fifty hand is the least that feller deals himself."

"One thing is sure, Abe, you couldn't never sell me no goods by knocking Hymie Salzman."

"I ain't trying to sell you no goods, Moe; I am only talking to you like an old friend should talk to another. When are you coming back?"

"About July first I should be here," Moe replied, "and if you want to come and see me like an old friend, Abe, you are welcome. Only I got to say this to you, Abe, I forgot them skirts long since ago already, and I wish you the same."

II

WHEN Abe entered his showroom that morning Morris Perlmutter had just arranged a high-neck evening gown on a wire model.

"Well, Abe, what d'ye think of it?" he exclaimed proudly as he wiped his glistening brow. Abe fingered the garment's silken folds and puffed critically at a black cigar.

"What could I think, Mawruss?" he replied. "The garment looks all right, Mawruss, and I ain't kicking, y'understand; but I tell you the honest truth, Mawruss, the way things is nowadays, Mawruss, a feller could be Elijah the Prophet already and he couldn't tell in June what is going to please the garment buyers in September."

Morris flushed angrily.

"I don't know what comes over you lately, Abe; nothing suits you," he cried. "I got here a garment which if we would be paying a designer ten thousand dollars a year yet he couldn't turn us out nothing better, and yet you are kicking."

"What d'ye mean, kicking?" Abe rejoined. "I ain't kicking. I am only passing a remark, Mawruss. I am saying I couldn't tell nothing about it, Mawruss, because so far ahead of time like this, Mawruss, a garment could look ever so rotten, Mawruss, and it could turn out to be a record-seller anyhow."

"So, Abe," Morris broke out furiously, "you think the garment looks rotten! What? Well, all I got to say is this, Abe: if the garment looks so rotten you should quick hire some one which could design a better one, because I am sick and tired of your kicking."

"What's the matter you got pepper up your nose all of a sudden, Mawruss?" Abe protested. "I ain't saying nothing about the garment is rotten. I am only saying it gets so nowadays that in June a feller turns out a style which if we was making masquerade costumes already it would be freaky anyhow; and yet, Mawruss, it would go big in September. You get the idee what I am talking about, Mawruss?"

"I get the idee all right," Morris retorted with bitter emphasis. "You got the nerve to stand there and tell me this here garment is freaky like a masquerade costume. *Schon gut*, Abe. From now on I wash myself of the whole thing. I am through, Abe. You should right away advertise for a designer."

Abe rose wearily to his feet.

"With a touchy proposition like you, Mawruss," he said, "a feller couldn't open his mouth at all. I ain't saying nothing about you as a designer, Mawruss. All I am saying, Mawruss, is, a designer could be a feller which he is so high-grade like Paquin or any of them Frenchers, but if he gets his idees from fashion papers *oder* the Daily Cloak and Suit Gazette, Mawruss, then oncet in a while he turns out a sticker."

Morris was stripping the garment from the display form, but he paused to favor his partner with a glare. "What would you want me to do, then?" he asked. "Make up styles out from my own head, Abe? If I wouldn't get my idees from the fashion papers, Abe, where would I get 'em?"

"Where would you get 'em?" Abe repeated. "Why, where does Hymie Salzman, designer for Sammet Brothers, and Charles Eisenblum, designer for Klinger & Klein, get their idees, Mawruss?"

This was purely a rhetorical question, but as Abe paused to heighten the effect of the peroration, Morris undertook to supply an answer.

"Them suckers don't get their idees, Abe," he said; "they steal 'em. If a concern gets a run on a certain garment, Abe, them two highway robbers makes a duplicate of it before you could turn round your head. That's the kind of cutthroats them fellers is, Abe."

"Sure, I know," Abe continued; "but they got to turn out some garments of their own, Mawruss, and they get their idees right from headquarters. They get their idees from Paris, Mawruss. Only this morning I hear it that Hymie Salzman sails for Paris on Saturday."

"Well, I couldn't stop him, Abe," Morris commented.

"Sure, I know, Mawruss," Abe went on; "but things is very quiet here in the store, Mawruss, and for a month yet we wouldn't do hardly no business. I could get along here all right until say, July fifteenth anyhow."

For two minutes Morris looked hard at his partner.

"What are you driving into, Abe?" he asked at length.

"Why, I am driving into this, Mawruss," Abe continued. "Why don't you go to Paris?"

"Me go to Paris!" Morris exclaimed.

"Why not?" Abe murmured. The suggestion did seem preposterous after all.

"Why not!" Morris repeated. "There's a whole lot of reasons why not, Abe, and the first and foremost is that the Atlantic Ocean would got to run dry and they got to build a railroad there first, Abe. I crossed the water just oncet, Abe, and I wouldn't cross it again if I never sold another dollar's worth more goods so long as I live, Abe; and that's all there is to it."

"What are you talking nonsense, Mawruss? On them big boats like the Morrisania there ain't no more motion than if a feller would be going to Coney Island, Mawruss."

"That's all right, Abe," Morris replied firmly. "Me, if I would go to Coney Island, I am taking always the trolley, Abe, from the New York side of the bridge. Furthermore, Abe, if Sammet Brothers sends a drinker like Hymie Salzman to Paris, Abe, they got a right to spend their money the way they want to; but all I got to say is that

we shouldn't be afraid they would cop out any of our trade on that account, Abe. Hymie would come home with new idees of tchampanyer wine and not garments, Abe."

"Sure, I know, Mawruss," Abe retorted; "but if you would go over to Paris, Mawruss, you would come back with some new idees which you would turn out some real snappy stuff, Mawruss. As it is, Mawruss, with a sticker like you got it there, Mawruss, we would ruin our business."

"All right, Abe; I heard enough. You got altogether too much to say for a feller which comes downtown at ten o'clock with no excuse nor nothing."

At this point Abe interrupted his partner long enough to relate his visit to Moe Griesman, but the information entirely failed to placate Morris.

"All right, Abe," he shouted; "why don't you go to Paris? That's all you're fit for. I got a wife and baby, Abe; but with a feller which he has got no more interest in his home, y'understand, than he wants to go to Paris, Abe—all right! Go ahead, Abe; go to Paris. I am satisfied."

Abe regarded his partner for one hesitating moment.

"*Schon gut*, I will go to Paris," he said; and the next moment the elevator door closed behind him.

For five minutes after Abe's departure Morris gazed earnestly at his newest creation. He had intended the model as a pleasant surprise to his partner, since not only had he conceived the garment to be a triumph of the dressmaker's art, but it had been finished far in advance of the season for originating new styles. He had confidently expected an enthusiastic reception of this *chef-d'œuvre*; but, in view of Abe's scathing criticism, he commenced to doubt his own estimate of the beauty of the dress. Indeed, the longer he looked at it the uglier it appeared, until at length he grabbed it roughly and literally tore it from the wire form. He had rolled it into a ball and was about to cast it into a corner when the elevator door opened and a young lady stepped out.

"Good morning, Mr. Perlmutter," she said.

Morris turned his face in the direction of the speaker and at once his mouth expanded into a broad grin.

"Why, Miss Smith!" he exclaimed as he rushed forward to greet her. "How do you do? Me and Mrs. Perlmutter was just talking about you today. How much you think that boy weighs now?"

"Sixteen pounds," Miss Smith replied.

"Twenty-two," Morris cried—"net."

"You don't say so!" said Miss Smith.

"We got you to thank for that, Miss Smith," Morris continued. "The doctor says without you anything could happen."

Miss Smith deprecated this compliment to her professional skill with a smiling shake of the head.

"We wouldn't forget it in a hurry," Morris declared. "Everything what that boy is today, Miss Smith, we owe it to you."

"You're making it hard for me, Mr. Perlmutter," Miss Smith replied, "because I've come to ask you a favor."

"A favor?" Morris replied. "You couldn't ask me to do you a favor because it wouldn't be no favor. It would be a pleasure. What could I do for you?"

"I have to leave town tomorrow on a case," Miss Smith explained, "and I need a dress in a hurry, something light for evening wear."

Morris frowned perplexedly.

"That's too bad," he said, "because just at present we got nothing but last year's goods in stock—all except—all except this."

He unfolded the model and shook it out.

"What a pretty dress!" Miss Smith cried, clasping her hands.

"Pretty!" Morris exclaimed. "How could you say it was pretty?"

"It's perfectly stunning," Miss Smith continued. "What size is it, Mr. Perlmutter?"

"The usual size," Morris replied; "thirty-six."

"Why, that's just my size," Miss Smith declared. "Let me see it." Morris handed her the dress and she examined it carefully. "What a pity," she said, "it has a slight rip in front. Somebody's been handling it carelessly."

"Sure, I know," Morris said. "I tore it myself, Miss Smith; but if you really and truly like it, Miss Smith, which I tell you the truth I don't, and my partner neither, you are welcome to it, and I would give you a little piece from the same goods which you could fix up the rip with."

"I couldn't think of it," Miss Smith replied.

"Not at all, Miss Smith. You would do me a favor if you would take it along with you right now."

Miss Smith fairly beamed as she opened her handbag.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"How much is it?" Morris repeated. "Why, Miss Smith, you could take that dress only on one condition. The condition is that you wouldn't pay me nothing for it, and that next fall, when we really got something in stock, you would come in and pick out as many of our highest-price garments as you would want."

Morris' hand shook so with this unusual access of generosity that he could hardly wrap up the garment.

"Also, Miss Smith, I expect you will come up and have dinner with us so soon as you get back from wherever you are going. Already the baby commences to recognize people which he meets, and we want him he should never forget you, Miss Smith."

The cordiality with which Morris ushered Miss Smith into the elevator was in striking contrast to the brusk manner in which he greeted Abe half an hour later.

"*Nu!*" he growled. "Where was you now?"

"By the steamship office," Abe replied. "I am going next Saturday."

"Going next Saturday!" Morris repeated. "Where to?"

"To Paris," Abe replied, "on the same ship with Moe Griesman, Leon Sammet and Hymie Salzman."

Morris nodded slowly as the news sank in.

"Well, all I could say is, Abe," he commented at length, "that I don't wish you and the other passengers no harm, y'understand; but, with them three suckers on board the ship, I hope it sinks."

III

THE five days preceding Abe's departure were made exceedingly busy for him by Morris, who soon became reconciled to his partner's fashion-hunting trip, particularly when he learned that Moe Griesman formed part of the quarry.

"You got to remember one thing, Abe," he declared. "Extremes is nix. Let the other feller buy the freaks; what we are after is something in moderation."

"You shouldn't worry about that, Mawruss," Abe replied. "I wouldn't bring you home no such model like you showed it me this week."

"You would be lucky if you wouldn't bring home worser yet," Morris retorted. "But anyhow that ain't the point. I got here the names of a couple commission men which it is their business to look out for greenhorns."

"What d'ye mean, greenhorn?" Abe cried indignantly. "I ain't no greenhorn."

"That's all right," Morris went on; "in France only the Frenchers ain't greenhorns. You ain't told me what kind of a stateroom you got it."

"Well, the outside rooms was one hundred and twenty-five dollars and the inside room was eighty-five dollars," Abe explained; "so I took an inside room because the light wouldn't come in and wake me up so early in the morning, Mawruss, and forty dollars is as good to me as it is to them suckers what runs the steamboat company. Ain't it?"

"If You Wouldn't Take That Cigar Away From Here I'll Break Your Neck When I Get on Shore Again"

Nevertheless, when Abe found himself in his upper berth the morning after he had parted with Minnie, Rosie and Morris at the pier, he had reason to regret his economy. He shared his stateroom with a singer of minor operatic rôles, who, as a souvenir of a farewell luncheon ashore, carried into that narrow precinct an odor of garlic that persisted for the entire voyage. In addition, the returning artist smoked Egyptian cigarettes and anointed his generous head of hair with violet brilliantine. Hence it was not until the boat was passing Brow Head that Abe staggered up the companionway to the promenade deck.

"Why, hullo, Abe!" cried a bronzed and bulky figure. "I ain't seen you for almost a week."

"No?" Abe murmured. "Well, if you would wanted to seen me, Leon, you knew where you could find me: just below the pantry my stateroom was, inside. A dawg shouldn't got to live in such a place."

At this juncture Salzman appeared to summon his employer to a game of auction pinocle in the smoking room, and as Abe started to make a feeble promenade around the deckhouse he encountered Moe Griesman. After Moe had taken Abe's hand in a limp clasp he nodded in the direction of the smoking room.

"What d'ye think of them two suckers?" he croaked. "They ain't missed a meal since they came aboard."

"What could you expect from a couple of tough propositions like that?" Abe replied. "Was you sick, Moe?"

"Sick!" Griesman exclaimed. "I give you my word, Abe, last Thursday night I was so sick that I commenced to figure out already how much I would of saved in premiums if my insurings policies would be straight life instead of endowment. No, Abe; this here business of going to Paris for your styles ain't what it's cracked up to be. Always up to now I got fine weather crossing, but the way the water has been the last six days, Abe, I am beginning to think I could get just so good idees of the season's models right in New York."

"D'ye know, Moe," said Abe, "I'm starting to feel hungry? I wish that feller with the *shofar* would come."

Hardly had he spoken when the ship's bugler announced luncheon, but it was some minutes before Moe could summon up sufficient courage to go below to the dining saloon, and when they entered they found Leon Sammet and Hymie Salzman had nearly concluded their meal.

"Steward," Leon shouted as Moe sat down next to him, "bring me a nice piece of Camembert cheese."

"One moment, Leon," Griesman interrupted; "if you bring that stuff under my nose here I would never buy from you a dollar's worth more goods so long as I live!"

"The feller goes too far, Abe," he said, after Leon had canceled the order and departed to drink his coffee in the smoking room. "The feller goes too far. Yesterday afternoon I was sitting on deck, and the way I felt, Abe, my worst enemy wouldn't got to feel it. Do you believe me, Abe, that feller got the nerve to offer me a cigar yet! It pretty near finished me up. He only done it out of spite, Abe, but I fooled him. I took the cigar and I got it in my pocket right now."

"Don't show me," Abe cried hurriedly. "I'll tell you the truth: there ain't nothing in the smoking habit. I'm going to cut it out. Waiter, bring me only a plate of clear soup and some dry toast. There ain't no need for a feller to smoke, Moe; it's only an extra expense."

"I think you're right, Abe," Moe said; "but I know that this here cigar cost Leon a quarter on board ship here, and I thought I would show him he shouldn't get so gay."

Despite Abe's resolution, however, a large black cigar protruded from his mustache when he stood on the wharf at Cherbourg, twenty-four hours later, and a small, ill-shaven stevedore, clad in a dark blouse and shabby corduroy trousers, pointed to the cloud of smoke that issued from Abe's lips and chattered a voluble protest.

"What does he say, Moe?" Abe asked.

"I don't know," Moe replied. "He's talking French."

"French!" Abe exclaimed. "What are you trying to do—kid me? A dirty *schlemiel* of a greenhorn like him should talk French! What an idee!"

Nevertheless, Abe was made to throw away his cigar, and it was not until the quartette were snugly incloseed in a first-class compartment en route to Paris that Abe felt safe to indulge in another cigar. He explored his pockets, but without result.

"Moe," he said, "do you got maybe another cigar on you?"

"I'm smoking the one which Leon give it me on the ship the other day," Moe replied. "Leon, be a good feller; give him a cigar."

"I give you my word, Moe, this is the last one," Leon replied as he bit the end off a huge invincible. "You got something there bulging in your vest pocket, Abe. Why don't you smoke it?"

"That ain't a cigar," Abe answered; "that's a fountain pen."

"Smoke it anyhow," Leon advised; "because the only cigars you could get on this train is French Government cigars, and I'd sooner tackle a fountain pen as one of them rolls of spinach."

"That's a country!" Abe commented. "Couldn't even get a decent cigar here!"

"In Paris you could get plenty good cigars," Hymie Salzman said, and Hymie was right for, at the Gare St. Lazare, M. Adolphe Kaufmann-Levi, *commissionnaire*, awaited them, his pockets literally spilling red-banded perfectos at every gesture of his lively fingers. M. Kaufmann-Levi spoke English, French and German with every muscle of his body from the waist up.

"Welcome to France, Mr. Potash," he said. "You had a good voyage, doubtless; because you Americans are born sailors."

"Maybe we are born sailors," Abe admitted, "but I must of grew out of it. I tell you the honest truth, if I could go back by trolley, and it took a year, I would do it."

"The weather is always more settled in July than in August," said M. Kaufmann-Levi, "and I wouldn't worry about the return trip just now. I have rooms for you gentlemen all on one floor of a hotel near the Opera, and taximeters are in waiting. After you are settled we will take dinner together."

Thus it happened that, at half past six that evening, M. Kaufmann-Levi conducted his four guests from the Restaurant Marguery to a sidewalk table of the Café de la Paix, and for almost an hour they watched the crowd making its way to the Opera.

"You see, Moe," Abe said, "everything is tunics this year; tunics *oder* chiffon overskirts, net collars and yokes."

Moe nodded absently. His eyes were glued to a lady sitting at the next table.

"You got to come to Paris to see 'em, Abe," he murmured. "They don't make 'em like that in America."

"We make as good garments in America as anywhere," Abe protested.

"Garments I ain't talking about at all," Moe whispered hoarsely; "I mean peaches. Did y'ever see anything like that lady there sitting next to you? Look at the get-up, Abe. Ain't it chick?"

"It's a pretty good-looking model, Moe," Abe replied, "but a bit too plain for us. See all the fancy-looking garments there are round here."

"Plain nothing!" Moe muttered. "Look at the way it fits her. I tell you, Abe, the French ladies know how to wear their clothes."

A moment later the couple at the next table passed along toward the Opera, and once more Abe and Moe turned their attention to the crowds on the boulevard.

For the remainder of their stay in Paris Abe and Leon spent their time in a ceaseless hunt for new models and their nights in plying Moe Griesman with entertainment. It cannot be said that Moe discouraged them to any marked degree, for while he occasionally hinted to Abe that the New York cloak and suit trade was an open market and garment buyers had a large field from which to choose, he also told Leon that he saw no reason why he should not continue to buy goods from Sammet Brothers, provided the prices were right.

Nearly every evening found them sitting at the corner table of the Café de la Paix, and upon many of these occasions the next table was occupied by the same couple that sat there on the night of Abe's arrival in Paris.

"You know, Abe, that dress is the most uniquest thing in Paris," Moe exclaimed on the evening of the last day in Paris. "I ain't seen nothing like it anywhere."

"Good reason, Moe," Leon Sammet cried; "it's rotten. That's one of last year's models."

"What are you talking nonsense? One of last year's models!" Moe Griesman cried indignantly. "Don't you think I know a new style when I see it?"

"Moe is right, Leon," Abe said. "You ain't got no business to talk that way at all. The style is this year's model."

"Of course, Abe," Leon said with ironic precision, "when a judge like you says something, y'understand, then it's so. Take another of them sixty-cent ice creams, Moe."

Ordinarily Abe would have turned Leon's sarcasm with a retort in kind, but Leon's remark fell on deaf ears, for Abe was listening to a conversation at the next table and the language was English.

"It's time to start back to the hotel," said the young lady to her escort, who was an elderly gentleman.

Abe turned to Moe and Leon.

"Excuse me for a few minutes," he said; "I got to go back to the hotel for something."

He handed Leon a twenty-franc piece.

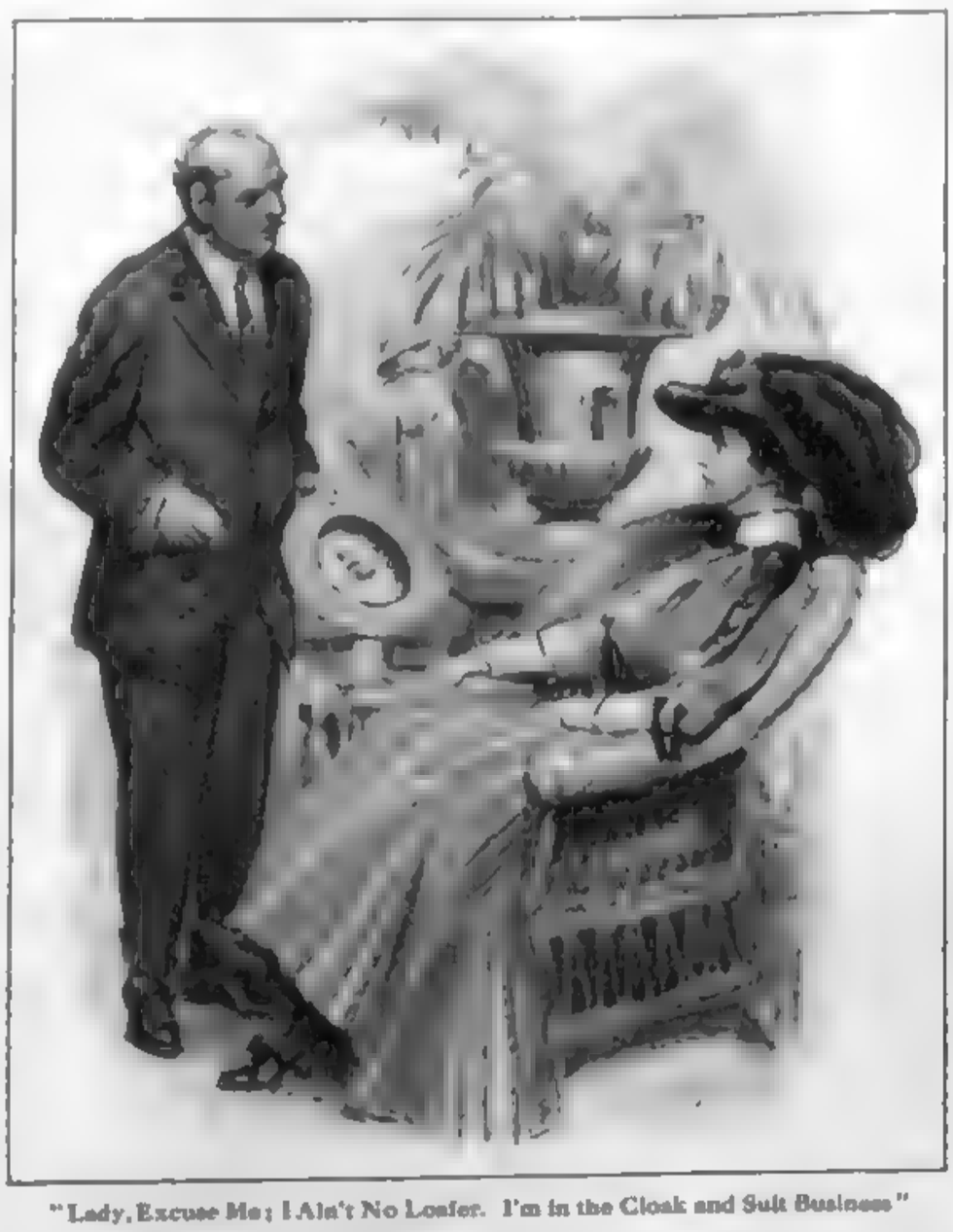
"If I shouldn't get back pay the bill!" he cried, and jumping to his feet he followed the couple from the next table.

The old gentleman walked feebly with the aid of a cane, and the young lady held him by the arm as they proceeded to the main entrance of the Grand Hotel. Abe dogged their footsteps until the old gentleman disappeared into the lift and the young lady retired to the winter garden that forms the interior court of the hotel. As she seated herself in a wicker chair Abe approached with his hat in his hand.

"Lady, excuse me," he began; "I ain't no loafer. I'm in the cloak and suit business, and I would like to speak to you a few words—something very particular."

The young lady turned in her chair. She was not alarmed, only surprised.

"I hope you don't think I am asking you anything out of the way," Abe said, without further prelude; "but you got a dress on, lady, which I don't know how much you paid for it, but if three hundred of these here—now—francs would be any inducement I'd like to buy it from you.



"Lady, Excuse Me; I Ain't No Loafer. I'm in the Cloak and Suit Business"

Of course I wouldn't ask you to take it off right now, but if you would leave it at the clerk's desk here I could call for it in half an hour."

The young lady made no reply, instead she threw back her head and laughed heartily.

"It ain't no joke, lady," Abe continued as he laid three flimsy notes of the Bank of France in her lap. "That's as good as American greenbacks."

The young lady ceased laughing and for a minute hesitated between indignation and renewed mirth, but at last her sense of humor conquered.

"Very well," she said; "stay here for a few minutes."

Half an hour later she returned with the dress wrapped up in a paper parcel.

"How did you know I wouldn't go off with the money, dress and all?" she asked as Abe seized the package.

"I took a chance, lady," he said; "like you are doing about the money which I give you being good."

"Have no scruples on that score," the young lady replied. "I had it examined at the clerk's office just now."

IV

WHEN M. Adolphe Kaufmann-Levi bade farewell to Moe, Abe, Leon and Hymie Salxman, at the Gare St. Lazare, he uttered words of encouragement and cheer which failed to justify themselves after the four travelers' embarkment at Cherbourg.

"You will have splendid weather," he had declared. "It will be fine all the way over."

When the steamer passed out of the breakwater into the English Channel she breasted a northeaster that lasted all the way to the Banks. Even Hymie Salzman went under, and Leon Sammet walked the swaying decks alone. Twice a day he poked his head into the stateroom occupied by Moe Griesman and Abe Potash, for Abe had thrown economy to the winds and had gone halves with Moe in the largest outside room on board.

"Boys," Leon would ask, "ain't you going to get up? The air is fine on deck."

Had he but known it, Moe Griesman developed day by day, with growing intensity, that violent hatred for Leon that the hopelessly seasick feel toward good sailors; while toward Abe, who groaned unceasingly in the upper berth, Moe Griesman evinced the affectionate interest that the poor sailor evinces in any one who suffers more keenly than himself.

At length Nantucket lightship was passed, and as the sea grew calmer two white-faced invalids, that on close scrutiny might have been recognized by their oldest friends to be Moe and Abe, tottered up the companionway and sank exhausted into the nearest deckchairs.

"Well, Moe," Leon cried, as he bustled toward them smoking a large cigar and clad in a suit of immaculate white flannels, "so you're up again?"

The silence with which Moe received this remark ought to have warned Leon, but he plunged headlong to his fate.

"We are now only twenty hours from New York," he said, "and suppose I go downstairs and bring you up some of them styles which I got in Paris."

"You shouldn't trouble yourself," Moe said shortly.

"Why not?" Leon inquired.

"Because, for all I care," Moe replied viciously, "you could fire 'em overboard. I would *oser* buy from you a button."

"What's the matter?" Leon cried.

"You know what's the matter," Moe continued. "You come every day into my stateroom and mock me yet because I am sick."

"I mock you!" Leon exclaimed.

"That's what I said," Moe continued; "and if you wouldn't take that cigar away from here I'll break your neck when I get on shore again."

Leon backed away hurriedly and Moe turned to Abe.

"Am I right or wrong?" he said.

Abe nodded. He was incapable of audible speech, but hour by hour he grew stronger until at dinnertime he was able to partake of some soup and roast beef, and even to listen with a wan smile to Moe's caustic appraisement of Leon Sammet's character. Finally, after a good night's rest, Moe and Abe awoke to find the engine stilled at Quarantine. They were saved the necessity of packing their trunks for the cogent reason that they had been physically unable to open them, let alone unpack them. Hence they repaired at once to breakfast.

Leon was already seated at table, and he hastily canceled an order for Yarmouth bloater and asked instead for a less fragrant dish.

"Good morning, Moe," he said pleasantly.

Moe turned to Abe. "Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, Abe," he said, "I would be down in your store to look over your line."

"Steward," Leon Sammet cried, "never mind that steak. I would take the bloater anyhow."

Abe and Moe breakfasted lightly on egg and toast, and returned to their stateroom as they passed the Battery.

"Say, lookyhere, Moe," Abe said; "I want to show you something which I bought for you as a surprise the night before we left Paris. I got it right in the top of my suitcase here, and it wouldn't take a minute to show it you."

Abe was unstrapping his suitcase as he spoke, and the next minute he shook out the gown he had purchased from the young lady of the Café de la Paix, and exposed it to Moe's admiring gaze.

"How did you get hold of that, Abe?" Moe asked.

Abe narrated his adventure at the Grand Hotel, while Moe gaped his astonishment.

"I always thought you got a pretty good nerve, Abe," he declared, "but this sure is the limit. How much did you pay for it?"

"Three hundred of them—now—francs," Abe replied; "but I've been figuring out the cost of manufacturing and material, and I could duplicate it in New York for forty dollars a garment."

"You mean thirty-five dollars a garment, don't you?" Moe said.

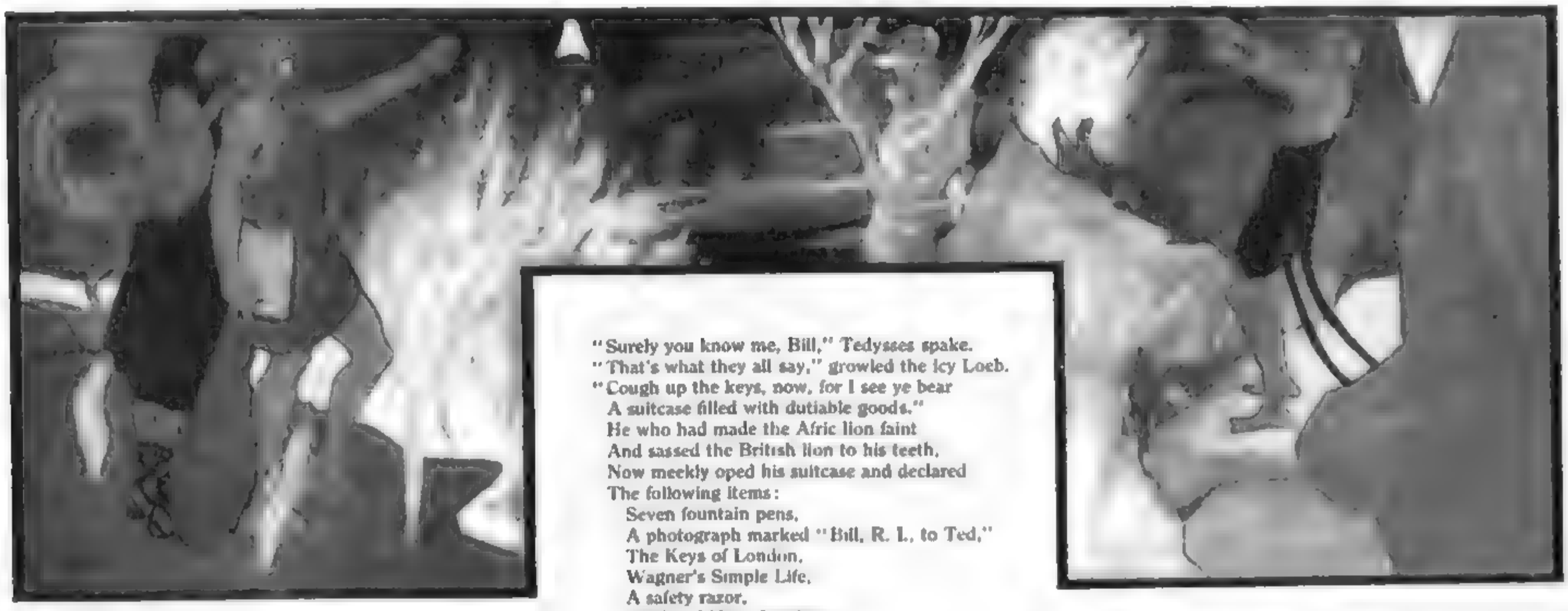
"No, I don't," Abe replied. "I mean forty dollars a garment. Why do you say thirty-five dollars?"

"Because at forty dollars apiece, Abe, I could use for my Sarahcuse, Rochester and Buffalo stores about fifty

(Continued on Page 45)

THE TEDDYSEE

By WALLACE IRWIN
ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



Book the Fourth

I. TEDYSSES TAKETH A PULLMAN FOR HADES AND RETURN

IN MYRRH and asphodel and drowsy lotus
Tedysses sleeping lay,
The Big Stick loosely wrapped, till further notice,
In lavender and bay.

Again in dreams he heard the shrieks and bellows
Responding to the blow
When with the scourge he smote the Crooked Fellows
And brought the Olde Garde low.

While thus he dreamt, from out the ambient ether
Jove sent this wireless fleet:
"Waste not thine hour in dreams, O Heavy Breather!
More toil awaits thy feet.

"Awake! descend at once to gloomy Hades
And interview with care
The Ananiac band of spooks and shadies
Whom thou hast driven there.

"Speak to them kindly whom in life thou chided,
And when the jaunt is o'er
Come back to Earth and manage undivided
Thy throne forevermore."

"Orders O. K.," T. R. to Heaven cabled;
Then hastened to affix
Upon his trunks a baggage-ticket labeled,
"To Hades, via Styx."

II. HE SLIDETH THE CHUTE TO THE INFERNAL BASEMENT

"Halt! Who goes there?" From out the craggy black
Of midnight Erebus a Voice outrasped,
Harsh as a handsaw grating on a nail.
Tedysses, who with jungle-seasoned feet
Had strode into the very jaws of Hell,
Now halted. "Who art thou, dour seneschal,
That biddest the Moving Van of Progress stop?
No Man or Thing hath ever stayed my course.
What jest is this?" "O Tumbo," spake the Voice,
"I have stopped kings and queens and actresses,
The ruddy gold of Ormus or of Ind-
-iana naught avails when I cry 'Halt!'
I am the Heart of Stone, the Voice of Brass.
All hope abandon ye who enter here."
Ted struck a match and gasped when he beheld
At Hades' gate the form of William Loeb,
Three-headed, terrible, collecting tithes
As tariff from the living and the dead.

"Surely you know me, Bill," Tedysses spake.
"That's what they all say," growled the icy Loeb.
"Cough up the keys, now, for I see ye bear
A suitcase filled with dutiable goods."
He who had made the Afric lion faint
And sassed the British lion to his teeth,
Now meekly oped his suitcase and declared
The following items:
Seven fountain pens,
A photograph marked "Bill, R. L., to Ted,"
The Keys of London,
Wagner's Simple Life,
A safety razor,
Works of Marc Aurelius,
A gun,
A pair of boots,
The Pilgrim's Progress,
A pack of faded letters postmarked "Rome."

Loeb cast upon the pile his duteous eyes,
Tagged the lot "Confiscated," rang the bell
And summoned Pluto. "Here's a gent," he said,
"Who's bent on raising Hades – show him round."

Down the Slick, Slippery Slide He Shot

III. HE CHATTETH WITH THE CRUSHED SPIRITS OF HIS FOES

The dark-browed Pluto, Hades' king,
Removed his crown to Teddy's state:
"Dear sir, thou art the livest thing
That ever passed this sable gate.
Now, tell me plain: Of my Domain
What part wouldst thou accelerate?"

Fair spake Our Ted: "I would prefer
To see the victims, if you please,
Who fell before my Walloper."
Glum Pluto smiled with deathly ease.
"We have a whole Department, sir,
Devoted to the souls of these."

All in a Stygian motor boat
They launched them on the troubled tide.
Grim Charon piped: "We scarce can float,
The sea's so rough." But Teddy cried:
"Fear not, Old Geezer—thou bearest Cæsar!"
So crossed they to the other side.

They first beheld a spout of fire
Hard by a fogged Infernal fen,
Whence came loud shouts of "Who's a liar?"
Wild issuing from some dismal den.
And as the Voice rose high and higher
Tedysses whispered, "It is Ben!"

In a crude cave Ben Tillman stood
Eating hot coals and spitting flames
As though the banquet tasted good
And burning brands were parlor games.
"Hullo!" he said, observing Ted;
"You can't beat me at calling names!"

"O Pitchfork Ben," Tedysses cried,
"No scorching names I bring to you;
But this advice I bear to guide
Your farther passage Hades through:
Be suave to your Superior
And do not speak till spoken to."

Then from that pit of deathless hate
Burst a blue blaze of sulphured cuss:
"Thou egocentric puffed Ingrate,
Hades ain't big enough for us!"
Pluto, dismayed, said: "Come, let's fade
Before he starts another fuss."

Hard by upon a Tarpeian rock,
Lay Foraker, reduced to nil,
Listless of any sound or shock,
Limp as a rag and void of will.
"Pluto," said Ted, "I hate to knock,
But Joe, I see, is lying still."

Lorn, lonesome in the jaundiced mist,
A gray Tree reared its gnarl and knot;
A hardshell Tree, whose sturdy twist
Showed the healed scars of many a swat.
Behold! What ho! 'Twas Uncle Joe,
Securely rooted to the spot.

About this noble wooden chunk
The hurricane of Progress blew,
But Joseph neither budged nor shrunk
From the hard rocks on which he grew.
"Chop, if you will, this old gray trunk,
But spare My Country's wool and glue!"

A tremor twitched his tattered twig
Beholding Teddy's outlines faint;
Then whistled he: "I don't renege—
If you're Republican, I ain't."
"I half suspect that you're correct,"
Teddy replied, with some restraint.

More words had passed, but Pluto's snort
Broke in: "Come, Teddy, stir your feet!
Eternity seems far too short
When two Perpetual Speakers meet.
The next to view is Aldrich, who
Will furnish us a pretty treat."

Through the weird Vale of Nature-Fakes
The twain did wend their weary way,
Past flying cows and singing snakes
And clawfoot mules that ate their prey,
Past climbing hogs and rabbit-frogs
And storkichicks, both red and gray.

The ghost of Reverend Mr. Long
Forever climbed the lofty trees,
Where apelike horses sat in song
In attitudes one seldom sees.
"They don't exist!" Tedysses hissed,
Though obviously ill at ease.

Soon Pluto and Tedysses came
To an ice cliff topcapped with snows,
Up whose smooth sides a ghost of fame,
N. Aldrich, clomb with naked toes:
As up he wore he madly bore
A dollar balanced on his nose.

'Gainst the smooth slope he slowly stepped,
His straining sinews sorely sot,
Balanced the coin with nose adept
Till halfway up the peak he got,
When sudden—zip!—with frightful flip
Down the slick, slippery slide he shot.

Undaunted by that bumptious fall,
Another dollar he obtained;
This on his nose he set withal
And to the peak again he strained
"What's this grim joke?" Tedysses spoke.
Whereat N. Aldrich thus explained:

"This icy pinnacle you see
Is called the Solid Interest;
Ten million years I'm doomed to be
Its climbing toy, its bitter jest.
Upon my nose I thus repose
My Currency—you know the rest."

As summitward again he toiled,
Again to slip and downward dart,
His dignity forever spoiled,
His temper peevish with the smart,
A bully thrill of right good will
Warmed Theodore's progressive heart.

IV. HE BEHOLDETH THE SPECTERS OF FAMILIAR MONSTERS

Upon a horrid, hopeless midland weir
Malformed, gallumptious, bulbous brutes he saw:
Some like the Singer Building, planet-reaching.
Some short and slimy, squalid but immense.
And yet, withal, they bore as half-developed
A sort of human shape—yet, oh, how twisted,
Swollen, lopsided, fat, mal-specialized,
As in the spectral swamps they rolled about,
Babbled of mergers, panics, stock reports,
Tearing their flabby sides and bleeding bullion.
Tedysses sudden standing in their midst,
An awful silence struck their mad carouse.
Then, like a million boilers belching steam,
They reared haunch-high and raised this hellish salvo:
"Hail, Great Pile-Driver of the mighty chug!
Thou who from realms of daylight hammered us
To deeps of Stygian Orcus, by the fury
Which thou on earth didst sway, devoid of mercy,
Oh, stay thine arm, and pity us in Hell!"

Tedysses, unto Pluto turning, said:
"Who are these vast Homunculi here gathered—
These monstrous near-Men lummoxing about?
They seem to recognize me; yet their like
I've never met in all my lecture tours."
Pluto unto the giants turned and cried:
"Since our Distinguished Tourist wants to know
More of you—come now, give your college yell!"
Whereat the monsters thus their roar intoned:
"We are the Grafters,
We are the Thugs,
We are the Crooks and the Shorts and Ugs;
We are the Preds
And the wealthy Mals,
We are the Corporation Pals;

(Concluded on Page 42)

THE COLLEGE LORELEI

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. STEVENS

Neither of Them Could Rummage Another Word From Their Tempestuous Souls

ACCORDING to the red calendar of the maple trees it was autumn. By the college almanac it was spring. Like the soonest bluebirds and the first sown seed, the earliest students were arriving on the campus, fluttering down almost as thick and fast as the reluctant leaves.

The seasons were equally reversed in the heart of the woman whose window—whose almost famous window—overlooked the college yard. That woman and her window had become an institution. The seat she sat in was called the Chair of Platonic Lore, and she was dubbed Professor Emerita of Applied Philandery.

The melancholy that visits the usual soul when the ominous cold winds ransack the trees came to her in the later days of June. She drooped at Commencement-time, for the summer was the winter of her discontent. It was a period of dull torpor, a sort of hibernation; only, she and her doleful sisters in the small town suffered estivation, like land snails; merely existed as nullities, while all other life flourished to the full. But now that September was nearly gone she felt spring in the air. And now she smiled on the youngsters trooping along the walks—smiled a hungry, preying smile, like a cat that purrs luxuriously in the sun and basks, assured and patient.

Her real name was Bertha Lorton and she had never been able to change it, though she had been known by a sort of *nom de collège* as "Lalage" Lorton ever since the time of Douglas Wier, of the class of—well, it was back in the ancient days when Latin was a required study.

At that period the Faculty had something to say about the curriculum, and even a man of Wier's notoriously practical nature—he has since achieved wealth as a manufacturer of coal-tar products—was forced to study Horace, to the mutual disgust of himself and Horace.

But, in some manner, Wier had responded to the music of at least two of Horace's most musical lines—possibly because they were extraordinarily easy to translate. To his troubled mind it was as though a grindstone had suddenly turned into a chime of bells. Without looking up a single word in the lexicon or the pony, or a single foot in the prosody, he had understood and delighted in the well-known lilt of

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

At that time Wier happened to believe that little Bertha Lorton was the sweet-speakingest and sweet-laughingest thing in the world; so he called her Lalage, and the name stuck. It survived his life in college. Much water had flowed under Arden Bridge since Wier's day, and many a class had passed under the yoke; but here was Miss Lalage Lorton again at her window, the same Lalage save for a certain crumpling of the petal, still sweet of speech and alert for laughter as of yore—but still Miss Lorton.

The summer of 1910 had been almost intolerable for her. Money had been lacking to take her to seashore or mountain, and the dull town had been like a deserted village. The college was the heart of life, and the heart had stopped. Dormitories, laboratories, recitation buildings, chapel, gymnasium, chapter houses, all were closed, and the boarding houses were but the dreary lairs of tenantless landladies. The grass grew long in the campus, hiding the walks, and in the athletic field and on the tennis courts; there were no games to watch and no celebrations of games, no class hops, no cane-rushes, no book-bonfires to light up the night, no choruses to sweeten the twilight.

All the long, hot, stupid season Miss Lorton had nothing to do but read novels, read other people's love stories, and compare them with the well-stocked library of her own memory. They suffered by comparison, but they all ended with hero and heroine in each other's arms and a parson coming up like a volunteer fireman.

Dull as Arden was, none of the young citizens paid Miss Lorton the slightest attention. She had cast her lot in with the college crowd years ago—more years ago than she realized. She would have accused the family Bible of perjury in the matter of her own age.

Since the forenoon of her heyday a new generation of girls had grown up to contest for the students. These girls called her an old maid, and those of them whom chance had made brides pitied her for her romanceless life—her, whose heart was an encyclopedia of amorous experience—a lexicon of love—resembling a lexicon in the frequent change of subject and the brevity of the items—but, after all, an almost unabridged dictionary.

Miss Lorton might have made somebody a very good wife, but this proposition was never brought to a Q. E. D. She had always been about to marry and had never pushed her finger through a ring. That was the one word her vocabulary lacked—"marriage," and she longed to acquire it. Several women she knew, who had never had a tithe of her love affairs, had nevertheless enjoyed two or even three weddings, several motherhoods, one or two widowhoods or separations or divorces—all those postgraduate excitements that she had been denied.

She felt that she was as entertaining, as intellectual, as sympathetic, as any of the young chits flitting about the village and decoying the men away from her. She had overheard one of them, Fanny Dinsway, allude to her as an extinct volcano; but she would show them all that the fires were not yet ashes.

Lalage admitted that the raven above the bust of Pallas croaked "Now or Nevermore." This season

of 1910-1911 she set apart for her final farewell to the arena of courtship.

She had rested all summer, had read articles on how to keep young, to become supple, to get attractive and stay so. She had taken curious exercises, had bought and applied numerous beauty lotions—all of them warranted harmless.

She felt that she was looking young. She wished to look young, and her heart hypnotized her mirror into telling her that she was young.

And in another environment she would have been young. As an actress, a singer, an Amazon in the social war of a city, she would have been just entering into the ripeness of beauty and its management. Compared to Cleopatra or Ninon de Lenclos in their heyday, she was a mere girl. Among men who had grown up with her, or among a mixed society of late-repenting bachelors or relapsing widowers, she would have been in high fettle for the matrimonial stakes.

The trouble was that she had cast her lot in with a college crowd; her clients were all boys. The instructors and professors were out of the running, for the swarm of youths acted as a chaperon. Such members of the Faculty as were not already married possessed their souls in patience till vacations set them free to go awooing in other towns, where their own students would not see them and think them ridiculous.

Lalage was entirely surrounded by boys. For them she was growing old. And she was arriving toward the ghastly crisis of confessing it. But not yet! She must have one more season; and here it was. The field was ready. The grass on the campus had been scythed, but in its place had sprung up a crop of young men. Surely in all that plenitude, in so small a town, there would be a sheaf at least for her; there must be beaus for her. And why not one husband?

So she watched them saunter by, the unwilling candidates; they passed in review along the sidewalk, not knowing that they were under inspection. And she viewed them without malice, without desire to find fault. She was eager only that they should pass muster.

Some of them turned in at the campus gate below the house; some of them passed along the sidewalk almost under that window whence she had thrown many a rose, whither many a serenade had clambered.

Suddenly her heart thrilled. She did not believe in ghosts, yet what else but a ghost could that be! The year was 1910, but surely that was Douglas Wier, of the class of ——. No; she would not believe her memory. Douglas Wier's year of graduation could not have been so long ago. It could not be that the first of her passing regiment of lovers had marched out of her life so long ago as 1888! That would make her—well, she could hardly call herself a girl and confess to so many years. She must not cease being a girl—not yet. She had refused for so long to think of her age, she had lied so often about it to other people, denied the relentless recurrent testimony of her inevitable birthdays, that she convinced herself that the calendar was a liar.

She would believe rather her looking-glass. She ran to it and glared into it; questioned it with anxious eyes. Such a frightened face as she saw there!—yet it was never the face of a woman reaching thirty-six years—thirty, perhaps, and well preserved; but not forty—no, no!

Yet that 1888 resounded in her head like a funeral bell tolled once for each year of the departed one's life.

She remembered her photograph album, the long-neglected rogues' gallery of her fickle lovers. She found it, with the dust of years in its shabby plush. She turned the pages of the album, each leaf like a sheet of metal. And there she found Douglas Wier staring at her from the first niche after the section devoted to her father and mother and herself as a child.

Yes, there he was, Douglas Wier, the Abou ben Adhem of her tribe of lovers. And across his vignetted lapel he had written his name in that well-remembered script, boyish and ragged, but full of confidence. And he had added the monogram of his fraternity, Delta Chi Delta, whose pins she had worn in his name and in the names of several later Delta Chi Delta. And he had scrawled also the year of his class—there it was—'88. She tried to tell herself that she was only fifteen when he graduated. But that would have made her only eleven when she loved him as a Freshman—and such a fresh Freshman!

And now he was back again in college. He had just passed along the walk, under her window, the same window, though the sill was new and the shutters had been painted three times, and had needed another coat for nine years.

It struck her as ridiculously impossible that she should have seen him. She must have dropped asleep and dreamed him back. To make sure, she would watch. If he were real he would pass by again.

"Tell Me You Don't Hate Me"

She took her place at the window and stared down fearsomely intent. Other young men passed. Some of them she knew from the year or years before. They lifted their hats to her. One of them was "Pug" Leonard, who had fallen in love with her in his Freshman year; and fallen in love with another girl in his Sophomore year; a third in his Junior; and had doubtless come back to add at least one more affair before he graduated.

As he passed, "Pug" Leonard dared to look up and sing out:

"Hello, Lalage! Glad to see you again. You're looking younger than ever."

She hated his impertinence, but she forgave him much for that "younger than ever." It was just what she needed to hear.

For three hours she watched and waited, dreaming with open eyes of Douglas Wier. She remembered with a startling vividness their first meeting. Her father and mother had taken her to a reception, because they had no servant to leave her with at home. She must have been more than eleven—perhaps fourteen. Douglas Wier was at the reception, a Freshman, shy before girls, shabby in ill-fitting clothes, but with alert eyes.

He knew nobody, and sat alone on the stairs eating his ice cream. She had crawled away there to eat her own. Somehow he spoke to her and she answered him. They both trembled with the excitement of it. The Queen of Sheba's first words with King Solomon could not have seemed more important to her.

She did not see him again that year—to speak to. But she worshiped him from afar. Her father, who was a professor of Greek history, occasionally told some anecdote of him, some prank he had performed in the classroom. It was to her like hearing gossip of a king.

The next year they met again. He had a bit of the typical Sophomoric aggression. She had developed amazingly. He talked to her—lots. He asked if he might call. Her mother said she was too young; so they met clandestinely. Sometimes they stood and shivered in the moonlit snow. They were profoundly in love, but he was too young to dare to kiss her—except goodby the last evening before the summer vacation of 1886.

The next year he was a Junior and thereby a gallant. Her mother consented to his calling, to their going to parties together. The idea of chaperonage had not invaded the Arcadian life of Arden. She was permitted almost unrestricted privileges. All the girls were. Long drives together, long walks in the woods, late séances on the porch—everybody practiced them—nobody thought anything of it then.

In Douglas' Senior year, he and his Lalage were accepted as affianced lovers, in a prematrimonial intimacy. Their talk was all about the married life they should lead. The wedding was to take place the minute he got a position—no matter how small the wage.

How she wept the night after his graduation!—wept even though she believed that he would return for her soon—in a few weeks, perhaps; surely in a few months. If she had known or dreamed that twenty-two years were to pass and never bring him back!

And he had wept too—boy that he was, for all his Senior dignities. Oh, tear-steeped kisses in the moonlight! Oh, hopes of young lovers, future forgetters, traitors-elect!

And now, just as she had almost forgotten him, just as the rains and snows of long years had worn the mound of their buried love to the level, he had leaped into apparition, passed beneath her window like the uneasy spirit of Denmark.

For three hours she hung upon the sill waiting to confirm the witness of her eyes. At last she gave him up, accepted him as an hallucination, an accidental explosion of a neglected memory; and then, just as she turned away—look, where it comes again!

Along the walk the specter proceeded, floating again toward her window. But the footsteps were audible, real. He looked as he had looked when he graduated—only that his clothes were of the immediate fashion. He was boyish, yet not boyish; at that age between the venerable Senior of college and the immature beginner of real life.

She leaned out to stare. He glanced up carelessly. His eyes met hers dully, with a blur of unrecognition. Even his ghost had forgotten her! He lowered his eyes before her searching gaze. But he looked up again, paused an instant, made as if to lift his hat, dropped his hand and moved on, flushing a little at her earnest scrutiny. She followed him with a mournful stare, shook her head over him as one dead, or as though it had been Beatrice that met Dante's spirit in the other world and mourned his loss to earth.

A few steps farther, the ghost turned and tried to steal a glance over his shoulder; but, seeing her sentinel eyes still on him, went on in confusion. Just then Frank Chivvis, of the class of '11, came up, confronted the ghost, shook him by the hand and spoke.

Miss Lorton listened fiercely for a name, but all she heard was:

"Hello, old man; you got here, I see."

The ghost nodded. Chivvis spoke again.

"Find a room at Mrs. Pitkin's?"

The ghost nodded.

"Nice one?"

The ghost murmured something inaudible, and Chivvis said: "See you later."

That was all. She had heard no voice and no name except Mrs. Pitkin's. And the ghost went on. Chivvis looked up at the famous window, waved his hat and sang out impudently:

"Oh, you Lalage!"

But she did not see him. The unknown passer-by was looking back at her again, and walked on, looking back, till the low branch of a tree intervened. Then the ghost was gone.

After a moment of occult loneliness she realized that her ghost was only a coincidence, wearing by chance a reappearing resemblance. But how like he was to the first lover, who vanished down the walk with those same backward eyes and never came back.

He never came back! Wasn't there a song or a joke or a series of caricatures called They Never Come Back? It was no joke to Lalage Lorton. It brought her head low and her tears in a stream. Girlhood, first love, first vows, illusions, hopes—they also never come back.

Cruelest of all it was that Douglas Wier's wraith should return in his forenoon youth to her in her candlelighting hour. If he had come back old, and found her a spinster, it would have been harsh, yet much less harsh; but this confrontation with the living replica of his early grace was merciless.

It is the ultimate irony of the college widow's fate that she sees only young men—always young men and boys, an unending pageant of youth. The students who flock to the college towns are the most attractive portion of their sex at its most enticing age. They easily allure the young girls away from the fellows that grow old alongside them and would normally be their suitors. The college boys cannot marry the sweethearts they make, and the end of their course is, too literally, the commencement of their struggle for existence. They must spend that two, three

or four years of struggle in other towns; and in those other towns they meet other girls and mate with them.

The college-town girls cannot help growing up and growing older. But the college boys do not grow up. The average age remains the same. They are born as Freshmen; they live four years, and—to that town—they die.

The academic current is like that great wave in the whirlpool at Niagara. The wave is always there, hardly shifting its outline; but the drops of water that form it hurry through at frantic speed.

And the girls are like the trees that grow on the banks of that gorge slowly maturing to sapling shapeliness, flowering, making ready for fruit, losing their blossoms as sterile bouquets; then slowly drooping into old age. But the wave, eternally young, gleams and wavers and laughs before them. Always at rest, it never pauses.

Of all the types of old-maidenly pathos, then, the college widow is the saddest. She does not pine neglected and grow used to pining like others of the overlooked, or like nuns immured in cloisters. She is swept through a serial romance, with a new lover every few chapters. Brilliant young scholars adore her, talk learnedly to her, write poetry to her; tremendous young athletes embrace her with brawny arms. She is singed with the fresh young fires of latent Byrons, Shelleys, Raleighs, Sidneys and Admirable Crichtons. She knows moonlight passions, engagements, jealousies, dangers, quarrels, reconciliations—passions of varying intensity, and surrenders of varying degree; she knows all about love and lovers, but nothing about husbands and a home.

Schooled only in flirtation, her dancing feet finally lay hold on the pit of despair; and before she has ceased to be a young girl she is already an old maid, and cannot believe it, cannot behave it.

II

WHEN Arden University had been Arden College the president had given an annual reception to help the incoming strangers get acquainted with the good people of the town. It was at such a reception that Lalage Lorton had met Douglas Wier.

Nowadays the president gave no such reception. The college had outgrown the ingrowing town; the college was sufficient to itself. Lalage had watched it change from the little scholastic community where athletes were rare, where Latin was sacred and Greek supersanct.

"Prexy" was always a preacher then. Nowadays he was a business man, selected for his hustling powers, his abilities to wheedle endowments out of millionaires and browbeat the alumni into donations they could not afford.

Nowadays Latin was an elective—largely a neglective—course. Picturesque subjects, snap courses for the big athletes who served as press agents, and comfortable classes for rich men's sons to dally with, made up the chief activities. Lalage's last three suitors did not suspect that "Lalage" was not her real name; they knew nothing of its connotation. And she could not explain how long ago she had earned the sobriquet, or by what claims of speech and of classic mirth.

The university gave no more its introductory reception, but the Congregational church, eager to recruit its attendance, gave a sociable that served the same purpose. This year the old ladies dared to ask Lalage to help them out. She accepted with a bitter smile, and they set her to selling cocoanut cake at five cents an entering wedge.

As she had hoped, her ghost was there, but he seemed shy—as Douglas Wier had seemed shy. He seemed to know no one—as Douglas Wier had known no one. She asked several students his name, but none of them could tell her. He stared at her with the same eyes that Douglas Wier had fastened on her at their first meeting. He came up and bought a piece of cake—tried to speak; dared not. But he dared to buy and eat another and even a third piece of cake.

She broached the subject of the weather to hear his voice, and she quivered with emotion as she stammered:

"Nice evening, isn't it?"

And he gasped: "Isn't it?" as passionately as though he were proposing marriage.

She essayed a quip:

"We prayed for a nice evening, and you see the result."

"I don't wonder," he throbbed, and his eyes looked idolatry at her. But, though he lingered till he had pursued and swallowed the last flake of white sawdust, neither of them could rummage another word from their tempestuous souls. She had not learned his name for all her evening's work.

But the next day he passed by. She spoke to him from her window. He lifted his hat, smiled—and blushed.

She watched where he went, discovered that he ate at the refectory and strolled back to Mrs Pitkin's to study.

He was studying hard. She saw him one day at a window. She watched that window. The light burned late. She would sit for hours in the dark staring at his lamplit curtain, her heart leaping with excitement if the shadow of his head so much as crossed in silhouette.

It would not have been hard to ask Mrs Pitkin his name, or to learn it in some other way; but she preferred to tantalize herself with guessing; preferred to imagine herself once more the young girl that waited a whole year, worshiping that wide-eyed Freshman and nourishing her heart on its worship.

One evening, when the young stranger went by from his dinner, she was sitting on the porch by chance—at least, she was sitting there.

She bowed to him and swept him with one of those smiles an earlier generation had written poems about. In those days a student of Greek had called her by Aphrodite's epithet "Philommeides"—or something like that—which he translated "Smile-sweet."

Before that historic smile the youth paused on the walk, riveted in a stare.

She said: "Why do you always pass by?"

He answered by coming in. He sank on the steps as though a siren had bewitched him for his bones. He stared at her so hard that she had to make all the conversation. She let the weather go and tried to get him to talk about himself. Ordinarily that was not a hard accomplishment with the students, but it was only after the most persistent and adroitly veiled inquiry that she learned anything about this one. She learned that he had gone to another college for his A.B., but had decided to come to Arden for graduate studies because his father had been an Arden man in his day.

Ridiculous agonies clutched her as she heard these unimportant details. And she almost strangled as she asked:

"Who was your father? Perhaps I knew him."

He laughed aloud at this. It was the first time she had heard him laugh. The sound was horrible to her, for it was like a peal of rollicking gayety bubbling up from a closed grave. When he sobered down from his youthful parody of long-forgotten laughter he explained:

"You? Perhaps you knew my father! Why, he graduated before you were born, Miss Lorton. His year was 1888."

Again that clamorous year. She clenched her throat with one lean hand to steady her words into the tone of idle curiosity.

"What was your father's name?"

"The same as mine," he laughed.

"But I don't—as a matter of fact, I don't know your name." She said it in that liquid dulce-loquent voice of the old Lalage, and the young fellow's ears felt its music. His voice became gentler and he said apologetically:

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I ought to have told you. I thought you knew. Foolish of me, but I just naturally supposed that you knew; though, of course, you couldn't have guessed it very well, could you?"

"What is your name?" This in such a raucous, torn-out voice that he started, then mumbled:

"I'm Douglas Wier, 2d."

III

IF ONLY he had called himself "Junior," or "the son of," or anything but that newfangled "Second"!

He sat and talked and talked—about his father, she imagined; but she could not hear him, and she was not sure just what her other self, her ordinary, workaday self, said in reply—if anything.

The moon that had stared into the porch slipped under a cloud, and in the dark the young fellow on the steps was only a voice. Exactly that voice had murmured there how many times, how long ago! The shadowy form whence that voice used to rise used to reach up to the rocking-chair where she sat and take her hand; sometimes even lean his head against her knee and stare up into her face, whispering:

"I love you, Lalage. Sweet-spoken Lalage, I love you; you sweet-laugher!"

She used to bend down and stare into his moonlit eyes, and caress his cheeks, tousle his hair, tweak his ears. Then he would kiss her hand. Sometimes, when he had grown very sure of her, he would growl like a fox-terrier, just like a fox-terrier—it was a remarkable imitation. And he would snap at her hand, seize a finger in his teeth and shake it snarlingly, as though it were a mouse. And how they would laugh!—softly so as not to disturb the old people upstairs, but all the more deliciously.

She must have mused a long time over these relics of her first love, for suddenly she heard the real voice above the remembered voice.

"I must apologize for staying so long."

"Don't go," she said from far away.

"I must. I've got to bone up. They push us postgrads mighty hard." And he was gone, leaving her to forlorn imaginings.

Two or three evenings later she was on the porch again when he passed. He did not wait to be asked. He said:

"May I come in?"

He stayed longer that evening, and again she heard his voice like a remote murmur. Again he apologized for staying so late, but she had no idea of the hour.

He came oftener and oftener. He came even on the occasion of the first amateur theatricals. When she asked him why he missed such an event he said:

"Oh, I don't know! I thought I'd rather just sit here and talk with you. I was going to ask you if you'd care to go, but I—I thought I'd rather just sit here and talk."

He came nearly every evening after that.

He fascinated her, held her spellbound with curiosity. It was like converse with the dead; it was returning to her own youth. In the shadow of the late clinging vines, or in the mellow radiance of the moon, she could imagine herself young—a mere girl again. Into her autumn there had come an Indian summer.

She was living back over her youth. Her blood ran along her veins in a spring tide. She felt anew the thrills of first womanhood. She realized that she was still all girlish, round, elastic, pliant. It was such luxury that she could not be glad enough.

She waited for Douglas Wier, 2d, as for a magician who made the years vanish. He was a kind of hashish. She became addicted to him.

And then, one evening, he held her hand very long—seemed to find it hard to let it go. He bent and kissed it, and dashed away, leaving her startled, awakened with a shock.

She told herself that she must rebuke him. She must not let him lose his head over her. But she had lost her head over him—or, rather, over the love proxy that he carried.

One evening—oh, but the air was sweet, and the moon was a very brazier of sorcery! The light from it had savor; it was a luminous perfume; an ecstasy.

She had never felt so free of the raiment of years. She reveled in youth; youth streamed through her like another moonlight. The moon that had waned had waxed again to the full orb. It issued from a cloud like a sudden chord of music.

Then young Wier reached up and took her hand. She was frightened, but she could not resist. He clung to it with both hands, brushed his cheek against it and murmured something very low.

She leaned forward to hear, but had to ask:

"What did you say?"

"I'm afraid to tell you."

"You can't be afraid of me. What did you say?"

"I love you."

"You foolish boy!"

It was almost with motherly pity that she put out her other hand and laid it on his brow. It was not much of a reproof, and he leaned back, silent so long that she thought he must have fallen asleep.

She spoke to him: "What are you thinking of?"

"Of how much I love you."

He put his head back and looked up into her eyes. The moonlight overspread his face. His head lay in her lap like the head on the charger of the daughter of Herodias. She almost shrieked to find Douglas Wier staring up at her so uncannily from the shadow.

She pushed the boy away and managed to rise, with shaking knees.

"You must go now. It is very late. All the lights are out along the street."

"Do you hate me? Tell me you don't hate me."

"I don't hate you."

"Tell me you—love me a little."

"Good night, Douglas."

The name, once so frequent on her lips, came from her heart like a knife dragged from a wound, and it seemed that all her blood gushed out after it. She stumbled into the house.

The hall was full of ghosts. The stairway was haunted. Her room was weird till she could light a lamp.

IV

AS SHE undressed she took off a coil of purchased hair. She took off the graceful waist and collar that spoke so well of her throat and shoulders. The light threw strong shadows on her cheeks, her deep eyes and her neck. She saw her many, many years.

She glanced miserably at her bed, her narrow spinster's bed. She was an old maid. If Douglas Wier had kept his word she would have been a wife; this boy would have been her boy, instead of a taunting effigy sent to confound her with bitter mockery. Now she would never be a wife. She would never have a child. She would live and die an old maid.

She got out the photograph album. There was a tintype of herself and Douglas Wier taken together. Her skirts hardly reached her shoetops. She was awkward, but with the awkwardness of a young girl. Now she was gawky, with the ungainliness of a spinster. Then she was frolicsome, now she was kittenish. Now she was flat-chested and gaunt-hipped. Then she was narrow-hipped and shallow-breasted, but with the budding promise of early youth.

She stood revealed to herself, and she judged herself scathingly; but she blamed Douglas Wier for the bankruptcy of her hopes and her rights.

She blew out the lamp with a contemptuous puff. In the dark and chill of her bed she surveyed her soul as ruthlessly as she had surveyed her body. Here was more

bitterness, for it came upon her suddenly what a desperate flirt she had been for years and years. She counted up her lovers. She could not remember them all.

At times this had given her a little flick of pride. Now it shamed her. She had begun life believing that one loves but once. She had given her one love to Douglas Wier. She had wept and waited and hoped for his return.

He got his position—at a better salary than he had expected; but he had written her that he could not ask her to try to live on it with him. He wrote her proudly of his first raise of pay, but neglected to send for her then. He was offered a position that would take him to California, and accepted.

She had felt that he was false to her. She had cried for days. Then, in pique, she had accepted an invitation from another young fellow, a Senior, whom she would not have looked at when Douglas Wier was a Senior. She had been surprised to find how pleasant his company was. Before he graduated she had become engaged to him. He also had not come back nor sent for her. She revenged herself on him the same way. Consolation was even more facile.

After that the deluge. In turn, she had learned to be betrothed to one man and to encourage another; to be betrothed to two men and to run her engagement books with double entry. She had acquired the habit of telling each new man that he was the first she ever really loved. She had learned to believe it.

And so her soul had drifted into a mere entertainer of transients, an inn where any traveler might put up. When the guests ceased to crowd in of their own free will she had stooped to encourage and to allure and to set her cap for patronage.

And now, as she regarded her naked soul with cynical eyes, she condemned herself as an old maid in body, with a promiscuous soul, incapable of fidelity, avid of excitement.

And this also she blamed on Douglas Wier.

The next evening Douglas Wier's son was at her door again. She told her forlorn old mother to tell him she was ill. He went away, and she found the evening wretchedly long and lonely. Courtship of some sort had become a necessity, like a drug.

The next evening he came again and she went out to see him. But she was harsh with him; she wreaked on him the spite she felt for his father.

The boy was crushed with regret. He blamed himself, begged her forgiveness for his presumption, but blamed it on her beauty, her fascination, his irresistible love.

The irony of it! Douglas Wier had made a fool of her; had preferred another woman to her; had begotten a child for that other woman, and now that child, grown to his father's age, made love to her! She exulted in this burlesque of fate. She gave herself more to the young man's pleading, played with his affection, kindled it. Young Wier, with the frame of a man and the mind of a man, was an inexperienced novice in the power of such expert coquetry as Lalage had achieved. It amused her to see how madly Douglas Wier's son could be conquered by Douglas Wier's first conquest. Her last college year promised to be more interesting than any other since the first.

V

AFTER a while of this experiment in infatuation Lalage was told by some of the town gossips that the Delta Chi Delts fraternity was to hold a formal initiation of such of the newcomers as they had been able to pledge from among those they had decided to honor with an offer of admission.

Some members of the alumni were to be present at the ceremony to tell the awestruck chapter how much of their dubious success in life they owed to their beloved fraternity. Lalage had forgotten to ask young Wier if he would join his father's Greek-letter society. She wondered now if he were among the initiates. He did not call on her that evening, and she wondered whether the secret of his fraternity would be the first he would have from her.

Late in the forenoon following the initiation Lalage's mother fluttered upstairs to tell her that she had a caller. The students did not call in the mornings. Her mother said that the visitor was a grown man—named Calvin Newby.

Lalage felt a strange thrill. Cal Newby had been one of her lovers. His class was 1891. She had as glib a memory for class numbers as a broker for stock quotations. Why should Cal Newby call on her? As she primped hastily she recalled him as a big, unguinly, jovial creature, as awkward and as playful as a Newfoundland pup, always saying the wrong thing in the wrong way. But she had sobered him. When she tormented him with rivals he moped and slunk about like a scolded and beaten poodle. His big dog-eyes had drooled with tears, and he had tried to write a sonnet to her. It was just about the sort of sonnet a Newfoundland pup would write.

He had left college to go to sea—his father was a freightship-owner or something of that sort. He had promised to return for her with a sack of gold. And here he was at last. Had one of her lovers indeed come back? The very thought deleted nine years from her cheeks.

Her feet drummed a little flourish as she flitted down the stairs and darted into the room. She forgot young Wier, and was once more all Lalage.

"Hello, Cal!" she cried as she put out both her hands.

"The same old Lalage!" he said as he took them. He was big, burly, matured, spectacled, but still a pup that never grew up. "This does take me back to ancient times again! How long ago was it?—a hundred years, I guess. We're both about twice as old as we were, but I can still see something of the old Lalage in that naughty little twinkle in your eyes. You're not wearing glasses yet, I see. I am."

He had begun by spilling at her feet a whole scuttleful of wrong things. She wanted to slap him. Still, she must forgive him much for coming back.

He plounced into a chair; it received him with a grunt of dismay. She placed herself as gracefully as possible in another chair. Newby continued to guffaw.

"Well, well, well! So you're not married yet, eh? You wouldn't think I had a son playing center rush at Princeton and a daughter that's already in long skirts, would you?"

"Really?" she said, regretting that she had not slapped him. Still, he might be a widower. Widowers, she knew, came back. She listened for news. She was not kept waiting long.

"I ran down to the banquet of my old frat. My wife wanted to come, but I thought I'd like to get an evening off with the boys. Quite a crowd of the old fellows showed up. Most of 'em took the early train back, but I thought I'd stop over for a look round. Passed your porch. My feet turned in, just as if I were an old horse remembering an old pathway. What a young fool I was over you, Lalage!"

She tried to laugh politely; it was a rather sickly effort—it would never have won her the epithet "sweet-laughing." But he went garrulously on:

"I wasn't the only one that was crazy about you. Not by a long shot. Judging from what some of the undergrads told us last night you're still the prize hen-pheasant round here—still doing business at the old stand. . . . Well, well! What would Arden have been without you? Old Peplow and I got to talking about you. He was two classes ahead of me, but I licked him for calling on you on my evening. We rolled round the campus, and he pulled out a handful of my hair in his excitement. I gave you a lock of it. Got it yet?"

She did not answer and he did not pause.

"Then Pinky Grimager—he's a famous physician now—joined us and confessed that he and you had planned to elope. He had the license bought and the minister arranged for, but you backed out. It was the night of the Junior prom, and you refused to miss it. Oh, but you were the wild young heartbreaker!

"Then Sam Tarrant butted in. He's a big insurance man now—came near going to the penitentiary during the excitement a few years ago. Sam offered to bet that he'd proposed to you oftener than anybody there. Tuck Crawford took him up, but Sam won by proving that he proposed to you after he left college. He said he wrote you half a dozen *ex post facto* proposals. Finally, when you didn't answer, he sent you a long telegram begging you to marry him. He says you answered in three words: 'Oh, shut up!' I guess you were wise. He's been vaccinated three times—it never took. Two divorces and one funeral.

"Tom Sprague said he pawned his overcoat to buy you a little diamond ring, and you lost it the next evening on a moonlight sleigh-ride with another fellow. Larry Henshaw and Skid Kyle shook hands last night for the first time in eighteen years. They were both enguged to you at once, and they didn't speak all through their Senior year.

"Finally old Charlie-horse Ranney—remember him?—he's quite a prominent politician now—minority leader in the Oklahoma senate—he was up North, so he ran down to the initiation. Well, Ranney proposed that all your old flames organize a society like the exempt firemen, and call it the 'Ex-Lovers of Lalage Association, Unlimited.' Sam Tarrant seconded it and I moved that we hold a convention once a year in Madison Square Garden. It passed without a dissenting vote from any of us. They elected me secretary. Good idea, eh?"

She sat cringing under the man's idiotic cruelty. She could have torn him to pieces, but it would have shown him that his words had weight with her. She preferred to mask her agony and smile. She said:

"It's a fine idea. I'm greatly flattered."

He looked at his watch and, to her infinite relief, gasped: "I've got to scoot for my train."

As he rose, the thought came to her terrifyingly that Douglas Wier, 2d, might have been there and heard all this revelation of her. That would be an intolerable humiliation, the end of her one luxury.

At the door she said

"By-the-way, Cal, did you initiate a fellow named Wier—Douglas Wier—last night?"

"No. I think not. I'm sure not. I'd have remembered that name. Old Dug Wier was coming down, but he couldn't get away. His wife wouldn't let him. He said he had a son here; I suppose he's after you too. Oh, but you're the original Lorelei. Well, goodby. Take good care of the boys."

He was laughing so hard that he tripped on the steps and went galumphing down. Even this did not sober his Newfoundland hilarity. The only thing that could have wrung a laugh from her would have been the sight of him breaking his neck.

All that day sudden anguishes of fear went through her like hot flashes and chills. She could not believe that Douglas Wier had not been at the initiation or that at least he had not been told of that outrageous discussion.

She felt that he would never come to her porch again. But there he was as usual that night, punctual as the evening star. This comforted her, but she needed assurance. She ventured to ask:

"The Delta Chi Delts had an initiation last night. Did you go?"

"Me? Oh, no. That was Dad's frat. You see, I went to Scannell, and there's no chapter of the Delts there. I

(Continued on Page 52)

"My Own Father!" He Howled. "My O-o-own Fa-ha-ha-ha—— Oh' Ho-ho-ow—How—How—He—He"

WEALTH IN WOOD

How it is Made in Germany—By Robert Shackleton

IT IS not only interesting but really extraordinary, knowing how little we make of the forests of our own country, to find towns in Germany that meet their taxes out of the income of their forests and actually have money left over. It gives a realizing sense of what we miss and need in our own forestry: the practical side of it—the eminently practical, profitable, sensible, untheoretic, unvisionary and, most of all, unpolitical side. For, of all enemies of good forestry, politics is the worst. Politics is the forest prime evil.

Forestry that goes on without interference from political leaders; without political schemes for the benefit of private interests; without personal exploitation and trumpet-blowing; without quarreling; without crimination and recrimination—that is the kind of forestry seen in Europe.

The cultivation and preservation of trees for money profit and for the general good of a nation is not a thing for which any one can claim credit as for a new discovery. It is the result of the study and experience of centuries. It is an art, a calling, a business, a profession that has been practiced for many generations. A hundred years before the sailing of Columbus, Nuremberg planted a large area that had been burned over; and fifty years later Frankfort-on-the-Main sent to Nuremberg—the correspondence is still in existence asking for instructions and seed with which to plant an area of its own. In Prussia, two hundred years ago, a man could not marry unless he had first planted six oaks and six firs—these trees thus preceding his olive-branches.

In the countries where forestry is carried on without ostentation, but with continued success, there is no feeling that any forestry individual, no matter how enthusiastic, can be indispensable or even particularly notable, any more than any other public official, capably doing his proper work, is notable or indispensable. Not one German in fifty thousand knows who holds the principal forestry position in that country, which on the whole is the most successful country in the world in its forestry work.

Making the Trees Pay the Taxes

IN GERMANY forestry is neither underrated nor overrated. Its rights are protected, but they do not infringe on other rights; and at the base of the system are a few simple principles.

The Germans know that the way to make money from forests is not merely to cut down the trees and sell the wood. "We treat our forests," as a German official expressed it to me, "as national wealth, of which we permit ourselves to use only the interest"—that is, they will not thin out a forest faster than trees grow in replacement.

In Germany Forests are Cultivated Just as Carefully as Farms

Another forestry official said: "Broadly speaking, we use for our forests only land that is practically useless for other purposes. The best forestry afforests the poorest land."

We are too apt, in America, to think that it is only new countries that can preserve large forest areas and yet do justice to the growth of population and the needs of civilization. But Germany is an ancient country; its definite history goes back to Roman times. It is among the most prosperous countries in Europe and it is abreast of every advance in science; yet in Germany twenty-six per cent of the land is forest land—there is three-fifths of an acre of forest for every inhabitant.

That the proper conservation of forests does not mean wasteful expense should from the first be kept clearly in mind. To conserve a forest means, properly, to hold it as an income-giving capital. Scientific forestry does not keep woodland intact because of its beauty. Beauty is a very practical asset for a nation and is worth money, but the best forestry does not concern itself with this, knowing that beauty and picturesqueness are sure to come incidentally from forests that are conserved from a purely financial standpoint.

The forests of Germany are of various kinds: they are owned by the Crown, by the various states, by towns and communes, by corporations, institutions and individuals. Whatever the ownership, however, they are alike in yielding a profit, and the Crown and the various states are constantly seeking to increase the forest area to advantage. Prussia alone from 1901 to 1906 bought three hundred thousand acres for forestry, part of it being wooded and the rest needing to be afforested. Parts of Germany offer to exempt land from taxes for twenty years if the owners will plant it in forest.

A Church Builded on Tree Trunks

WHEN one thinks of the forests of Germany the mind turns instantly to the Black Forest, rich as it is in fascinating legend. It is a forest of charm and mystery, and yet it is at the same time a forest productive of practical wealth, well illustrating the spirit of proper forestry. There are splendid valleys and winding mountain streams; here and there you see the wild deer peering at you in frightened scrutiny; now and then you come to ancient forest villages, of old half-timbered houses with casement windows and roofs of tile; villages through the roads of which go creaking wagons loaded with great treetrunks. Now and then you come upon parties of men chopping, lifting, working with axes and ropes. The trees are usually sold where they lie: the state fells them and the buyer hauls them away.

As a proof that a beautiful region is not barred to practical use, you may see paper mills in operation in the Black Forest! But these mills are hemmed about by hill and forest, and always the rule is observed that no more than the equivalent of the annual growth of wood is used. Each over-forester, whether in the service of a state or a corporation, knows every foot of his own district, and marks the trees that are to be cut down.

Take the town of Forbach. It is wealthy; for the people own great forest stretches as a community, and as individuals own other forest as well. Not only are they hardy and independent, but the great church, towering above the town, was built with forest money and is supported from a forest estate set apart for it. The town authorities tell you that the annual income from the church property alone is from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars.

It is a Forest of Charm and Mystery, and at the Same Time a Forest Productive of Practical Wealth

Gausbach, Whose Forest Pays the Town's Taxes and Leaves Money to Distribute in Addition

Or, take certain villages in Germany in which the community forests pay the taxes and give each citizen forty or fifty marks a year in addition, besides his firewood. And most of such independent towns have electric lights in the streets and in many of the houses, and there are local and long-distance telephones and good roads. Many an outsider would fain enter such forest Edens, but it is with the greatest difficulty that new people gain citizenship.

In Germany forests are cultivated just as carefully as farms. If there is any difference it is that forests are treated with more scientific thoroughness. Every overforester can explain, with lengthy algebraic formulas, the proportionate cutting and increment necessary to give his district a sustained and increasing yield.

The governmental forests of Germany average from two dollars and fifty cents to six dollars and sixty cents an acre net annual income above expenses; the differences being consequent on the kinds of trees, the rock and soil, the inaccessibility of the forest or its distance from markets, and the cost of planting and attendance. Prussia is paying great attention to the reclamation of sandy wastes, and in consequence has at present the lowest average of net result. There are great differences in individual forests; but not a single forest in Germany, although as a nation it is far ahead of Switzerland in forest management, equals that wonderful forest of the Swiss city of Zurich, which yields an annual net revenue of twelve dollars an acre.

The United States, it may be mentioned, still has five hundred million acres of forest land in private or governmental ownership. At merely two dollars and fifty cents an acre this would represent a billion and a quarter of dollars annually.

It has been found in Germany that, on the whole, natural regeneration, the spontaneous action of Nature, may be relied on to keep up the supply of trees to replace those cut down; but there must be constant watchfulness to see where the devastation of storms or avalanches, or some unexpected conditions, have made supplemental planting needful. Many a time, when a great tree is cut down, new planting is not necessary, either by Nature or foresters, for puny trees that have been dwarfed in the shadow spring suddenly into vigorous growth. It is amazing to see how much Nature will do when given a chance.

A thinly planted forest is likely to have some three hundred and twenty-five trees to an acre; a thick and darkly wooded forest four hundred and eighty; but, in planting, from fifteen hundred to two thousand are set in for an acre, while Nature, in her lush prodigality, throws in from six thousand to ten thousand seeds, expecting most of them to die. Even the pruning takes care of itself in the dark forests, the trees shedding sufficiently to keep in condition; and in the thinner portions, where the trees must be artificially pruned, the clippings seldom need handling, but lie where they fall, gradually enriching the soil and meanwhile protecting tiny young trees from deer and storms.

The picturesque fagot-women, who go through forest lanes stooping under panniers of wood, are a far more common sight in France than in Germany, for in France the typical forest has a carpet-like floor, clear of fallen brush and twigs; whereas in many a German forest it is thought best to leave small wood where it falls, only watching that it is not so heavy as to choke new growth

Always, near a railroad, leaves and litter are cleared closely from the ground, and there are lanes made for fire protection; and at solitary points, far from habitations, one often comes upon the mandatory sign, "No smoking!" Throughout Germany general regulations for the prevention of fire are very strict.

"Do you often have fires?" I asked a German forester.

"No; never!" he answered, in surprise; and then, slowly cogitative and anxious to set forth only the truth, he went on: "Well, we did have a great fire a little over a hundred years ago, but since then we have always been careful."

That statement, naive, unboastful and merely literal, is expressive of German forestry. And such things make one think of our own frightful forest fires—like those of Michigan, during which I have sailed the length of Lake Huron through a thick pall of forest smoke.

I noticed, however, that the Germans are so advanced as to be fair, and in relation to American fires they say: "Your climate is not so damp as ours, and therefore your

(Concluded on Page 58)

The Career of Farthest North

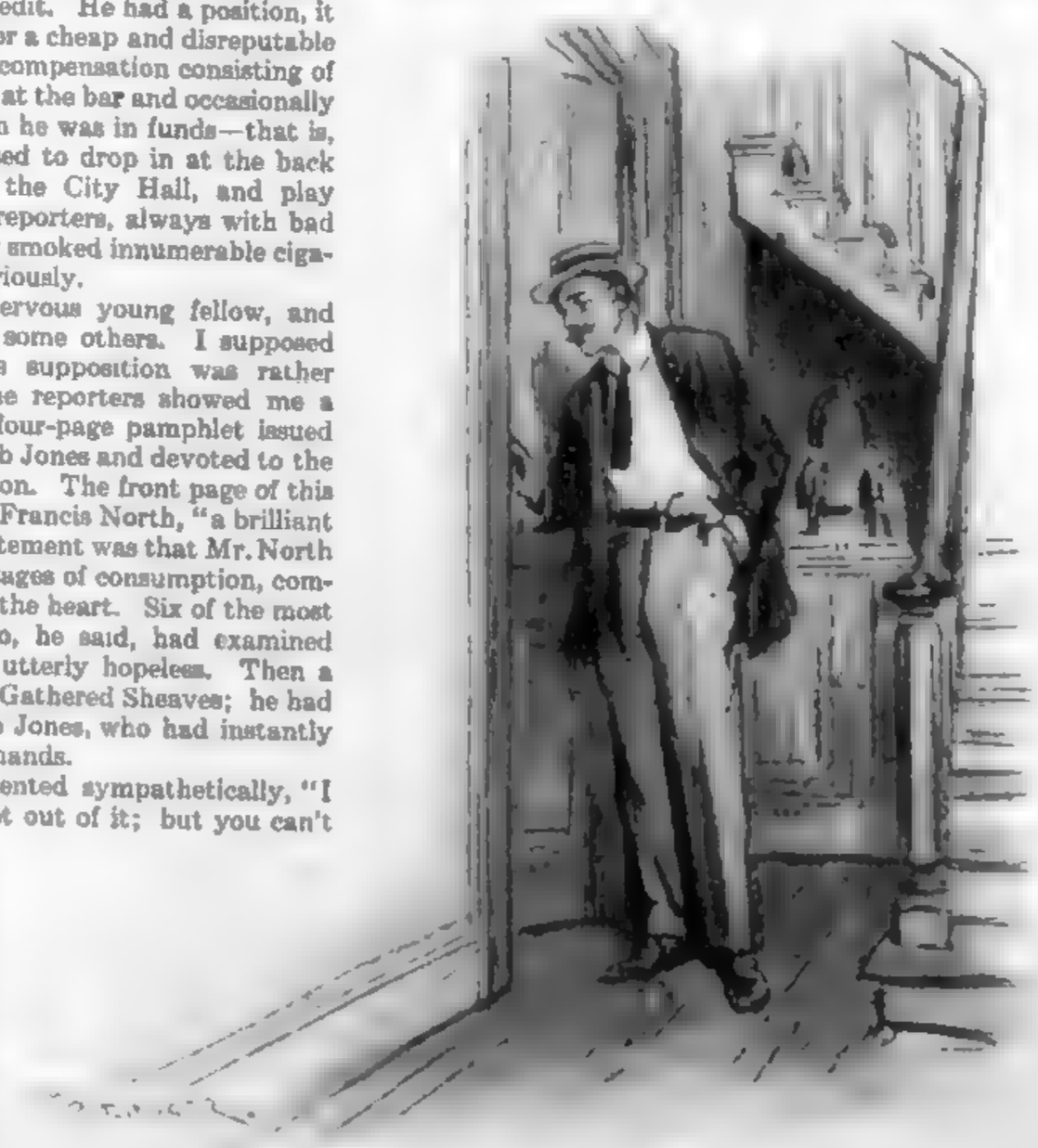
He Falls in With a Prophet—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

FOR some time I heard little of Farthest North, and the little was not to his credit. He had a position, it appeared, as press agent for a cheap and disreputable theater on the North Side, his compensation consisting of passes to the show, some credit at the bar and occasionally a dollar or so in money. When he was in funds—that is, possessed of fifty cents—he used to drop in at the back room of "Patsy's," opposite the City Hall, and play penny-ante with sportful cub reporters, always with bad luck. I heard that he not only smoked innumerable cigarettes, but drank pretty industriously.

He was a slim, graceful, nervous young fellow, and couldn't stand that pace like some others. I supposed Farthest was a goner. This supposition was rather strengthened when one of the reporters showed me a copy of Gathered Sheaves—a four-page pamphlet issued bi-weekly by Elijah Amminadab Jones and devoted to the Wheat of the Spirit Congregation. The front page of this issue contained a statement by Francis North, "a brilliant journalist." The gist of the statement was that Mr. North had found himself in the last stages of consumption, complicated by valvular disease of the heart. Six of the most eminent physicians in Chicago, he said, had examined him and pronounced his case utterly hopeless. Then a friend had given him a copy of Gathered Sheaves; he had called upon Elijah Amminadab Jones, who had instantly cured him by the laying on of hands.

"Well," the reporter commented sympathetically, "I hope Farthest got a meal ticket out of it; but you can't tell. He's the most disinterested liar I ever knew. He and Elijah ought to get on well together."



I Admit I Listened, and I Heard Somebody Inside Laugh a Little

As near as we could find out, Elijah Amminadab Jones had been a sort of superior tramp, sometimes mending farmers' clocks and umbrellas, sometimes preaching on street corners. He had dropped into Chicago more than a year before and, by attempting to exhort the crowd at the corner of State and Madison Streets, had managed to get himself arrested. That had been his first stepping-stone to fortune, for it had introduced him to the newspapers. Reporters, for lack of any other promising copy, interviewed him at the police station. He explained that Satan was constantly projecting his ego through our atmosphere, and whenever a particle of that ego hit a man what we called ill health, or bodily ailment, resulted; a man might be run over by a freight train and suffer no inconvenience if his mind were sufficiently purified to resist the Satanic ego. He added that the principle medium employed by Satan in projecting his ego was the newspapers, which he had invented for that particular purpose. Terbush of the Transcript made a very funny column and a half about it, and the other papers played it up as a humorous feature. Elijah became a standing journalistic joke. His weird doctrine, made up of scraps of Buddhism and what not, furnished the paragraphers and cartoonists a mine of material. Of course that was all splendid advertising for Elijah. His followers multiplied.

Heine once observed: "A beautiful thing about us Germans is that no matter how crazy any one may be, there are always other people still crazier who think they understand him." The weirder Elijah's doctrine was the more powerfully it attracted the half-baked, half-derelict human flotsam that gathered about him. Naturally the more the Wheat of the Spirit Congregation grew, the more the newspapers advertised it. Presently I heard that Farthest's testimonial had, indeed, procured him a meal ticket; that Elijah had taken him in as some sort of helper. But at that he dropped out of sight. For some time I neither saw nor heard of him; indeed, I fairly forgot him.

As summer opened we had something besides Elijah to think about anyway. A big strike broke out at the Interocean Car Works on the West Side. The company recruited a force of non-union men and attempted to start the plant. The usual amenities followed—assaults upon non-union men, showers of cobblestones, clashes with the police, much rage and bad blood on both sides. The great plant was presently in a state of siege. A tight board fence, seven feet high and topped with barbed-wire, surrounded it. Armed guards stood at the gates day and night. No one could get in without a pass. The strike-breakers were herded inside the works, sleeping on cots and fed by the company's commissariat. They were not permitted to go outside even if they wanted to, and after a number who did go outside were brought back with broken heads none wanted to. Squads of policemen prowled around the neighborhood; also squads of strikers and their sympathizers. Now and then a company of police, suffering from ennui, charged a knot of strikers with drawn clubs. Now and then a company of strikers, also seeking relief from the tedium of waiting, caught a knot of police at a strategical disadvantage and pelted them with rocks and cinders. Occasionally firearms were discharged. Thus, in the strictly conventional manner, the company and its men proceeded to settle their differences. Naturally, as the fight drew out, both sides got uglier. Other unions talked of striking to support the car men.

The strike, of course, furnished the leading staple of news. About eight o'clock one morning—the middle of June as I recollect it—City Editor Hackett of the Transcript received a telephone message from Elijah Amminadab Jones. Elijah said he could communicate an important item of news concerning the car-works strike, and asked that I be sent down at once to receive it. That sounded absurd; but we didn't care to risk missing an important item of news. Besides, I could run down to Elijah's establishment on Harrison Street, hear what he had to say, then take a cross-town car to the Interocean plant, where I was covering the strike, and thus lose very little time.

As the tithes and free-will offerings rolled in, Elijah had rented a shabby old four-story hotel, off Wabash Avenue, and installed his Wheat of the Spirit outfit in it. I was shown into what had been the hotel parlor on the second floor, and was a little bit chagrined to find Williamson, of the Star, and White, of the Evening Ledger, already there. Elijah had telephoned to all three of the evening papers. Each of us had hoped for a scoop, if there proved to be anything in his message; but we had learned to take those little disappointments good-naturedly. We were passing the time sociably in making light of Elijah when the prophet stepped in briskly.

He was a stumpy sort of man, with a heavy, long-barreled body and short bandy legs. His head was uncommonly

long; his forehead high and narrow. The lower part of his face was covered with a grayish beard which fell, like a long, slim pennant, nearly to his waist. His eyes were dark and deep-set. It seemed to me there was a sort of wavering light in them. In fact there was a kind of uncanny suggestion about the man. In spite of ourselves we were half abashed. He walked over gravely, inquired which of us was which, shook hands and sat down facing us. He used a quiet, conversational tone and spoke in a perfectly matter-of-fact way.

Some time in the night, he said seriously, he had seen the interior of a great shop which he knew at once to be a part of the car works. He described it so accurately that we all recognized it, for by that time we were tolerably familiar with the works. In his vision the figure of a man had crept cautiously across the dimly-lighted spaces and crawled up an iron ladder. In the twilight he had seen this human figure, whose face was indistinguishable, working hurriedly yet cautiously over some machinery far above the ground. He could not see what the man was doing, but he felt it was something evil and yearned futilely to cry out, as one does in a nightmare. After a while the man had slipped down the ladder, glided off into the shadows, disappeared. Then, said the prophet, the vision had closed and he had fallen into a deep sleep. When he awoke it was broad daylight. He had known that the vision mirrored something that had actually taken place at the works in the night; something evil. He knew nobody connected with the car company; the police he abhorred; it had seemed to him that the simplest way was to notify us.

When the prophet's deep, quiet voice ceased all three of us were more or less open-mouthed. He had made a very dramatic thing out of that dim human figure creeping through the still shop and up the ladder. In fact his description was so good that we ourselves fairly saw the miscreant tampering with the gear of the middle one of three huge electric cranes.

When we went out we were a bit flabbergasted in spite of ourselves. On the cross-town car we speculated as to whether it was just a fake, or whether Elijah had put somebody up to tamper with the crane; but presently we lapsed into a very serious discussion of clairvoyance and second sight.

We were sort of ashamed to seem mixed up with Elijah and his vision; so at the works, when we presented ourselves in a body to the general superintendent, we simply told him we'd got a tip that the middle crane had been tampered with. It turned out, although we did not know it, and didn't see how Elijah could know it, that the management had decided to start up the cranes that very day and they had been inspected the day before. But the superintendent's investigation showed that the gear of the middle crane had actually been tampered with, so that if it had been started considerable wreckage and even loss of life might have resulted.

The superintendent was wild. The strain of the strike had worn his nerves to a wire edge anyway; and now it was evident there were traitors among the strike-breakers, for that an outsider should have entered the guarded plant during the night was fairly impossible. With a mob of strikers outside the fence anxious to tear down the works and a few unidentified traitors inside seeking an opportunity to wreck it, the situation was certainly trying. Yet the superintendent was betrayed into a gross mistake. Instead of coaxing us he threatened to hand us over to the police unless we divulged the source of our tip. Of course, as self-respecting journalists we could only tell him to go to the devil and walk out.

Some three weeks later Elijah had another vision. Five hundred strike-breakers slept on cots in a big shed ordinarily used for storing lumber. A donkey engine, used for hoisting timbers, was installed in a sort of cellar under the shed. Elijah saw a man sneak to the engine, put an object under it, light a fuse and run away. He could also see the sleeping men above. The prophet told us gravely that as he realized what was about to happen an agony like the throes of death beset him. He leaped forward, in his vision, stamped on the fuse and put it out. Some hours later he woke up and immediately telephoned the evening papers.

The Harness-Mender Peered Cautiously Around the Corner of the Stable With a Huge Revolver in His Hand

Well, we went out to our friend the superintendent, told him we had another tip and explained its nature. Sure enough, thorough investigation disclosed a piece of gas-pipe, filled with dynamite, to which a partly burned fuse was attached. Somebody had stamped on the fuse and put it out. The superintendent didn't threaten us this time. But President Beck of the Interocean Car Company went to the proprietors of our newspapers and the proprietors went to our city editors. Thus President Beck discovered that our tips came from Elijah.

I found out, not very long afterward, that President Beck invited Elijah to call at his office and the two had a long interview. The president didn't get anything out of the prophet except advice; but the prophet got out of the president a cash donation of five thousand dollars for the Wheat of the Spirit Congregation. Perhaps Mr. Beck considered it worth that much to have a first call on Elijah's interesting visions.

I found this out from Farthest North. Now Farthest hadn't in the least been in evidence in this whole affair. In fact he had passed from my mind. So, in thinking over Elijah's visions—for I couldn't help thinking about them—I hadn't taken Farthest into account.

A week, perhaps, after the event a stenographer in President Beck's office tipped it off to me that Elijah had been up there talking with the boss. I was consumed with curiosity about those visions. This business of the interview with President Beck wasn't really in the way of my work, and I was off duty at the time; but I decided to make it a pretext for calling on the prophet to see if I couldn't worm something out of him. So I went down to the old hotel on Harrison Street.

This was between four and six o'clock of the second Friday of the month—a period when, according to Elijah's teaching, all his followers should shut themselves up and meditate. Of course I didn't know that, and wondered why there was nobody in sight. I walked through the first floor, which seemed entirely deserted. Then I went upstairs. The parlor was empty and all the doors I could see were closed. But when I had gone nearly the length of the hall I noticed that the last door on the left was slightly ajar. I admit I listened, and I heard somebody inside laugh a little. I gave a tap on the panel and at the same time pushed the door open.

"I Come From Miriam. I Bring a Message"

It was evident, at the first glance, that I had startled the inmates of the room—two in number. The room itself was fitted up as a simple study, or office. There was a roll-top desk in the corner and an office table in the center. Both showed, by the litter of papers, that plenty of work was carried on there.

By the window, in an armchair, sat a woman who was looking over her shoulder at me with an expression at once rather alarmed and decidedly belligerent. I identified her at once as Miriam, the prophet's female coadjutor in the Wheat of the Spirit movement. Rumor said that Elijah had met her in St. Louis some three years before, when she was professionally engaged in giving spiritualistic séances at a dollar a head, and that he had married her there—or she had married him, as the case might be. Some time later, when a disappointed convert sued Elijah to recover a piece of real estate, the marriage was admitted on the witness stand. But Elijah seems to have considered matrimony unbecoming in a prophet. At this time, at any rate, Mrs. Jones was known as Miriam. She was a swarthy, ample sort of lady, perhaps thirty-five, who would have been rather handsome if she had been less fat. From the way her brows contracted and her dark eyes glowed at me, I fancied the prophet had his troubles. There was a faint blue haze about Miriam, and I distinctly smelled cigarette smoke.

I could not positively accuse the lady, however, for Francis North sat on the edge of the table, looking decidedly frightened. His right hand was hidden behind his back and a little wreath of smoke was curling around his bent elbow.

Except for the fright, Farthest looked fine. He had on a pair of elaborately embroidered satin slippers, immaculate white duck trousers, silk hose also embroidered, and a fine white silk shirt. His delicate face was somewhat pale; but he had never had any color, and the skin looked healthier than when I had last seen him. He wore his dark hair long, in the old poetic manner; and his large, soft dark eyes, with the fright in them, looked as innocent as a child's. But he made an almost instantaneous recovery. The moment he fairly identified me he sang out cheerily, "Why, hello, old man!" sprang from the table, grasped my hand, elbowed me out into the hall and closed the door behind us. "Awfully glad to see you, old fellow!" he cried, steering me toward the back door; and although the statement was an obvious lie, he gave me a warm, brilliant smile. On the back veranda he openly tossed away his cigarette and sat down to talk as cheerfully as though he had been sitting up nights to see me. It was then that he told me, in strict confidence, about Elijah's getting the five thousand from President Beck. But on every other point he was bullet-proof. When I spoke jestingly of Elijah he looked as heartbroken as a trusting child that has been undeservedly slapped, and I was really ashamed of myself. I asked him if he was editing Sheaves of Wheat and he replied that he wasn't. Looking me gently but firmly in the eye, he declared that he had abjured writing in every form and no longer touched pen to paper even to sign his own name. "Writing leads me into temptation," he explained softly, and blushed a little. He seemed perfectly sincere.

Indeed, it was only after I had got uptown again and begun to think things over in cold blood that it sort of dawned upon me that Farthest probably had a hand in those visions. Somehow they seemed to be in his style. The more I thought about it the more likely this theory looked.

There are always a lot of addlepated people abroad to whom a propaganda like Elijah's irresistibly appeals. His followers were just the sort that would swallow anything, and Farthest was just the boy to be fascinated by the idea of inventing things for them to swallow. It was likely enough that Farthest had discovered among the prophet's adherents somebody—or, maybe, several persons—who had worked in the car plant or who could get responsible jobs as strike-breakers. With a few adherents planted

inside the works it wouldn't be so very difficult for Farthest and Elijah to hocus-pocus them into tampering with a crane or planting an extinct bomb for the glory of the cause. That, at least, was the only plausible explanation, and I didn't doubt that it was the true one. It amused me to think that Elijah had touched President Beck for five thousand, and I wondered how much more he would get.

Whether he did get any more I never definitely knew. For some time, if Elijah had any more visions, he communicated them to President Beck direct. It seems that he must have had at least one more. The circumstances surrounding the final vision appear to prove that much.

Meanwhile the strike was growing uglier. A score or more of loaded freight cars, in different parts of the city, were tipped into the ditch and burned simply because they had been made at the Interocean works. Switchmen and brakemen were saying they would refuse to handle trains containing cars made by the enemy. It seemed certain that all the railroads would be tied up unless the strike were stopped very soon. An uncomfortably large portion of the police force was kept busy around the plant. The whole town was getting sick of the fight. Nearly all the newspapers, with varying degrees of emphasis, were saying that the car company ought to submit the matter to arbitration.

President Beck, however, was an irascible and stubborn citizen. He declared with much heat that there wasn't anything to arbitrate; that the company proposed to run its own business in its own way, and that the so-called labor unions were mere gangs of anarchists that had tried to destroy his plant and to assassinate him. The labor leaders replied that Mr. Beck was a ruthless old hog who wanted to disrupt the unions so he could grind his workmen into the dust; also that he was an unmitigated liar and had tampered with the crane himself in order to create prejudice against the unions. Everybody got mad. Three or four of the newspapers began denouncing President Beck as a public enemy, which made him so wild that a reporter from any newspaper could scarcely get into his anteroom. When the Clarion and the Transcript called for a mass-meeting of leading citizens to pass resolutions condemning the car company, and it was evident that some leading citizens were minded to comply, Mr. Beck's health declined rapidly. Time that he should have devoted to business he spent telling his friends, in a voice trembling with wrath, that when men of wealth and standing were willing to ally themselves with gangs of cut throats and yellow newspapers the country was visibly tottering to its fall.

Labor Day was approaching. After careful consideration it was deemed injudicious to forbid the union parade that was the established feature of the holiday; yet the city authorities, and the business interests that the authorities represented, were decidedly nervous. With a hundred thousand union men in line, all fighting mad, a very serious outbreak might occur. We newspaper men knew that two city regiments of militia would stand at arms in their armories all day and that the governor would be at the end of a telephone line ready to order the troops out at a moment's notice.

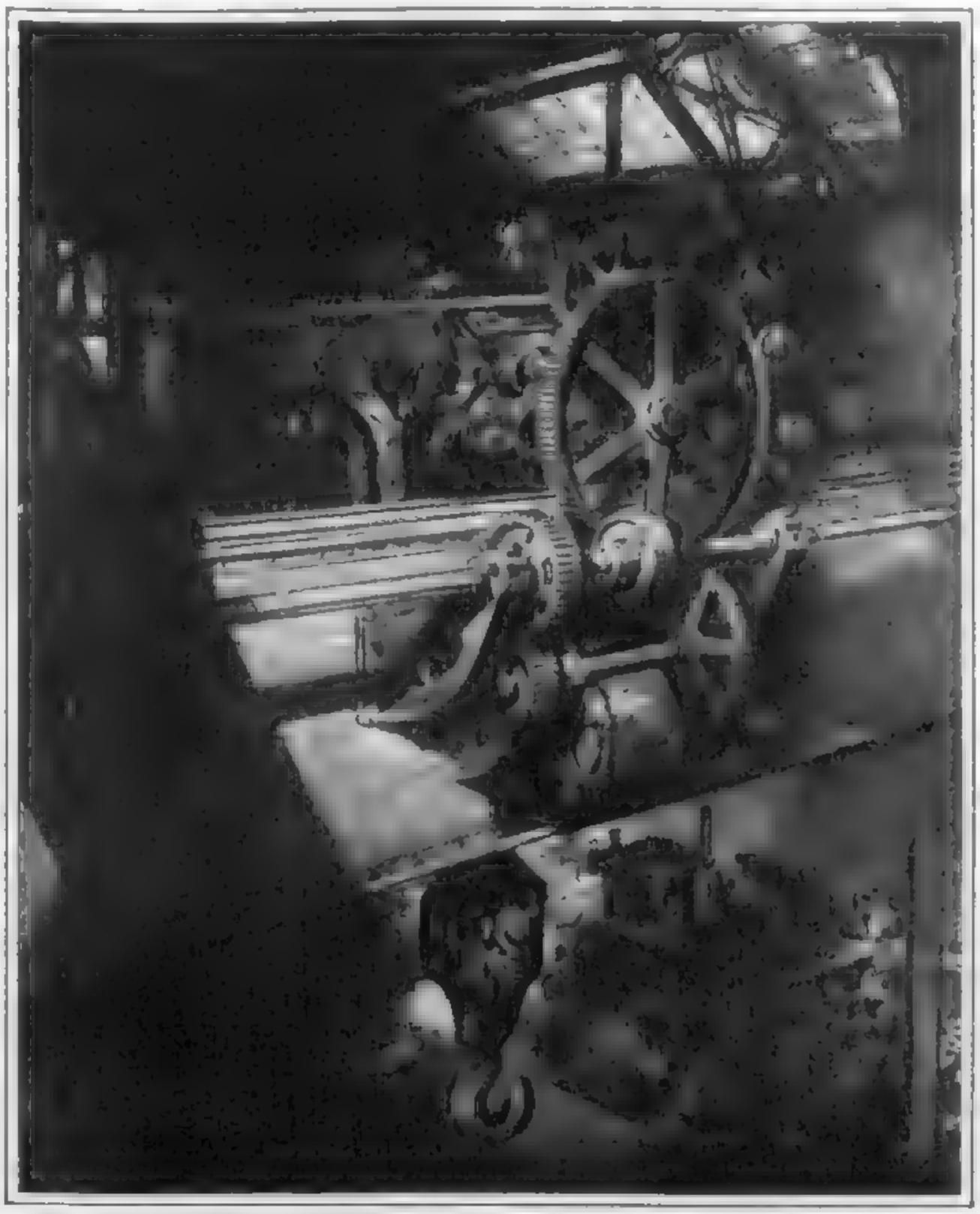
Labor Day, of course, was on Monday. When I got into the Transcript office the preceding Friday afternoon City Editor Hackett drew me aside and told me that Elijah wanted me to call on him, in strict confidence, at half past seven that evening. Naturally, after our experience, we were treating the prophet's requests with much respect. Promptly at seven-thirty I entered the old hotel and was not surprised when Williamson, of the Star, and White, of the Ledger, immediately joined me. Elijah stepped in briskly and shook hands gravely as before. In his sermons he commonly called reporters "Hell Dogs," but personally he treated us very nicely.

His message was ample. He was going to call on President Beck at ten o'clock the next morning, he said, and after a few minutes' conversation the president would agree to submit his differences with the strikers to arbitration, thereby ending the strike. He invited us to be on the spot in order to receive Mr. Beck's personal assurance that he had agreed to arbitrate. That was all, except he made us promise on our respective honors that we wouldn't say a word to anybody about it beforehand. He didn't want it to get into the Saturday morning papers, he explained calmly, because Mr. Beck did not yet know that he was going to receive a visitation from the prophet. Still less did he know that he was going to agree to arbitration. If the affair were advertised in advance there was a possibility that the prophet's benevolent intentions would be frustrated.

Now, in view of what we all knew about President Beck's state of mind, this was a good deal as though Elijah had said he was going to call up Mr. Armour next morning and get him to turn over his packing plant to the Wheat of the Spirit Congregation. The boldness of the proposal rather dazed us, and when we got out on the sidewalk we merely stared at one another.

Williamson, of the Star, was the first man to speak. He was about five feet and a half high and belligerent in inverse proportion to his bulk. Moreover, he was as much of a dandy and a sport as his money allowed. "I'll bet ten to seven," he said deliberately, "that Elijah don't get inside the house; and I'll bet ten to five that if he does get in and says 'arbitrate,' Beck'll kick him through a window."

But we paid no attention to this proposition. We knew well enough that Williamson was just bluffing to keep up his self-respect. What Elijah proposed was ridiculous, and we should be ridiculous if we believed he could do it; yet each of us did have a sneaking belief that he was going to do it. As a matter of fact, we didn't know at the time how much President Beck himself was bluffing to keep up his courage; how near he was, under all this hammering, to a collapse.



We Ourselves Fairly Saw the Miscreant Tampering With the Gear

Of course we were on hand well before ten o'clock the next morning. President Beck lived on the North Shore. The strike had cut off his usual summer vacation; but he managed almost always to spend Saturday and Sunday at home. The prophet's demonstration, therefore, was to occur at the residence. This was an ample and ugly country house build of rough, mottled stone that looked as much like diseased liver as anything else. It stood at the edge of a bluff, overlooking the lake, with the main entrance facing north. A fine lawn surrounded the house, except on the east, or lake, side. To the west several acres of virgin woods—mostly scrub oaks—lay between Beck's premises and the main north and south thoroughfare. To reach the house one took a short east and west street, which ran from the main road to the edge of the bluff, bounding the president's grounds on the north.

Our train landed us in the suburb at ten minutes past nine. There was nothing that resembled news at the little suburban station, so we set out for Beck's place—a pleasant stroll of a mile and a half along shady roads. As the three of us were on the same job we divided up the work as usual.

Now the Transcript and the Ledger, being profitable publications, had pitched into President Beck pretty hard of late. But the proprietor of the Star was in debt up to his ears and always borrowing money. So he tried to avoid printing anything that would be unpopular among bank directors. Throughout the strike he had sided with the company. Therefore we agreed that Williamson should go around to the front door and try to get an interview with President Beck while White and I advanced through the convenient screen of the woods and watched the house.

We went ahead and took up positions near the edge of the woods where we could observe the premises through the underbrush without being observed. We noticed at once that Mr. Beck seemed to be having a lot of work done. A burly hand in overalls and flannel shirt, with rubber boots, stood in front of the house watering the shrubbery, using for that purpose an extraordinarily large garden hose that threw a powerful stream. At the west side of the house a muscular-looking gardener in blue jumpers was trimming some rose bushes in a desultory manner. Between the house and the garage two workmen were tinkering over an automobile. We caught sight of another man who was seated on a box behind the stable and seemed to be mending a harness.

Young Williamson came into view tripping along the east and west street, jauntily swinging his slim cane. He wore patent-leather shoes; a pair of light flannel trousers, very correctly creased; a white belt; a flannel coat matching the trousers; and a very nobby Panama hat. He had borrowed the money from White to buy that hat only a few days before. He felt that he must have it to go with the flannel suit. Reaching the cement walk that led from the street to President Beck's veranda he turned in confidently, surveying the premises with his chin up, a good deal as though he owned them.

But the burly man with the hose made a gesture which plainly meant, "Go away." At the same time he directed the powerful stream upon a bush beside the walk and only a little way in advance of the reporter's trim figure. Willy frowned at the man and advanced. The man repeated his gesture and dropped the nozzle of the hose a bit so that the spray moistened the visitor's shoes and the bottom of his trousers. Such treatment from a "hand" was aggravating.

"Look out, you blockhead! Turn that hose away!" Willy shouted angrily. But the man only gave the hose a little flirt so that the spray rose to Willy's beautiful hat, at the same time repeating the gesture which evidently meant "Go away."

If the man had entered into an argument the reporter might have been able to stand it, but that mere stupid gesture was intolerable to one whose sense of personal dignity was as keen as Willy's.

"Turn that hose away, you impudent puppy! I'm here to see Mr. Beck—at his request," Willy yelled, forgetting even the truth in his wrath. Whereupon the man elevated the hose so that Willy stood in a smart rain.

In a way, we were ashamed of our colleague. He skipped back out of the rain and performed an impromptu dance on the flagging, being so mad he couldn't keep still. At the same time he insulted the "hand," who was about three times his size. "Put down that hose and come out here, you whelp!" he shouted. "I'll knock your head off!"

But the man paid no attention; just pulled the old limp straw hat farther down on his brows and went on watering

(Continued on Page 49)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 29, 1910

The New Republic

WE HAVE discovered no particular enthusiasm in this country over the setting up of a republican form of government in Portugal. Formerly there would have been much enthusiasm, because formerly people paid more attention to the form than to the substance.

Half a century after our own republic was established, Senator Benton—who knew—said: "The people have no more control over the selection of the man who is to be President than the subjects of kings have over the birth of the child who is to be their ruler." If Portugal, about that time, had set up a republic the event, no doubt, would have been hailed with enthusiasm in the United States. As long as people could be kept enthusiastic by forms and words they had not, as Benton pointed out, very much to do with the actual running of their government.

The Senate that shaped the Tariff Act and the Illinois legislature that elected Lorimer—to take only a couple of illustrations at random—were duly republican in form; but there is no particular enthusiasm over them.

There is now—very tardily—a quite general tendency to look beyond the mere form and word to the substance and the deed, and this is exactly what makes politics nowadays so confusing to the elder statesmen whose stock in trade does not consist of deeds. It is the basis of that "political unrest" or "popular hysteria" which provokes in them such dismal emotions.

A Hint to Some Bankers

IN THE greatest crisis that the nation has faced since its foundation, Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, wrote: "Give me the plan and I can carry on the Government to the close of the war. Without it, there may be success; but I don't see it."

By "the plan" Secretary Chase meant the bill then before Congress to establish a national banking system which would rescue the country from its curse of "red-dog," "shinplaster" and "wild-cat" state banknotes and provide a big new market for Government bonds. The loss to the country through its heterogeneous, fluctuating, sometimes worthless and always easily counterfeited state bank circulation was estimated by Jay Cooke at fifty million dollars a year. Chase was not alone in considering his plan for a uniform national bank currency, secured by Government bonds, as vitally important.

The plan was stubbornly fought by many banks. They found a profit in issuing "red-dog" notes and set that profit above the good of the nation.

We refer to this because one feature of the recent bankers' convention at Los Angeles was a bitter attack upon postal savings institutions, which some bankers still cannot reconcile themselves to, setting some slight profit to themselves above the common good. Other bankers, we are happy to say, take a more enlightened view. No banker ought to forget that he is, first of all, a trustee of the public's money and credit.

A Substitute for Hisses

APPLAUSE is the chief drawback to theatrical performances that have music or dancing in them—except, of course, those cases in which the music or dancing is the chief drawback. Ten per cent of an audience will force the other ninety per cent to listen for the third time to a number that it didn't really care to hear more than once. Sometimes boredom provokes a counter-demonstration and the applauders are hissed; but this is both unpleasant and ambiguous, for the hisses may be considered as directed at the music, and that really was very good.

What the hissers wish to express is that they don't want too much even of a good thing.

The lack of a practicable and not discourteous method of expressing this sentiment may set up an irritation that betrays one into injustice. For example, there was the Athenian gentleman who voted to banish Aristides because he was sick of hearing everybody call him "the just."

In the field of literature some people harbor a morbid ferocity against the best sellers; not that they have anything in particular against the books, but on account of the applause. Or, take the field of public life: There are those whose nervous hands must ever and anon let fly a brick at our leading citizen; not that they don't admire his public services and sterling qualities, but because the claque simply drives them wild. A polite method of signifying that applause is overdone—without signifying disapproval of the object of the applause—would be a boon to the world.

The Regulars' Irregularity

IT WAS at Winona, Minnesota, and for the special purpose of strengthening Mr. Tawney, that President Taft deposited his chubby person on the toboggan and started down the slide. In the thirteen months that have elapsed since the Winona speech in support of the new tariff and of the chairman of the House Appropriations Committee the President has certainly been going some. Under the circumstances Mr. Taft's recent appeal to all Republicans to get together and support the nominees of the party in the autumn elections must have fallen with peculiar force upon the ears of Mr. Tawney; and if he has discovered, as a press dispatch alleges, that he cannot conscientiously support the Republican nominees in his district, his grief must be extreme.

If we have ever met with a case where a man might be justified in supporting a candidate unconscientiously, this is that case.

Insurmountable conscientious scruples against supporting party nominees who beat them at the primaries seem to be by way of spreading among the regulars. A former president of the Young Men's Republican Clubs of New York has come out for Dix, the Democratic nominee—strictly on conscientious grounds.

It is well known that conscientious scruples against supporting a party that is bossed by themselves are always treated by the regulars with great contempt. Such, for example, was their attitude toward the scruples of the Insurgents regarding the party's tariff program; but Insurgent scruples arose merely from considerations of the common weal. A scruple that arises from being turned out of office and power is apparently more respectable.

We have always maintained that the party regularity of the professional regular was less dependable than that of any other man.

In the nature of the case such a man would have small use for a party which he could not control.

Redeeming the Presidency

THE time is coming, we believe, when the occupant of the White House will be President of the United States rather than titular head of a party. Among the signs of the times that inspire this hope is President Taft's recent order putting several thousand assistant postmasters under civil-service rules and his recommendation that all second and third class postmasters be selected competitively. This will go far toward cleaning the spoils system out of the Post Office Department, long its chief stronghold. The effect of that system in making public service wasteful and incompetent is well known, but less attention is paid to its effect in degrading the Presidency.

Beginning with poor Harrison, who was badgered into his grave by office-seekers in a month, there is a somewhat extended list of Chief Executives who were selected by the party bosses upon no higher consideration than their supposed availability as bait with which to capture the official spoils.

Even Lincoln had to play his rôle as distributor of bones to the hungry pack at the back door, and Garfield's Administration is chiefly remembered for the ferocious senatorial dog-fight over offices which indirectly, perhaps, led to his assassination.

That the Chief Executive is still far from being that impartial administrator of the laws which the framers of the Constitution intended him to be is shown by Mr. Taft's naïve statement, after the August primaries, that thereafter he would recognize the Insurgents, too, in distributing patronage. Patronage probably has been an important element in keeping together party organizations that have outlived any other reason for existence. Certainly it has helped to make the President merely the chief of a party. Every step that makes the President less a partisan distributor of spoils elevates his office; and as spoils diminish political organizations must maintain themselves more by ideas.

High Living and Plain Thinking

THERE is one weak point in the business situation: From January to September, for the first time since 1895, imports exceeded exports. In view of the normal condition this means that of late the country has been a poor market to buy in, but a good market to sell in. Two years ago, in the same period, there was an excess of exports amounting to nearly four hundred million dollars, and in thirteen years following 1895 the excess of exports averaged not far from two hundred and fifty millions. As compared with 1895 we are paying Europe more for ocean freights, insurance, tourists and interest—that is, the "unseen" balance of trade against us is larger, which makes the "seen" balance all the more significant. We have been meeting the adverse seen and unseen balances this year by selling securities abroad; but selling securities to Europe is virtually borrowing money payable on demand, for Europe can sell the securities back to us any day that the Stock Exchange is open—as she did in 1893, greatly to our discomfort.

Our prices have been out of line and, as details of the imports show, we have been buying a great quantity of things that properly come under the head of luxuries. The remainder of the calendar year undoubtedly will show an excess of exports, for that is the time of heaviest shipments of raw cotton; but probably we could have got along quite comfortably without buying so many diamonds. The trade balance is one sign of a disposition to live high and think plainly about it afterward.

Art and Commercialism

BENVENUTO CELLINI was making a gold ornament for Pope Clement's cope, very beautiful in design and workmanship, as the great sculptor himself candidly informs us. Unfortunately, while he was so engaged his brother was killed by a harquebusier in a street fight. "At last," says Benvenuto, "I saw that my suffering, caused by the constant sight of him, was keeping me from sleeping and eating. I stifled the thought of how low and dishonorable the undertaking was and resolved one evening to be done with the trouble. . . . The harquebusier stood in the doorway after supper. I crept up stealthily and, with a Pistojan dagger, dealt him a back stroke." Cellini goes on to tell that he then ran to his friend, Duke Alessandro, who promised to protect him. For eight days after the murder, however, he did not venture to show himself to his patron. Then: "When I was admitted the Pope glowered; his eyes alone were enough to frighten me; but when he examined my work his face softened and he praised me."

This was a quite typical incident of art's palmiest day and place. We refer to it simply because it is one of the things that help to reconcile us a little to the constant charge that we Americans are awfully commercial. To value beautiful jewelry above men's gizzards and declare, as another ruler did, that "men like Benvenuto, unique in their art, are above the laws" is excellent for art, but bad for business. This, perhaps, is the main reason why, among us commercialized folk, jewelry is relatively poor and gizzards are comparatively secure.

The Little Pot That's Soon Hot

ONCE a waiter's debating society argued this proposition: "Resolved, That cats are more valuable than dogs." Naturally, the debate ended in a general fight. The last example of violent passion that we have happened to see was furnished by a gentleman who asserted in choked accents that Canada should never, never, never be captured by the United States. Whenever you find a man arguing in a rage it is a tolerably safe assumption that he really hasn't anything to argue about. The poise and moderation of Washington and Lincoln were strictly in keeping with the tremendous rôles they played. So is the explosiveness of the man who is running for sheriff on a prohibition ticket in a wet county.

In a recent volume we find Shakspere described in the following language: "The mean, drunken, ignorant and absolutely unlettered rustic of Stratford, who never in his life wrote so much as his own name and in all probability was totally unable to read one single line of print." And we know, at once, without looking further, that the author is trying to prove, by a weird cipher, that Bacon wrote the Shakesperean plays; also, that by the same cipher you can prove Bacon to have been the author of Oliver Twist.

It applies, of course, to politics. When the orator begins calling names you may know that he has nothing further of a pertinent nature to communicate.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Joseph's Party-Colored Coat

VERSATILITY—so the proverb runs—gathers no moss, but when one has a look at Joe Sibley that apothegm appears to have been excogitated by a person of extreme segnitude; and while I have no desire to vilipend the author I am free to say his lubrication, instead of triumphantly transmitting a transcendent truth, is merely and entirely *fadaise*—and what do you know about that?

Alighting hurriedly from this etymological perch and coming back to colloquial cases, the idea that is going down for the third and last time, just above, with no lifeguard in sight, is that while the ordinary manifold manipulator may not garner much gold—gold being slang for moss—a jack-of-all-trades, you remember, and good at none—this particular maxim does not kick in for Joe Sibley, not in one million long and mossy years. When it comes to versatility Joey has all of his peers, compeers and perennials stung to a perplexed and piteous whisper. He is vigilant and variegated, versatile and vorticular.

We read in the public prints, a time back, that Joseph, tiring of the luxurious life of ease he was leading, bored to death with the commonplace occupation of picking thousand-dollar bills off the trees and growing crops of double eagles in his back yard, determined once again to enter the halls of Congress where he shone resplendently in days gone by, especially whenever the sun percolated through the stained-glass ceiling of said halls and hit his head, he being as bald as Nick Longworth who, in turn, is as bald as Ollie James—Ollie, if the truth must be known, being as bald as Senator Gallinger, who is as bald as a hard-boiled egg.

Joseph Won't Miss the Forty

Now, Joe has a record in politics, which record is the occasion for those vibrations anent versatility not far astern. He is one of the very few patriots who, having been elected to Congress as a Democrat for one term, was elected to Congress for the next succeeding term as a Republican, by the same constituency; thereby proving that rank is not the guinea's stamp, or that it is—whichever you may prefer. You can pay your money and take your choice. And, after retiring from the Fifty-ninth Congress because he was tired of the game, he desired to come back to the Sixty-second, still a Republican, which is a fixity of purpose that seems strange, but is even so.

Our hero was born in Friendship, New York, a most fortuitous selection of a place of nativity, for that is his long suit—friendship. And, being early imbued with the beauties and beatitudes of this most precious of relations between man and man, Joseph picked out his friends with that rare discrimination that has marked his career through life. While he was friendly in a broad, general way, to all and sundry, he was not too friendly, you understand; reserving the flowers of that perfect comradery for a few select parties, and presenting the largest bouquet to John D. Rockefeller, but not overlooking suitable bunches of posies for H. H. Rogers, John D. Archbold and others, who made and make up that sanctified symposium known, in common parlance, as the Standard Oil Company.

A Forty-Thousand-Dollar Nomination

AND here, again, was shown that marvelous versatility, that manysidedness that has been the wonder of all the world; for Joe, carefully concealing from his right-hand pocket the kind of legal tender he had in his left, went rampaging up and down the country shouting for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one without the aid or consent of any other nation whatsoever, and still kept in with the S. O. Inasmuch as the Standard Oil, having all the money there was anyhow, was violently opposed to more money, this was somewhat of a feat of strength and skill, but Joe got away with it. Indeed, many of us remember that when the Peerless Leader was peering at the leadership for the first time, out in Chicago in 1896, Joe not only had a few scattering votes for President before the delegates fell for the cross-of-gold peroration, but had quite a bunch for Vice-President after they had fallen and when they were in the painful process of handing the Sewall family, of Maine, the biggest lemon those respected shipbuilders had ever had presented to them.

Still, versatility may be all well enough, but there are times when other things count. Wherefore, in the vicinity of 1900, Joe ceased his talking about free silver and took a long running jump into the Republican party. He served in the Fifty-sixth Congress as a Democrat; not rabid, to be sure, but still democratic. Then, having seen his own, particular, bright and shining light, he showed how strong he was with the proletariat up Franklin, Pennsylvania, way and came to the Fifty-seventh Congress as a Republican. Since that time he has been a lifelong Republican. When Joseph turned his political coat he turned it. It was a complete job. He left the Democrats and joined with the Republicans en masse, and there was no organization man in the bunch who was so rabidly organization and regular as Joe when he once got going.

He quit public life to go and live at his ease in Florida, or Egypt, or somewhere—I have forgotten the exact point—but public life, or public light, to be more exact, did not quit him.

On several successive nights the mischievous William Randolph Hearst, while making speeches, read a few letters he had, mostly relating to certificates of deposit placed in various banks by Joe's warm friend, John D. Archbold, of the said Standard Oil, to the credit of Joe, and Joe's acknowledgments therefor, together with the details of some small plans Joe had in mind for obtaining the right kind of publicity for the S. O., that institution needing the right kind of publicity sadly at the moment.

Not to be outdone, the wily Joseph bided his time, and the bide he bided occurred this summer, when the primaries were held for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress from his district in Pennsylvania. "I shall now," he said, "proceed to put the kibosh on William Randolph Hearst and show how my constituency trusts and believes me notwithstanding any little transactions in certificates of deposit that may have become public." Whereupon his constituency showed that it was on the job.

Joseph was nominated.

He won from the present Representative, N. P. Wheeler, by some seven hundred or so in a total vote of approximately twenty thousand. However, there is a pernicious and arbitrary law nestling among the statutes of Pennsylvania which provides that gentlemen pursuing office shall detail how much the chase cost them. Joe came to bat with his expense account, which showed he spent, as he swore, $40,698.83 for this testimonial of love and esteem from his neighbors.

Surprised by Caustic Comments

MUCH to Joseph's surprise there were rude, not to say caustic, comments on this expenditure. With Joseph an election is an election, and what it costs is a mere detail. He was astonished and chagrined to learn, on the morning after the primaries, and on every succeeding morning, and on a few afternoons and evenings for good measure, that there were folks, not only in his own district but throughout the country, who thought and said there was nothing approximating free and untrammeled suffrage in a primary where it cost the man who won about four dollars per suff. This surprise continued to grow on Joseph and, five or six weeks after he got the nomination, he discovered he was too sick to run. He quit, with forty thousand invested, to say nothing of what he put out during those five or six weeks.

Still, Joseph won't miss the forty. He has a barrel of it—two barrels—an oil tank. He began to make money when he was a young man and he has made it ever since. He is in the lubricating oil business, has a big stock farm, a country place on Lake Champlain, one in St. Petersburg, Florida, a whale of a house in Franklin, Pennsylvania, is director of many business enterprises, and is as shrewd and hardheaded a business man as you will find in a day's travel. He went into the oil business thirty years ago and made millions out of it. He has the great virtue of not trying to conceal his business association with the Standard Oil, thereby being unique among our statesmen, as none other will admit anything of the kind. He is a genial, companionable, hearty sort of a man, who likes to entertain his friends and who is very popular. He never got out of the ruck in the House of Representatives, except as an entertainer, but he was a valuable member of the wheel-horse contingent.

A Speaking Part

"MAZIE," said the stage-manager of a musical comedy that had its first production at Atlantic City, "the author was in looking the show over last night and he said a bright, clever girl like you ought to have a speaking part. So he's going to write in a part for you and will have it for the rehearsal in the morning."

Mazie was delighted. She told all her friends on the Boardwalk that at last true merit had met with its reward; that she was to have a speaking part. She intimated that probably she would soon be a star and featured on all the billboards.

Mazie was on hand early in the morning to get her lines. When the rehearsal was called the stage-manager gave her her part. She found that, at a certain point in the performance, she was to step forward with three other girls and say "Ah!"

That was all.

Well Recommended

GILBERT RAY HAWES went up to Connecticut during a campaign to speak instead of Job Hedges, who is a great favorite as an orator in that state.

"What's your name?" asked the chairman of the meeting.

"Hawes."

"What kin I say about you in my interduction?"

"Oh, say I'm the best orator in the country!" replied Hawes airily.

The chairman stepped out and called the meeting to order.

"I regret to announce that we ain't got our old friend Job Hedges with us tonight," he said; "but them fool national committeemen has sent up a feller in his place. He says his name is Hawes, and that he's the best orator in the country."

Distance Lends Enchantment

"SENATOR," said a traveler to Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, as they were riding through that state toward Helena, "what are those holes I see on the opposite bank of the river?"

"Well," replied the Senator, "out here we refer to them as holes in the ground, but in the East they are known as permanent mining investments."

The Hall of Fame

¶ The Sultan of Turkey once gave General Horace Porter a gold medal for patriotism.

¶ Amos P. Wilder, consul-general at Shanghai, used to be an editor at Madison, Wisconsin.

¶ Joe Lincoln, who writes of Cape Cod folks, was an artist before he became an author.

¶ Representative William Alexander Dickson, of Mississippi, tills the farm on which he was born.

¶ Roy Norton, who wrote A Job as King, has been cutting up one corner of the Island of Capri into building lots.

¶ Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, began as a clerk in the land office of the Burlington Railroad.

¶ Erman J. Ridgway, the magazine man, recently took a little flyer in politics. He had designs on the mayoralty of Montclair, New Jersey.

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The soup question just about settles itself when you remember

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Why put it off another day?

21 kinds 10c a can

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Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
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Clam Chowder	Printanier
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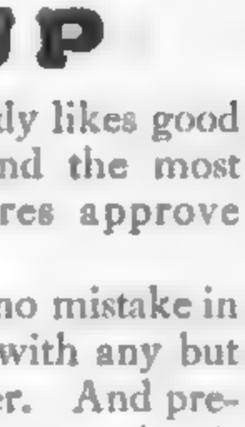
Vegetable	Tomato Okra
Vermicelli Tomato	



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Hoop-la Harry heads his troop
And leads each wild foray
He daily dines
On *Campbell's Soup*
And naught can block his way.

Your Savings

The Farm Mortgage

SEASON and opportunity play important parts in investment. There are times—for example, such as have prevailed for the past six months—when high-class bonds are cheap; there are occasions, too, when standard stocks are unusually low. These provide the bargain opportunities for the investor, but many people believe that such opportunities and seasons apply only to securities. As a matter of fact they apply to practically all forms of investment; and for this reason it seems an opportune moment to call attention to farm mortgages, which are, when well selected, one of the safest mediums for the employment of savings or other funds. At the time this article is written the farm-mortgage market is more widely accessible to the average investor than it has been for several years.

One reason for this is the fact that the great life insurance companies—which, with the exception of the "Big Three" in the city of New York, have until now been the heaviest investors in farm mortgages—are, in the main, temporarily out of the field. This is not because they have lost faith in farm mortgages, but simply because previous engagements for such mortgages are using up all their present available mortgage funds. Another reason is that the Western farmer has been buying more land. Not all of this is speculation either; for much of the newly acquired land, which makes the present mortgage crop possible, is in good tillable regions and is bought for the farmer's son.

Like many other desirable investments, farm mortgages have been abused. For a time they were in disrepute with the conservative investor because, in various parts of the West, unscrupulous promoters slapped whole layers of mortgages on cheap and unproductive land. These promoters would then promise extravagant rates of interest to investors who would buy these mortgages. The usual thing happened: the unwary investor, lured by high rates, did not take the trouble to investigate what he was buying and as a consequence lost his money.

How to Invest Safely

On the other hand it would be difficult to find a better security than a productive and prosperous farm. Land is the backbone of the world's wealth. Good land cannot shrink; it cannot be moved away; only neglect can impair it and it is more stable than stocks in time of panic and depression. The increase in the value of our farms is like a wonder story. From 1900 to 1905 the value of our farmland increased by $6,130,773,076. The total value of our farms, including the buildings upon them, is more than twenty-two billions of dollars.

Here, then, is real, tangible security. The problem that the investor confronts is to get the right kind of land behind the mortgage he buys. Though local conditions, of course, enter into this selection, the farm should meet the following general requirements:

First. The soil should be good.

Second. The farm should be located within reasonable distance of a railroad, for transportation means accessibility to the markets.

Third. It should have been continuously farmed for not less than five years.

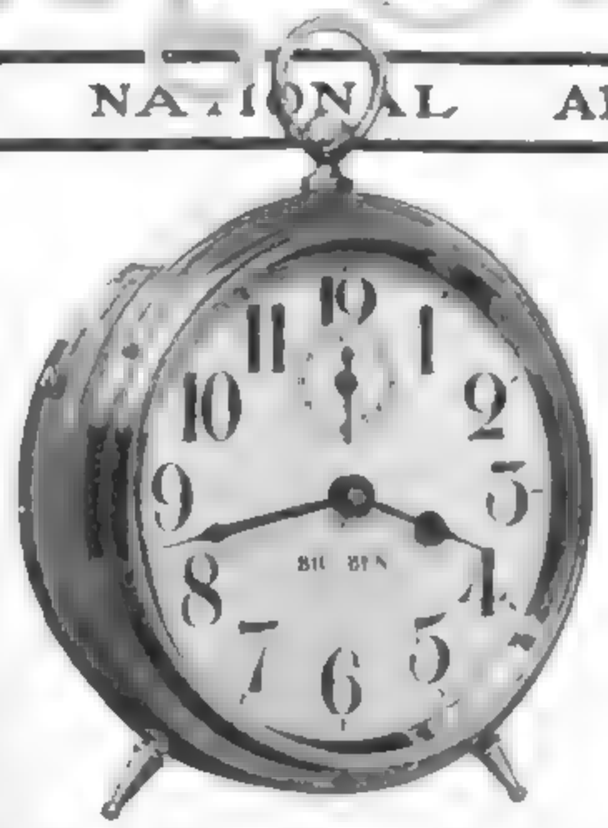
Fourth. It must be located in that section of the United States where the rainfall, as shown by Government reports covering a long period of years, is sufficient to mature the average crop any given year unless it is irrigated.

These rules apply to what might be called ordinary farmland. During the past few years there has been such activity in irrigated land that some special rules must be laid down for mortgages on it. First of all, great care should be exercised in buying a mortgage on any kind of irrigated farm. The reason for this is that much territory has just been put under water and has not yet proved its productiveness. The four principal rules to be observed are these:

First. The soil should be free from alkali.

Second. There must be accessibility to transportation facilities.

Big Ben
THE NATIONAL ALARM



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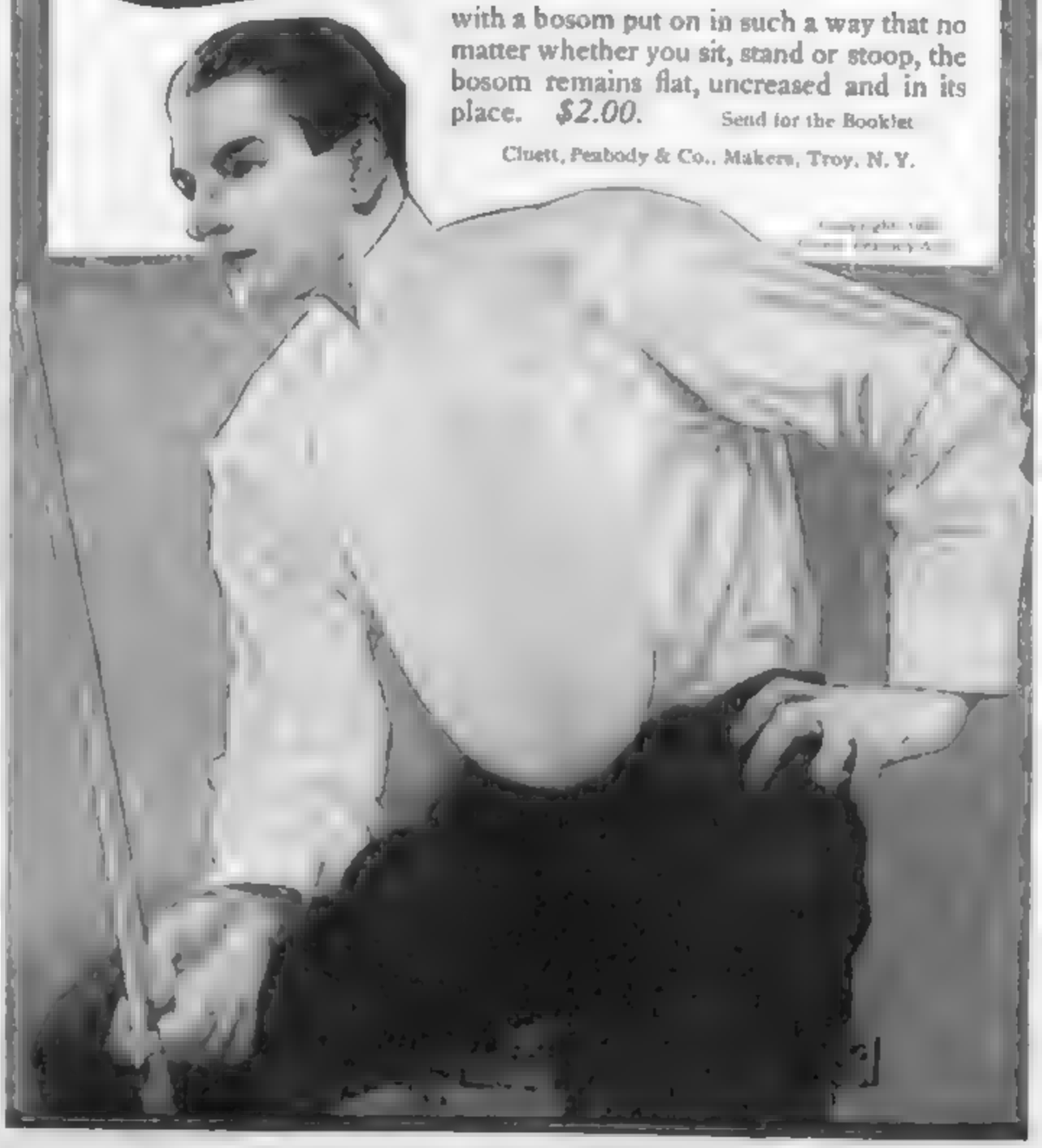

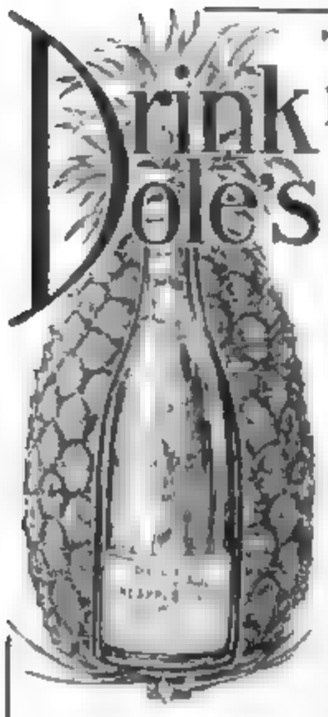

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Instead of lemon in Russian Tea; in place of hot lemonade—use Dole's Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice and use boiling water poured over a little sugar.

Drink Dole's

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The Drink Healthful

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FARMS HOMES

Along the Mississippi Central, a new railroad through the heart of Mississippi, there are now 50,000 acres offered for cultivation, only to good people wanting a home on fertile land, in a mild and healthful climate; pure water, entiful success certain. For particulars address—
R. E. SMITH, Vice President & General Manager, Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

Third. There must be enough settlers in the region to make communities possible.

Fourth. The water-right should be absolutely unimpaired. This is perhaps the most important consideration, for without adequate and safe water-rights the farmer is helpless.

The amount of money loaned an any kind of farm is a very important consideration. It is always best to have a good leeway—that is, a safe margin between the value of the property and the amount loaned. One point to be remembered in this connection—and it is a good one to keep in mind in any kind of mortgage transaction—is never to take the borrower's valuation of his property. The appraisal must be made by an outside and independent person. Experience has shown that it is never wise to lend more than fifty per cent of the farm valuation, exclusive of the value of the buildings on it. In some states loans are made on only forty per cent of the valuation.

In locating the ideal farm mortgage you must never take anything for granted. Precedent and vicinity count for nothing. Take two counties in a Western state. In one of them the farms may be prosperous and the mortgages on them very valuable, and yet almost next door, in an adjacent county, there may be bad crops and no prosperity. Mortgages on these farms would scarcely be good investments. In many states there are good and bad mortgage zones. This is due to the fact that one part is in the line of abundant rainfall while the other part is not. In one state, for example, some of the most desirable farm mortgages to be found anywhere are in the eastern section. In the western part of the state, on the other hand—in the region known as the "short-grass country"—where agriculture is just beginning to come into its own, mortgages are not so desirable.

Climatic conditions often vary within a very short distance and the character of the soil frequently changes within a very few miles. Thus it is evident that, in making the choice of a mortgage as in any other kind of investment, the utmost caution is necessary and, what is even more important, a thorough investigation.

What might be called the human side of farm-mortgage investment is well worth explaining. A farm mortgage is always more desirable when the farmer who borrows is sober, industrious and conscientious. The loan is more valuable, too, when the proceeds are employed in the upbuilding of the farm or for the purchase of machinery that adds to its productiveness. This naturally makes the security behind the mortgage more valuable. Avoid a mortgage the proceeds of which go to the wiping out of previous debts. The conditions necessitating such a mortgage show an inability to get along and may be prophetic of more hard luck, both for lender and borrower.

Changes in the Mortgage Map

Where is the investor to find the best farm mortgage? One good plan to follow is to find out what the great life-insurance companies are buying. They go only where they get the very best security. Summed up, they have bought the most mortgages in the following regions: Iowa, western Ohio, Indiana, the northern two-thirds of Illinois, eastern Nebraska, southern Minnesota and that part of Minnesota known as the Red River Valley, parts of Wisconsin, northwestern Missouri, the eastern part of Oklahoma, eastern Kansas, that part of Texas known as the "Black Belt," which is bounded by Paris on the east, Wichita Falls on the west, Oklahoma on the north and Austin on the south; and the eastern portions of North and South Dakota. Desirable mortgages on irrigated land may be had in some portions of Washington, Oregon, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, and other states.

The average farm mortgage runs for five years, but many of them are renewed once and often twice. As a rule, it may be said that the average life of the American farm mortgage is twelve years.

Now comes the highly important subject of yield. As in other forms of investment this has undergone a change, because the mortgage map has undergone a change—prosperity has come to agricultural regions that once yielded but precarious livings. The Kansas farmer who formerly paid ten or twelve per cent for money now pays considerably less. The very prosperous farmer who wants to borrow is like the successful railroad or corporation that

Silverware with a National Reputation

THE brand of silver plate known by the stamp 1847 ROGERS BROS. has grown up with the country. Originating in 1847 it has for more than sixty years been recognized by the trade and the public as the standard silver plate. This reputation has been built on quality, and as a result

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enjoys a sale greatly in excess of any other brand. Extensively advertised for many years it has stood the test of time. Thousands of dealers have made this popularity an asset to their business.

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Marion Harland
Joins the Duntley Crusade
for Cleaner, Happier, Healthier Homes

I want you to help me accomplish a mission that is very near and dear to my heart.

It is a great crusade for every woman who has a home and I want you to work with me, both for your own sake and for the great good of the loved ones in your home.

When I first heard of the Vacuum Cleaner, that marvelous invention appealed to me instantly as the most wonderful benefit to women that had been produced in centuries. I have watched its development with unceasing interest for years but it was not until I saw and used the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner that I felt an irresistible impulse to tell you what it would do for you.

Acting on that impulse I wrote Mr. Duntley last May, telling him of my belief in his Vacuum Cleaner—telling him also that I wanted him to make it possible for every woman to have one in her home.

I asked him to make a Duntley Vacuum Cleaner which would do perfect work and still be light enough in weight for any woman to handle comfortably—to sell that Vacuum Cleaner on easy monthly payments so small that she could meet them out of her pin money.

To my delight Mr. Duntley replied that my plan was not only possible but practical—that he would at once get out a Vacuum Cleaner such as I suggested.

True to his word, he has perfected the new Duntley No. 6—just the size and kind I hoped he would make. It is a trifle smaller than the famous No. 3 Duntley Cleaner, weighs less, and is exactly right for a snug, cozy home or apartment.

Mr. Duntley has also made it possible for you to pay for your Vacuum Cleaner out of your pin money, and never feel it a burden—just as I asked him to.

Best of all—he has set aside one hundred thousand dollars for me to spend in my own way to tell you how you can make use of the Vacuum Cleaner to escape the drudgery of house cleaning, how you can, to a great extent, insure the lives of your loved ones; and to tell you about his generous offer of a free trial, a special price and special terms on this new Duntley No. 6. I can tell you only a little of this here, so I want to write you a personal letter, telling you of the ways I have found for using this wonderful machine in my own home—ways which I believe are not usually known. How I have found that it is a prevention from the terrible White Plague and from so many of the worrisome home problems. Write to me and give me this opportunity.

I want you to read here what Mr. Duntley so kindly calls the "Marion Harland Special Offer." Read how you can have his Vacuum Cleaner on trial in your own home for twenty-four hours. If you do not want to keep it, you will be under no obligation whatever.

I know that you can depend upon what Mr. Duntley says. Accept his offer with perfect confidence. I ask you, for your own sake, to help me in my crusade by mailing the coupon to me in care of Mr. Duntley.

Won't you fill it in and mail it now?

Sincerely your friend,

Marion Harland

Domestic Director

Use the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner 24 Hours FREE

$3.00 Keeps it in Your Home

The new Duntley No. 6 will not only save money for you, what may be more important, it may save [illegible]

Let Marion Harland Tell You How.

[illegible] Marion Harland's Vacuum Cleaner Offer [illegible] Pin Money Payments [illegible] to carry [illegible] hour to operate [illegible] with [illegible]

tools for cleaning the entire home perfectly **Send the Coupon to Marion Harland.** Use the address on the coupon and you will hear personally from Miss Harland without delay.

J. W. DUNTLEY, President.

For MARION HARLAND, Domestic Director
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Dear Miss Harland: Please tell me how to get the Duntley Cleaner on Pin Money Payments, and how it can be made to pay for itself.

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goes into the market for funds; he does not have to pay a very high rate. There are farmers in Iowa and Illinois who pay only five per cent on money loaned on their farms; yet their brethren in some parts of Texas pay twice as much. Hence it is plain that there must be some variance in the returns on farm mortgages.

When you go into the subject you find that the higher the rate of interest the larger is the risk you run. This is the fundamental rule in all investment. The average return on a well-selected and productive farm is from five and a half to six per cent. This is in instances where you buy the original mortgage. The life insurance companies have averaged from five to five and a half per cent. They deal in large sums. The smaller the amount of the mortgage the more the borrower has to pay for it.

In some sections of Illinois few of the mortgages get away from the region of borrowing. This is due to the fact that there is so much loose money at home. In such cases the lender has the great advantage of being able to see just the kind of security that lies behind his investment. Herein lies the great value of "home" investment.

But how is the average investor, especially the dweller in the cities, to get the benefits of farm-mortgage investment? He cannot personally afford to go to Kansas, Illinois or Nebraska to look over the field. He must buy it through some agency. Therefore this agency must be seasoned, proved and absolutely trustworthy. Much of the stability of farm-mortgage investment depends upon the person or persons through whom you do business.

How to Buy Mortgages

Throughout the Middle West you will find firms, banks, trust companies and individuals who have for years made a specialty of farm mortgages. They have trusted loan agents in every rich agricultural locality. Some of these agents work also for the life-insurance companies or have had their training with them. They have weather and crop maps and statistics covering the agricultural sections over long periods of years.

These concerns or individuals will deliver the original farm mortgage to the investor. One advantage of buying the mortgage is that you get with it the deed of trust or mortgage to the property and the abstract showing the title. Accompanying the mortgage is usually a statement made by the borrower in which he sets forth the valuation of the property, its location, output, improvements and, in fact, all the necessary information about it. The insurance policy should accompany the mortgage, for it adds just that much more to the security.

Then, too, you can get a debenture bond or note secured by a group or pool of farm mortgages. These bonds or notes are issued by various companies that have facilities for the investigation of farm conditions. They are like the mortgage certificates issued by the title companies in the big Eastern cities. In buying these securities you have all the advantages of the backing of farmland and, in addition, the guaranty of the issuing company as to principal and interest. All this costs something and the result is that the face interest is usually five per cent, which is less than the rate the investor would ordinarily get if he bought the mortgage direct. The interest on these bonds is paid semiannually, while the interest on many mortgages is paid annually. Some of the companies issuing these bonds permit the borrowing farmer to amortize his loan—that is, pay off the principal while he is paying interest. These payments, however, do not release any of the original security. Thus the debt is reduced but the security remains the same.

The average life of these bonds is twenty years, but they may be retired with proper notice. They are seldom retired before twelve years, however, which is the average life of the farm mortgage.

For the investor who wants immunity from the fluctuations of the stock market and freedom from the uncertainties of corporate life, the farm mortgage offers an excellent opportunity. He will have an unshakable security behind his money; but he will have this only when he makes his investment through a reputable, tried agency that has ample facilities for thorough investigation.

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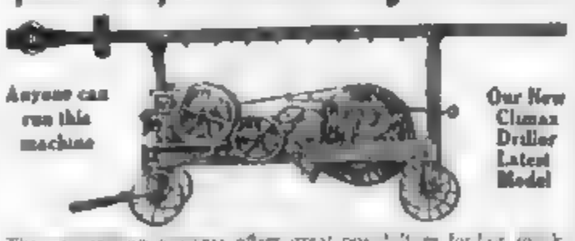

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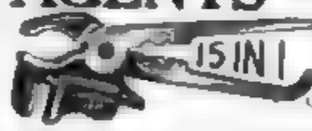

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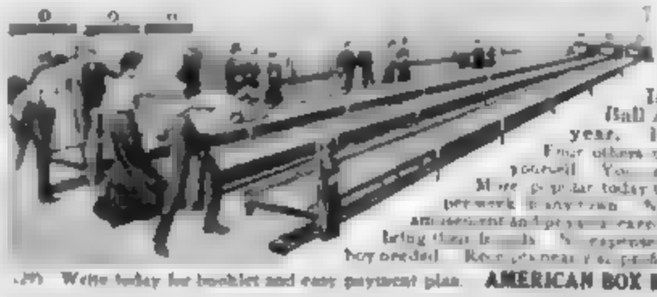

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Makers of the famous Nufashond Silk Oxford Laces and Corset Laces

THE SHEEPMAN

(Continued from Page 7)

Mexican was phlegmatically gathering his flock into a compact mass. All this I saw.

Yet not a syllable of explanation would Harris furnish. At supper he was restless and extraordinarily sensible of the minutest sound—an unnatural state for him. As we rose from the table, by mischance I trod on Rags' foot, and the brute yelped. The sheepman started as if with sudden pain, and his eyes flashed angrily. Next moment he was comforting the dog with endearing words. After that he roamed about the shack constantly for two hours, sometimes shaking his head, sometimes talking to himself in whispers, arguing, pleading mumblingly. The perspiration poured from his face. Once he stopped and threw his arms upward in a gesture of bitter sorrow.

"I cain't do it! I cain't do it!" he cried. "All them pore creatures! Think of it. All of them pore creatures. I cain't do it!"

"What's the matter? Come, man, what is it?" I gripped him hard, fearing for his reason.

His eyes were glinting with a stare of madness, but there was sanity in his voice.

"Come along. I might need you; yes, sir."

"Where? Where're we going?"

"To the Twins. Come on. I'll show you. Hurry! I done changed the sheep, but I cain't see 'em die. I cain't! Let's saddle up."

He led me from the shack at a run.

North of where Harris' sheep were wont to graze on the slopes of one of the Twins the hill was cut away—probably a landslide at some remote period of time. The precipice thus formed was about two hundred feet in depth, and the bottom was cluttered with loose rocks and the jagged ends of huge boulders.

The night had fallen starry, with promise of rain from the southwest. One of Richter's herders, dozing as he leaned on his staff, was brought to instant animation by the preliminary swish of the tempest on his back. At the same instant the clack of a horse's shoe against stone reached his ears. Who rode tonight? Even while he listened, with muscles taut, a wild shouting broke out, six-shooters flared in the darkness and a dozen riders burst upon the rear of the flock. A simultaneous, tremulous bleat from thousands of throats, and the sheep were off at a mad run, the cowboys spurring their horses among them, shooting down indiscriminately, working up the flock to a frenzy of panic. The Mexican gave one hurried glance into the troubled dark, then bent his head and ran swiftly into the teeth of the storm.

We almost rode him down as we raced desperately for the Twins. He shrank away as we swept by, and Harris cut at him vengefully with his quirt. Never had his ancient horse strained as he was doing now. The sheepman drove him headlong forward, fearful that he would not be in time. To our ears came a swelling, rushing sound, like that made by a huge canvas dragged over stubble. It was the flock. They were off, then. I sickened at the mental picture—already I could see the hordes plunging to their death among the rocks. If ever I could fasten this crime where the guilt lay ——

"Come on!" the sheepman howled, a length ahead.

We gained the rear of the stampede. The sheep were running in a tossing torrent, the punchers clinging behind and forcing them with yells and waving of slickers and guns. The storm broke in a vivid flash of lightning.

Into the heart of the horrid tumult went the sheepman on the sorry calico; I clung blindly at the brute's hind quarters, my own beast badly winded. To the foremost rider he won his way, and, leg to leg, leaned close and shrilled into his ear. The other darted ahead, shouting.

"The wrong sheep. The wrong sheep. Mill 'em! Mill 'em!"

The raider screamed his orders, spurring recklessly among the hapless sheep from man to man. And now different tactics were pursued. His riders sped to the head of the riot. A chasm yawned eight hundred yards beyond. Could they turn them in time?

Thundering in front, they fanned the faces of the crazy creatures with their

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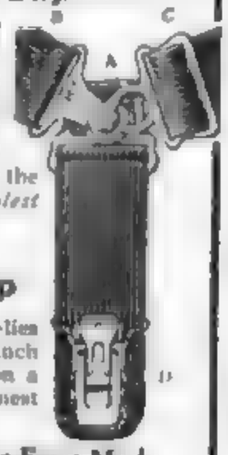

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slickers; they fired under their noses; they fired at them, dropping the leaders. Five hundred yards and the ground was broken and treacherous; a misstep, a fall, and life's game would be over. They yelled and thrust and cursed, and strove to turn them. Harris and I were caught in the maelstrom.

Surely the sheepman had been a cowhand in his day. No one but a knight of the saddle could have ridden as he did. In fifty strides he was up with the van. By a sort of faultless intuition he divined the key to the situation and to that point bent all his efforts. Padden brought his horse's head up to the calico's tail and kept it there. Here before them was the supreme test of a cowboy's skill, and he instantly recognized his master.

Together they swung the head of the rushing host in a wide curve. And when a horse sent a stone flying from his hoof over the edge of the abyss the sheep were running aimlessly in circles, and those circles were being pushed back from the brink.

To us, as we sat outside the sheepman's shack next day, whittling sticks and saying no word, there came three horsemen out of the west. One was the Flying W ruler; another, a massive individual who sagged all over his horse's back; and the third was a stranger to Harris. At me this rider stared belligerently, his eyes popping. I grinned at him cheerily.

"Howdy, Joe."

"Howdy, Loring."

"Harris"—Richter scorned to beat about the bush; he remained on his horse, his face impassive—"you done helped the boys to save me five thousand sheep."

"I reckon so. They was yours all right. It did seem as ef somebody had made a bad mistake; yes, sir."

The taciturn Richter revolved this in his mind for quite three minutes, gazing over our heads. Uncle Joe and I whittled industriously and Loring stirred fretfully in the saddle.

"Harris," the heavy voice boomed again, "Loring and Lisby and I done come over to shake hands. I reckon there's been a misjudgment somewheres."

"That's all right, Richter. Shore I'll shake," exclaimed the sheepman, rising. "Here is Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Lisby."

"I see him," Frank said.

Jem Willets' Luck

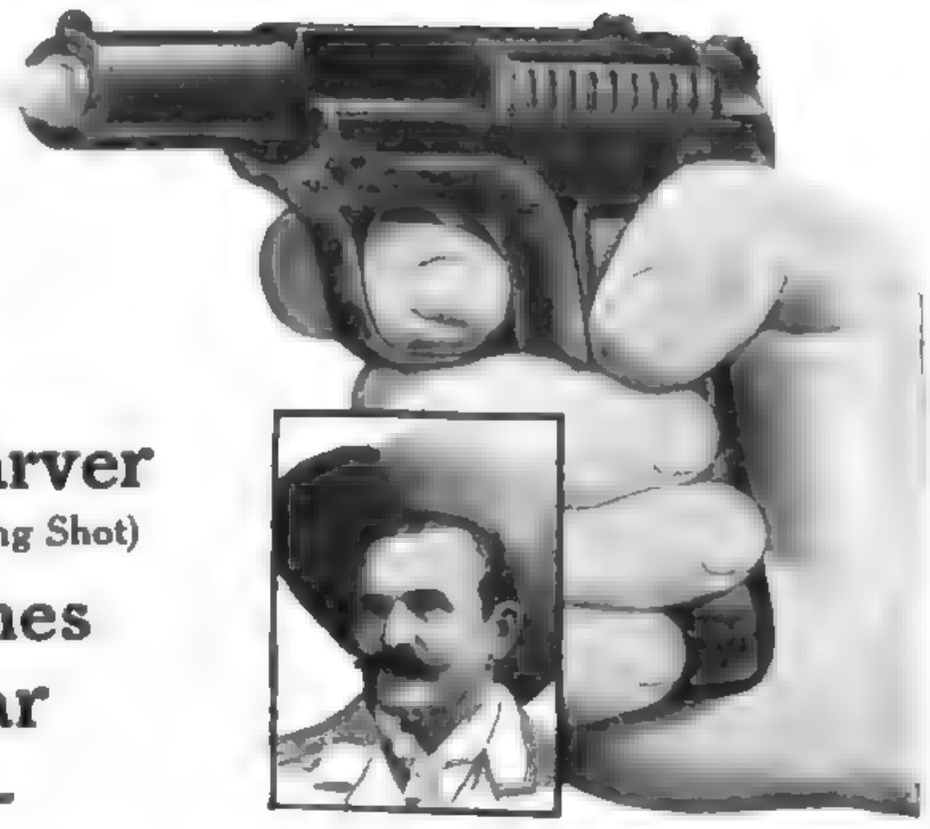
Jem Willets was here when th' land was all slough
Where th' depot is now an' th' railroad runs through;
He owned a hull forty o' townsite, by gum,
An' let it all go fer th' taxes, I vum!
He could have bought Perkins' Addition, I guess,
Fer twenty-five dollars, an' mebbe fer less;
An' he was once offered th' hull block of land
Fer a span o' gray mules, where th' courthouse'll stand!

Jem Willets says somehow it's always his fate
To be too durn early or else be too late;
Th' steam cars stop now on th' way goin' through
Where he used t' cut hay 'fore they drained out th' slough.
Jem Willets says nobody'd ever have thought
A depot'd be built on so durn wet a spot;
An' he let it go fer a song, an' I vow
She's wuth nigh a thousand an acre right now!

Jem Willets, he says, where th' school board has bought
Was offered t' him fer two dollars a lot,
An' sold fer two thousand th' week before last,
Which runs inter profit, Jem says, purty fast.
Ef he'd only known what th' future'd bring
He'd be wuth a million this minute, by jing!
'Cuz land sells today fer a thousand a lot
That might 'a' been Jem's fist as easy as not!

"Who'd ever 'a' thought," says Jem Willets t' me,
"They'd be sech a town where fist land used t' be!"
It makes him disgusted when he sees a bank
Where he used t' fill up his old water-tank.
It just goes t' show that there ain't nothin' fair
About life at all, an' th' feller that's square,
An' don't want it all, he jist stays where he is,
While schemers git money that orter be his!

—*J. W. Foley.*



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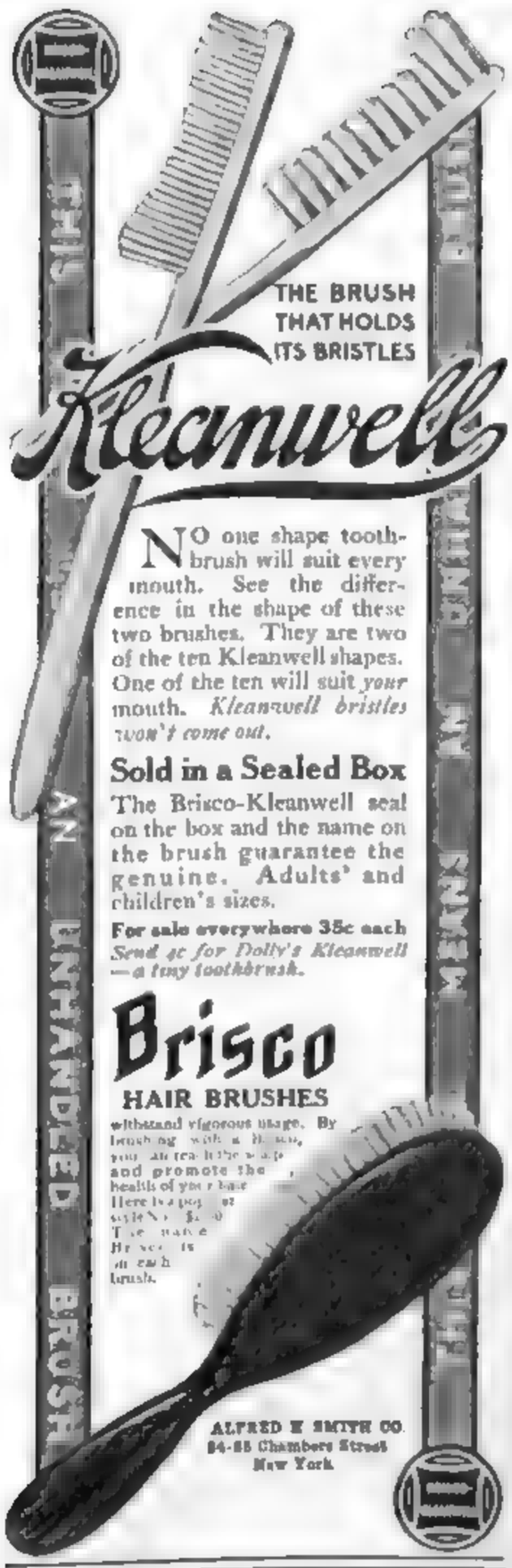
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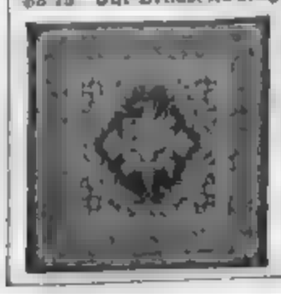

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THRIFT

Getting on Dry Ground

A CITY dentist had a practice that brought him three thousand dollars a year. Between graduation and the day he was forty he must have earned thirty-five thousand dollars. Yet when he got to the latter age he had not saved a dollar apart from a five-thousand-dollar endowment life-insurance policy, carried for the protection of an unmarried sister. The rest had gone for rent, clubs, pleasure. He was an active man-about-town, fond of late suppers, and must have spent fully a hundred dollars a month in bachelor entertainment, theaters and trifles.

One of his club friends was an officer in a building and loan society, and much given to talking thrift. The dentist didn't want to save. He thought thrift sordid, and felt capable of earning what money he needed. Besides, he was prejudiced against these organizations because a classmate of his had lost five years' savings through the failure of a notorious "national" association, organized by real-estate promoters on a speculative basis. His club friend kept after him, however, explaining the conservative plan of the local building society, and finally got him to take twenty shares, upon which he was to pay in at least twenty dollars a month. The dentist did better. At the end of a year he had five hundred dollars to his credit, and was interested. Within the next six months he doubled this, for he was now going about town less and attending to his practice.

In the northern part of the city there was a two-family brick house for sale at an attractive price, being worth nine thousand dollars in a good market, but obtainable for seventy-five hundred dollars. The dentist bought this house, paying his one thousand dollars cash and assuming a sixty-five-hundred-dollar mortgage that called for payments of sixty-five dollars monthly. The two tenants paid a total of sixty dollars a month, and as ten dollars of this covered taxes, insurance and repairs, he carried the property on only fifteen or twenty dollars monthly of his money.

This place was kept for five years, during which period he stuck closer to his practice than he had ever done before and saved considerable money apart from his mortgage payments. Then the house was sold for nine thousand dollars, and when the remainder of the mortgage had been cleared off he found himself possessed of ten thousand dollars in clean cash. This has been put away to form the nucleus of twenty-five thousand dollars he means to have by the time he is sixty, which will yield an income of from eighty to one hundred dollars a month.

A Garden That Helped

A twelve-dollar-a-week clerk in a suburban bank married a girl hardly out of her teens, but of German descent and thrifty. They resolved to get along in the world. All they asked of it was health. The husband had two hundred dollars put away as a nest egg. To reduce expenses, the couple went to live in a row of brick tenements, occupied by day laborers. Here a few rooms cost less than a cottage in a better part of the town, and they were happy. An officer of the bank where the husband worked, however, thought it hurt the prestige of that institution to have an employee living in the "brick row." One night he called on them, discussed the matter, found they paid twelve dollars and fifty cents rent, and offered to help them find a more congenial home. The next Saturday afternoon was spent in a search, and a cottage not in the best condition was found for two thousand dollars. A building society loaned sixteen hundred dollars on mortgage and the bank officer the other four hundred dollars on a second mortgage at four per cent, calling for total payments of seventeen dollars and fifty cents a month. The couple fixed the roof, painted the exterior, repaired the plumbing and sodded the front yard at a cost of about thirty dollars. A garden was planted in the back yard, yielding the wife considerable pin money through the sale of tomato plants and furnishing two barrels of potatoes, half a barrel of turnips, fifty cabbages and other truck for winter, besides saving on grocers' bills through the summer. By enterprise at the bank the husband got an increase of salary to fifteen dollars, and also found a druggist who paid him five dollars a month for coming around one or two nights a week and attending to his bookkeeping. This cottage was purchased seven years ago, and today, though they have two children, it is about half paid for and is worth three thousand dollars. The man lately got a place in a city bank at one hundred dollars a month.

From Tray to Throttle

A waiter in a New York downtown restaurant earned about fifty dollars a month, of which fourteen dollars went for rent in Brooklyn. He had a wife, five children and very little education. From boyhood it had been his ambition to become a marine engineer. Much of his spare time was spent around the harbor. One day the engineer on a private yacht, an old acquaintance, offered him a job as fireman, and he promptly exchanged his white apron for overalls. The wages were no more than he had earned at the restaurant; but he lived aboard the yacht, and that made it possible for his wife to economize on food. She was a thrifty soul—"one of those women who weigh sixteen ounces to the pound," as the engineer put it—and turned this advantage to account.

Even as a waiter this man had managed to save a little something, so that there was a reserve fund of about one hundred and fifty dollars on deposit in a building association. In three years he got an engineer's certificate, with a job on a harbor tugboat at eighty dollars a month. Two more children had come by that time, but the oldest boy was twelve years old, and earned a little money working for storekeepers on Saturdays and after school. All along something had been added steadily to the family's reserve fund, which now amounted to five hundred dollars. The engineer and his wife felt that they were justified in buying a home, and they went to the secretary of the association where their money was kept. He found them a house that at that time lay a considerable distance down on Long Island. The price was four thousand dollars, of which the association would lend only thirty-two hundred dollars upon mortgage. That left three hundred dollars to be raised elsewhere. The secretary lent it to them on second mortgage, and they moved in. Monthly payments aggregating thirty-five dollars made some advance over their old rent, but by this time the father was earning more, and a garden provided food.

Since then they have paid for the place, own it clear, and the development of transit facilities has advanced its value. The oldest boy, who went into a surveyor's office and eventually succeeded to the business, has helped them get a two-family house. This they carry on mortgage at not much more than the rents paid by tenants, and it will probably be sold at a profit of ten thousand dollars within the next few years, as it is in a district fast being taken up for apartments. The father now earns one hundred dollars a month as a steamboat engineer.

This wedge-shaped, six-inch joint means a permanently tight roof.

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AL FLOUR

Small Gardens That Pay

What Not to Put in Them

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

THOUSANDS of Americans have gardens of moderate size and find it necessary to make these gardens pay well, not only as suppliers of truck for home consumption during the summer months but as means of cash returns. The fact that so many gardens do not succeed financially is due mainly to four causes: inferior soil, choosing the wrong vegetables for money crops, a poor succession arrangement, and lack of proper interest and proper cultivation.

Every gardener should study thoroughly the soil at his disposal and let his work be governed by its nature. Clay soil, though difficult to handle, is very strong, and vegetables once started in it will develop vigorously. Cabbages and cauliflower especially do well in such soil. Sand, lime, compost, wood-ashes and stable manure are best for lightening tough ground. An ideal garden bed is one having a subsoil of clay and a topsoil of friable loam, not too light and dry.

Stable manure that is well rotted and that is not too strawy can be used to advantage in great quantities on any soil. Chicken droppings and sheep manure should be used sparingly, though some plants—particularly peppers—thrive on their heat and strength. The use of commercial fertilizers is increasing year after year as the scientific principle involved becomes more generally understood. Almost any kind of soil contains plant-food sufficient to last thousands of years, but only a fractional part of it, during any one season, is available. Some fertilizers are employed for the purpose of releasing these riches; others for the purpose of supplying the essential elements that the soil lacks and the crop requires. Some gardeners maintain that bought fertilizers have a tendency to exhaust the soil; but a careful use of the proper kinds in a small garden will be found profitable, while on the farm they are indispensable. Stable manure is a supplier of ammonia chiefly, a producer of moisture-holding humus and a permanent improver of the soil.

Certain vegetables should be eliminated from the average small garden as being tedious to grow, cheap to buy, and occupiers of too much space. Among such may be mentioned these: watermelons, which, except under artificial conditions, cannot be grown to perfection in the North; cantaloupe, which are hard to start and great spreaders over the ground; late cabbage, which can be bought very reasonably; egg-plant, which is difficult to grow and slow to mature; asparagus, which must occupy permanent space and should not be cut until the third year after planting; and others of less importance and differing in separate communities. Having the wrong crops out of the way, consider next the right ones—those grown with most satisfaction and profit.

Potato Patch Records

In Germany and Ireland, and in certain favored sections of our own country, crops of from four hundred to six hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre are not uncommon; yet it is doubtful if the average yield to the acre in America is over forty. The record for this crop is, I believe, about nine hundred bushels. Most field-grown potatoes—in Pennsylvania, for instance—will run from twenty to three hundred bushels to the acre. Because of the fine texture and richness of the soil, and the more careful working of the potatoes, a garden-crop should yield much more heavily than a field-crop. As far north as northern Pennsylvania, where the seed can usually be put into the ground in March, two crops of potatoes can successfully be grown on the same space in the same year. The rows have to be farther apart than usual, and the first planting must be of early potatoes. The first should be put in as soon as the ground is prepared, and the second early in June, between the growing rows. The first crop can be lifted just as soon as the vines begin to die down, and the second will then come on fast and mature by the middle of September.

A deep, loamy soil, richer in potash than in ammonia, is best for potatoes; and a dry or well-drained location is always better than a wet one. It is a bad plan to put much stable manure on potato land the same year the crop is grown, unless the manure be freed from most of its ammonia. A soil too strong in that chemical is apt to give a great topgrowth to the detriment of potatoes. Frequent working of the patch conserves the moisture as does the pulverizing of the soil. According to reports from the United States Department of Agriculture the largest number of salable potatoes results from planting wholes; but the largest net result is obtained from planting halves, and the best all-round crop is grown from cuttings with two eyes.

Potatoes need room to grow and develop. It is far better to plant the seed eighteen inches to two feet apart, and have a yield of fine potatoes, all eatable, than to crowd the growth and get a crop that is two-thirds marbles. Twenty inches apart in the row, one piece in the hill, seed set four inches in the ground, and rows three feet apart will give you potatoes worth stopping your neighbors to see.

Many practical gardeners sell their entire crop of potatoes while the price for earlies is high, and when the market is flooded take in cheap stock for the winter. This plan cannot be recommended; for, though a little may be saved, potatoes bought wholesale are almost sure to be inferior to those of a gardener's own raising, as they are apt to be bruised by careless handling, and liable therefore to greater loss by rotting and shrinkage.

Ideal Celery Ground

A first crop of potatoes may be followed by a second, by celery, sweet corn, late cabbage, bush beans or turnips. Of these second crops celery is by far the most profitable, as it is the most difficult.

According to the reports of reliable truck growers, this crop, if properly handled, should net several hundred dollars to the acre. There are many theories concerning the best way to grow this wholesome and popular salad. Some grow and blanch it through tiles, some bank it in with boards, some plant it on the surface in single rows, and others set it in trenches in double rows. For the average gardener, who is obliged to economize space and who cannot afford to specialize in one crop, the trenched row appears best; for the blanching process is accomplished merely by filling in the earth—which has been piled between the rows—about the plants, and the number of stalks set in a given space is just doubled.

Celery plants, which have earlier been transplanted for the sake of growth, can be bought in most communities for twenty to fifty cents a hundred; but it is best for the gardener to grow his own. The bought plant with the b g top is hard to start, and all the brave leaves eventually die off. Short stocky plants with a good bunch of fibrous roots—such plants as grow naturally without transplanting—will take hold on new soil at once, and are not apt to wilt and shrivel. For these celery plants, seed should be sown in the open garden in May in a rich, damp spot, and covered with a wet sack until it sprouts. A piece of burlap tacked over the space to shade the bed will insure vigorous plants. In most northern latitudes the setting should be done between July 15 and August 15. There is no advantage in earlier setting, for celery likes cool, rainy weather, such as is not likely to be had until late in the summer. It will grow until the ground freezes and is not hurt by ordinary frosts. A soil that retains moisture, yet is easy to work, is ideal celery ground; though, when once started, it will flourish almost anywhere—to the detriment, however, of its flavor.

Straight trenches a foot wide, nine inches deep, and two feet apart should be prepared. Care should be taken that the soil in the trench is enriched and made mellow. Set the plants four inches apart, opposite each other in the row. A trench of this kind, fifty feet long, will grow three

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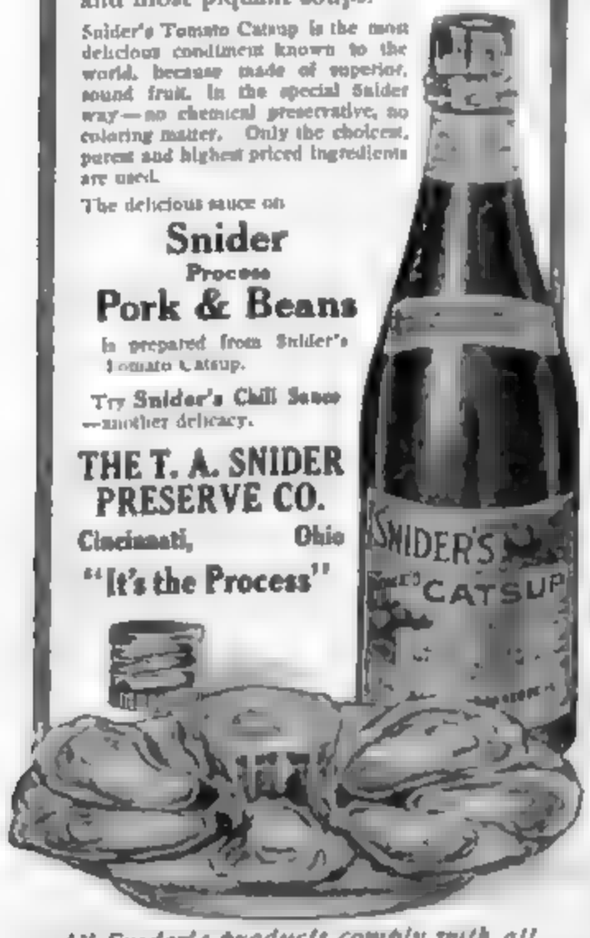

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hundred stalks, which will be worth fifteen to twenty-five dollars, depending on the market. Shading celery just after setting, unless the weather be very hot, is seldom worth while. A sun-grown plant makes, in the end, a hardier, stronger growth. As the stalks develop, fill in earth about them, being careful not to fill in over the "crown," the tender white-green leaf coming out of the heart of the celery. When systematically grown, celery will rank with any of the vegetables, and ahead of most of them, as a crop for home use and as a money crop also.

Small fruits are one of the great problems of the garden of medium size; they are hard to dispense with, yet they take up permanently space that can ill be spared. Many Southern growers have made fortunes in shipping early strawberries and dewberries, one grower actually netting every year six hundred dollars an acre on his four-hundred-acre strawberry farm. Where the berries have to be shipped, dewberries, that are growing in popular demand, have proved to be better able to stand a journey. In a moderate-sized garden it is better not to try strawberries as a money crop: the demand fluctuates dangerously, they will have to be sold retail, they are perishable and they occupy permanent space. They require, also, constant work through the year, if the bed pretends to be well kept; and runner-cutting, when the next crop is ten months away, is tedious business. Every garden, of whatever size, should have a patch of strawberries, the size to depend on the needs of the family. However, should the demand in a special locality warrant it, strawberry growing on a small scale can be made profitable.

Blackberries should never be planted in the family garden. They spread rapidly, are prone to disappoint in the yield, and really have no place in a thrifty gardener's Eden.

Raspberries may be grown in an outlawed corner, or close against a fence; and the red and yellow varieties are more delicate in flavor and are generally worth more on the market than the blackcaps; but they spread just as blackberries do, and it is difficult to keep them within limits. Then, too, in the unfavorable location that necessity compels them to occupy, raspberries never bear to their full capacity, and therefore must be considered as a crop that is perennially short. If the space can be spared they are excellent for home use, but it does not pay to grow them for market on a small scale.

Money in the Deadly Cuke

To show how little a certain gardener knew about his garden and its opportunities, he set the entire space in late cabbages; a crop useful enough, to be sure, but cheaply bought. And cabbages occupy space which, if planted in celery or cucumbers, would yield twenty or thirty times as much profit. Every garden should have its early cabbages and its early and late cauliflower, but no gardener can grow either profitably on a small scale—that is, compared to what he might receive from the sale of other vegetables occupying the same ground. Certain growers make fortunes on cabbage, but they cultivate considerable acreage and make a specialty of it. One trucker near Charleston, South Carolina, had recently a magnificent level field of a thousand acres, set exclusively in cabbages! This crop netted more than one hundred dollars on the acre.

Although denounced as deadly by the health experts, cucumbers continue to grow in popularity, and the demand for them is remarkably steady. They are prolific bearers and fair keepers, and they tempt the gardener's skill. And, though the fact is seldom realized, they are among the most profitable of all vegetables. Perhaps the fact that the cucumber is not so generally grown as some other vegetables accounts in large measure for the uniform demand and satisfactory prices that it receives. This may serve as an example of what can be done with a patch: On a bed sixteen by sixteen, twenty-four hills were planted. Ten vines were left in each hill; and from that patch, which, as the season grew dry, was kept pretty well watered, eight hundred salable cucumbers were gathered. They readily brought twenty cents a dozen. This proved them to be, in this instance at least, more than three times as productive as potatoes planted in the same space would have been. Unfortunately

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cucumbers are liable to attacks by numerous insects. But there's a cure for every variety of bug, wood-ashes being the most satisfactory for the species that attacks cucumbers.

Whatever other vegetable is omitted from the garden, tomatoes should be given a prominent place.

There is a fair sale for handsome tomatoes, and there is always an excellent sale for good young plants, the demand for which in most localities far exceeds the supply. The little plants are easily started in a box indoors, and when two or three inches high should be transplanted into small flower-pots filled with rich loam—sand and woods-earth make the best mixture—then, if a coldframe is available, the pots should be put in it and the plants watered liberally. If the garden does not have a coldframe the pots may be kept in any warm sunny place outdoors, and brought in for the night if the weather is cool. In latitudes north of Washington it is generally safe to set tomatoes out in the open garden after May 1. It is sometimes possible to set them out much earlier, but they will make no real growth until the warm nights of the late spring. Transplanted from the pots, the plants will be found to have developed a thick, netted ball of fibrous roots that take hold on their new location without any setback to the stalk. Such thrifty plants, grown at practically no expense, often bring seventy-five cents a dozen and prove a profitable venture.

Because of the excessive moisture that tomatoes require to develop their fruit properly, some growers make a deep excavation between the plants in the row—a hole two or three feet deep—and put in a heavy shovelful of manure. Then the earth is filled in over it. When the season gets droughty drive a stick through the soil until it taps the manure, and pour water down through the hole thus made. It is surprising how much water the manure will absorb, and it will retain the moisture well, feeding it to the roots of the adjacent plants gradually, as they need it.

Peter Piper's Favorite

Large green peppers are used chiefly for making "mango pickle," chilli sauce, salads, and for general flavoring purposes. The seed of the pepper plant does not readily germinate, and the larger portion of that planted never appears above ground. Most gardeners buy their pepper plants, for otherwise they cannot always count on them. When set, they are apt to stand still for a long time, especially if the weather be warm; but when they do start, they grow very rapidly. Peppers suffer from drought and require soil that easily retains moisture or that can be watered. They require a great deal of strong manure to bring them to perfection. Unless there should happen to be a shortage in the general crop, peppers do not pay very well. A single plant can hardly be expected to produce more than a dozen peppers, and the price for these averages a cent apiece.

When lima beans appear on the market summer is at its height. Few other vegetables find so ready a sale and bring a price so good. In spite of all that has been claimed, bush-limas are not so satisfactory as the old-fashioned reliable pole variety. The bush plants have a tendency to run, they do not yield so heavily and the growth resembles that of a stunted vine rather than a bushy plant. Limas, like all members of the bean family, must not be put into the ground until the soil is warm. The seed rots easily; or if it sprouts and then is chilled the growth will be permanently impaired. Limas like a mellow loamy soil and plenty of sunshine. If a woven-wire fence should bound the garden, limas may be planted along it to great advantage. The wire affords ideal support, and the space occupied does not really affect the garden at all.

The white squash vegetable, though not a general favorite, is delicious in flavor and usually profitable to grow. If a compost heap is available squashes planted on it will give wonderful results. A common toad among your squash-vines is an excellent insurance against marauding insects. Good squashes sell readily for five cents apiece, and a good vine will produce a dozen.

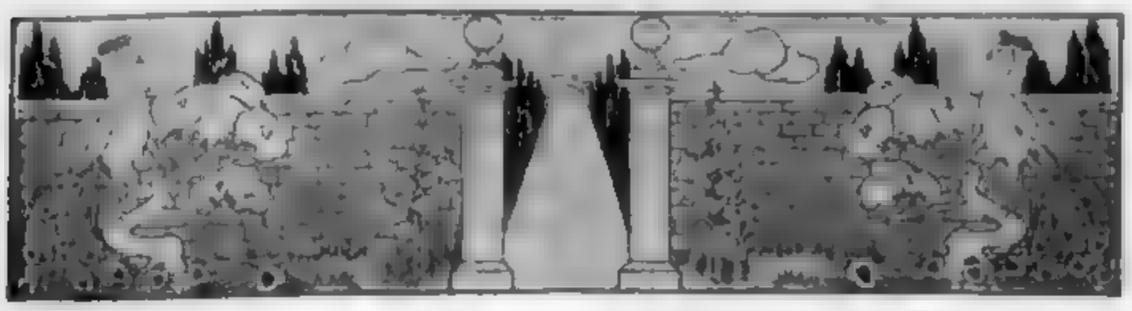
By general consent, sweet corn is the finest product of the garden. Although it takes some time to mature, and occupies considerable space, few gardeners would give it up on any condition, and certainly no home garden is complete without it. Do not plant sweet corn too early. It may come out of the ground and be apparently all right, but a cool spell will stunt it, after which it will never mature satisfactorily. Two corn crops are easily raised on the same ground by planting the seed for the second crop between the growing rows late in June or early in July. Golden Bantam, Stowell's Evergreen, the two Coryx, Black Mexican and Country Gentleman are all good. For a late crop, nothing approaches Country Gentleman in flavor. The hill system of corn-planting is more satisfactory than the straight row. Four stalks may be left in a hill, and these hills should be at least two feet apart in the row, and the rows three feet apart. A small shovelful of manure in each hill will prove beneficial. The first crop of corn may be followed by celery, late beans, second corn, or some minor vegetable that has a short season.

The Compost Heap

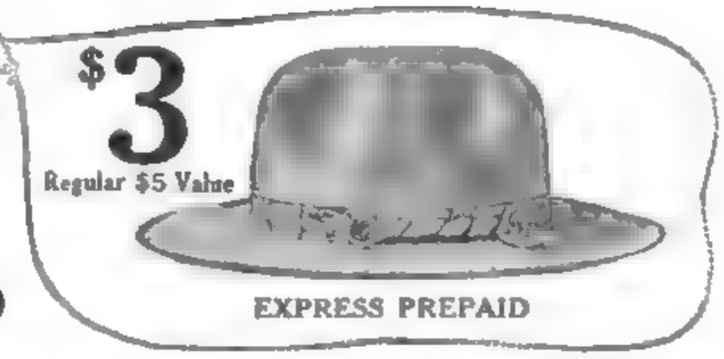
Peas are the most delicious of the early spring vegetables, and they almost invariably bring the top prices of the market. They should be planted in abundance and in the proper succession, for they rapidly make room for second crops of other vegetables, and they are sure and abundant bearers. The seed can be sown with the first in the garden, for it does not mind cold; in fact, pea-vines have often been snowed under without being injured. Shelled peas can always be sold, and generally for fifteen to thirty cents a quart. There is a fine profit in growing them if the early, midseason and late varieties are made to follow each other properly. The tall varieties bear more than the dwarf—that is, in the gross—and are preferable. Whether tall or dwarf, peas require brush or wire for support.

There is an old saying that weeds put back on the soil make a dirty garden. This stupid belief has kept many an otherwise intelligent gardener from making a compost heap—one of the most valuable of all garden assets. A large hogshead will hold an almost indefinite amount of waste vegetable matter, which, when rotted, forms Nature's ideal fertilizer and plant food. If hogsheads are not available begin the compost heap in some out-of-the-way corner. Throw on it all waste from the garden that will eventually rot, especially weeds that have not gone to seed, trash and scrapings from the paths, stable manure, wood-ashes, earth, sod—whose rotting root-system makes perfect soil—lawn-cuttings and leaves. Coal-ashes cannot be used with any profit, and they require sifting. Compost earth put into the trenches under seeds, or in the pits prepared for plants, will give better all-round satisfactory results than any other known fertilizer. A compost heap made one summer can generally be used the following spring, though some gardeners maintain that several years should elapse before putting it to use.

Just like every other honest thing that pays, a garden requires interest, attention, and even enthusiasm. The love of it is inherent in every man; perhaps the love of the soil is our oldest heritage. And, too, it is a game that is clean and profitable—good for a man and good for his neighbor. With half-hearted work or slovenly methods a garden will go to grass in short order; but with effort and intelligence it can be made a delightful and a paying occupation.



Rope This Winner—



The "Broncho Buster" Hat, direct from the Land of the Cowboy

It's a typical Texas cowboy hat, and the style that all Texas cowboys wear.

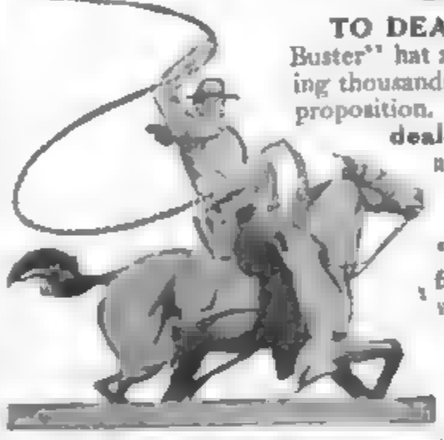
When it comes to headwear, the Texas cowboy is *particular*. The quality *must* be there or he won't buy. *He wouldn't wear a cheap hat any more than he would carry a cheap gun.*

This is the hat that has built our reputation. We have made the "Broncho Buster" popular on the boulevards of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco and all large cities. It's the hat of a gentleman and is suitable for all climates and weathers—a very picturesque style, *originated, manufactured* and sold by us exclusively. *Five Dollars won't buy you a better hat* **anywhere.**

Description

The "Broncho Buster" is made of fine quality felt, light tan color, very light-weight, trimmed with richly carved Mexican leather band. The brim is a "never-flop" and will positively hold its shape. The "Broncho Buster" is made in two dimensions; brim 3 inches, crown 4½ inches; brim 3½ inches, crown 5 inches, a regular $5 hat, sent express prepaid for **$3**

BE SURE TO STATE SIZE



TO DEALERS—The growing demand for the popular "Broncho Buster" hat and our National publicity campaign in which we are investing thousands of dollars, make the agency for this hat a splendid paying proposition. We will place **one agency in every town,** with **the best dealer.** The dealer securing this Agency will be **fully protected** and his sales should net him handsome returns. If interested, don't delay, but write us at once for our Agency Plan.

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THE greatest commercial city of the most wonderful State in America. The city where capital realizes twelve per cent. and over every year. Where land values — city property, truck gardens and farms — materially increase in value annually. Where manufacturers are unable to supply the demand, and where one may own his own home and raise in his garden, figs, oranges, peaches and all semi-tropical fruits.

¶ Whenever you see a town or city that is favored by railroads, keep your eye on that city. It is a sure sign of the future. Seventeen great Railroads have selected Houston as a terminal. Do you get that — seventeen? How many cities in the United States have as many as Houston? The Railroad kings of America have their eyes on Houston; and those not already there are doing their best to get in.

¶ **James J. Hill, the Railroad master of the Northwest,** has recently purchased the Colorado Southern Railway, which is a Seaboard outlet, via Houston, to his great network of railroads in the Northwestern section of America.

¶ **The Houston Ship Channel connects directly with the Gulf of Mexico. This means cheap transportation rates to all points of the world.**

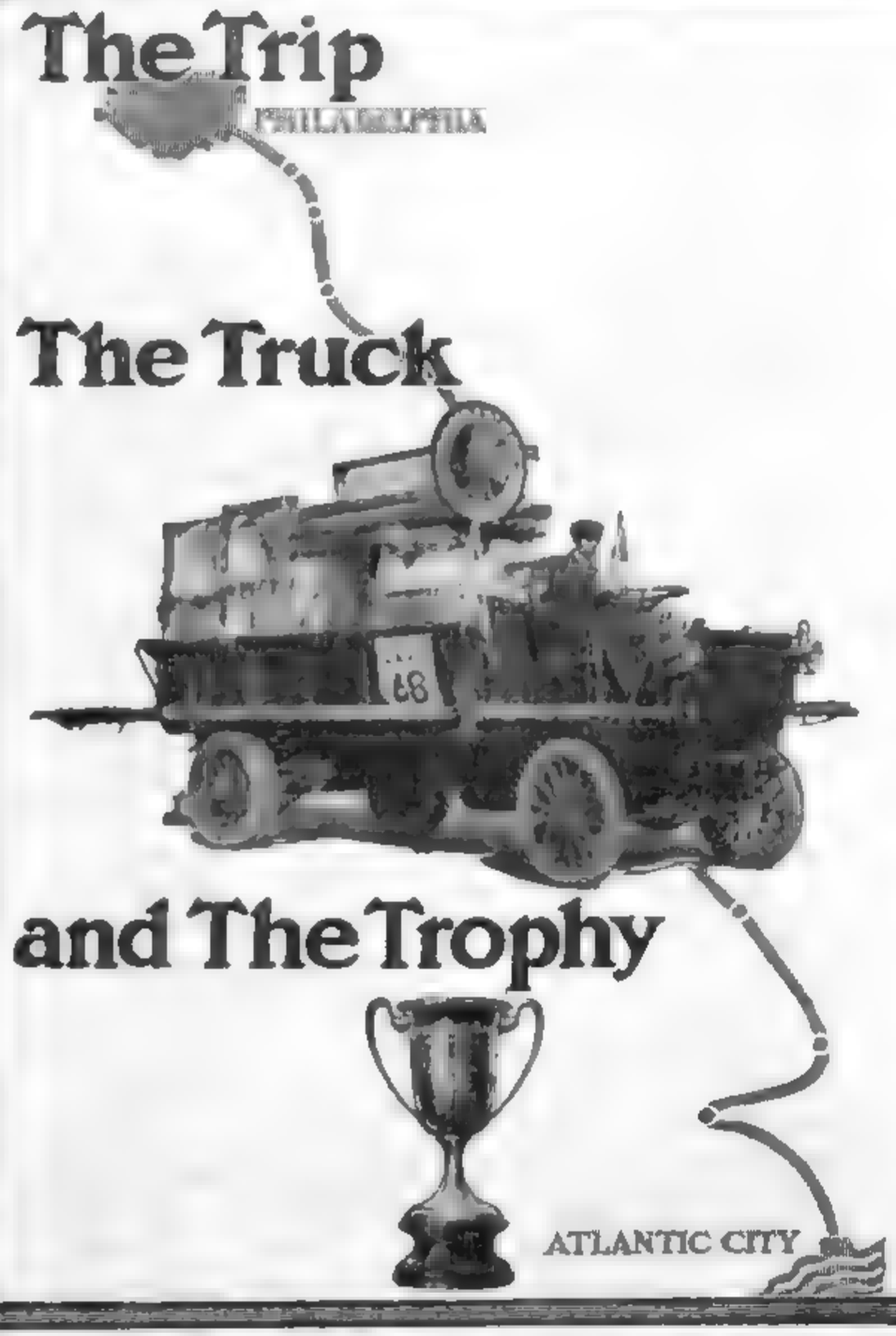
¶ A few years ago lands in this vicinity that were not supposed by the owners to be worth anything except for cattle grazing are now selling as high as $100.00 per acre for raising early vegetables for Northern markets. Thousands of acres of this land are still available. Railroads have made it accessible and it can be bought at about $25.00 per acre. This same quality of land is worth four times as much in farming sections of the North. This wonderfully fertile region is just becoming known. Farmers, capitalists, investors and prospective manufacturers are coming in here by car loads, and in some instances by special trains, and they don't go back. They become Texas Boosters. Did you ever meet a man from Texas? Well, if you haven't, take advantage of the next opportunity you get of meeting one. They are good men to know. They radiate good cheer, prosperity and impress you with their optimism. They reflect the atmosphere of success which is theirs, and stand as an example of what it is possible for every man to accomplish in a country where everyone has a show. The spirit of co-operation reaches its zenith in Texas — the helping hand is everywhere extended and you are known for your true worth.

¶ The most of us believe in a Commission form of Government for our Cities and it is at its best in Houston. We have a story to tell about our City that is good reading. It will whet your ambition, will make a better man of you. We know we have something you want and we will take every means we can to bring you here. Our Chamber of Commerce is made up of the representative business men of our City. We haven't anything to sell — we are not a land company, or an investment concern, or bank, nor are we trying to sell you any stock; but if you will tell us your needs, just how you are situated, what you are seeking, your case will be passed upon by a Committee of business men, who will be able to give you an honest opinion of what you could hope to accomplish here.

¶ If you want to secure further information showing the history of successful commercial enterprises, pictures of ideal homes, farms, truck gardens, etc., write us. Our booklet, **"POSITIVE PROOFS,"** free upon request.

Chamber of Commerce
HOUSTON, TEXAS

¶ **HOUSTON, THE RAILROAD, COTTON, LUMBER, OIL AND RICE CENTER OF THE SOUTH, WILL ENCOURAGE AND SUPPORT: Another Modern Hotel, A Wagon Factory, Cotton Gin Machinery Factory, Flour Mill, Woodenware Factory, Shoe Factory, Wholesale Woodenware House, Tile Factory, Tool Handle Factory, Department Store, Another Packing Plant, Cotton Mills, Soap Factory, Vinegar and Pickle Plant, Wholesale Millinery, Wholesale Shoe House, Glass Factory, Another Furniture Factory.**



The Trip was an endurance contest for motor trucks—a run of 120 miles from Philadelphia to Atlantic City and return. Sixty-nine trucks were entered in this contest, divided into classes according to capacity. Awards were made on low cost of operation per ton per mile for trucks finishing with a perfect score.

The Truck that won this contest was a Kelly (Frayer-Miller) Motor Truck *operated by a private owner*—Fleck Bros. of Philadelphia. The operating cost was *7-10 of a cent* per ton per mile. *This was the lowest operating cost of any truck in any class in the entire contest.* Yet there was just 6-100 of a cent's difference in operating cost between this truck and the other Kelly Truck entered by the Kelly Motor Truck Company. How's that for uniformity of performance? Consider also that these two

Kelly (Frayer-Miller) Motor Trucks

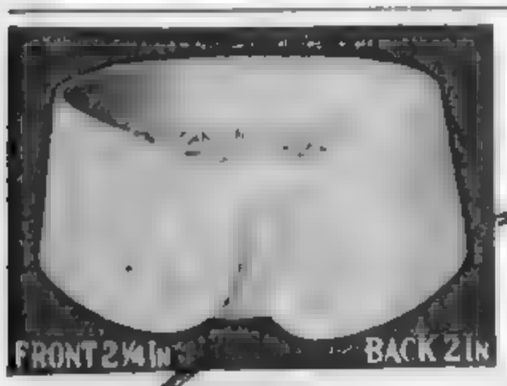
were the lightest trucks in their class, yet each carried 1,000 pounds more load than any other truck in its division.

The Trophy awarded the Kelly Truck indicates its superiority in the matter of high efficiency and low cost of operation. This high efficiency and low operating cost are due chiefly to the famous *exclusive* Kelly (Frayer-Miller) Blower-Cooled Engine. *But* superiority in the matter of tire economy, repairs and general up-keep is due to the Kelly's clean-cut design, perfect balance and light weight in proportion to load capacity.

If your business requires the services of more than one two-horse truck, the Kelly Motor Truck will save and *make* money for you. It will do the work of three two-horse trucks—in many instances it is doing the work of three four horse trucks, and at the operating expense of one two horse truck. Your own teamsters can operate it.

Write us today for complete details of construction of Kelly Blower-Cooled Motor Trucks, together with specific information as to just what they are doing for other men in your own line of business

The Kelly Motor Truck Company, Springfield, Ohio



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If they are not they are probably cotton. The New York State Law protects you against cotton collars masquerading as "*Linen.*" Look and see if your collars are stamped "Warranted Linen."

Barker Brand Collars

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If you have collar troubles, write us. We have had 44 years' experience and may be able to advise you.

Wm. Barker Co.
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This trade mark protects you against cotton masquerading as linen.

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PEOPLE who have never used MULTI KOPY Carbon Paper don't know what good carbon service really is.

Your present carbon paper will only make about 20 to 40 copies at the most, but one sheet of MULTI KOPY will copy 100 letters—use the sample for that. With MULTI KOPY you can also make 20 copies at one writing—use the sample sheet for the 20th copy and compare it with the first of any other kind.

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is made in black, blue, purple green and red in six varieties, each of which make the following number of all *good*, clear, distinct copies at one writing.

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In writing for sample, give names of your firm and your dealer.

Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons are guaranteed to make 75,000 impressions of the letters "a" and "e" without clogging the type so as to show on the paper.

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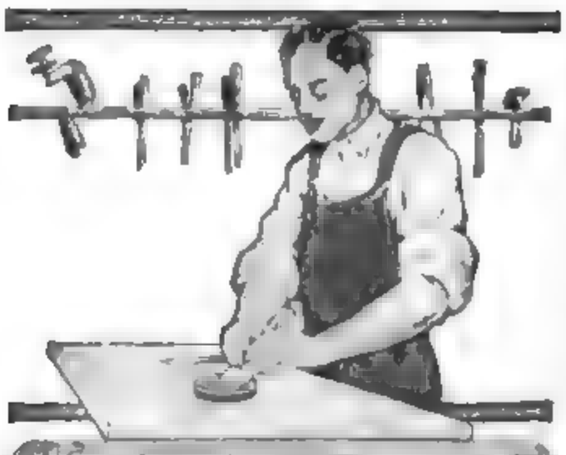
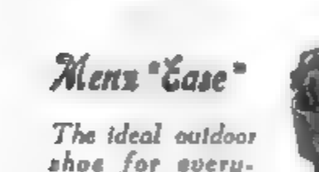


CARBORUNDUM
Sharpening Stones



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7-inch height
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There are four things about the Menz "Ease" that you'll like:—their comfort, their perfect fit, the glove-like softness and pliability of the upper leather, and the money saving service they always give. You will also find them made over neat, up-to-date lasts and of a pleasing style and character. A sample of Menz "Ease" Special Process of Tannage, the upper leather we use exclusively, and directions for ordering from us delivery prepaid if we cannot refer you to a dealer, when you ask for

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Write today

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. H-55 CHICAGO

THE AUTOMOBILE AND THE FARMER

(Continued from Page 5)

emancipates her from the thraldom of country life. For many years the curse of the woman of our rural districts was her isolation. She was banished from the charm of social life and her days were endless rounds of monotonous drudgery. More farm women have become insane than those of any other class, and this insanity is traced directly to their loneliness; but the motor has banished all this. Today you find the farmer's wife spinning in her car to the theater in town, to socials at her neighbors' homes and to picnics at the camp-grounds. In the days of the horse this would have been impossible, because the horses were needed at work on the farm.

The town of Hutchinson presents a good illustration of what has been done in this way. Last winter the theaters, lectures and entertainments generally, did almost twice as much business as the year before, simply because scores of farmers came to town at night in their machines to attend them. This could not have been accomplished with horses and teams, because in many instances the people came twenty miles. The Hutchinson hostess who is giving a party now thinks nothing of sending an invitation to a farmer's wife living fifteen miles out. Not long ago a woman rode from Saint John to Hutchinson, over fifty miles, by motor to attend an afternoon reception and went back home the same day. Such is the broadening influence of the automobile on the social life in the rural regions.

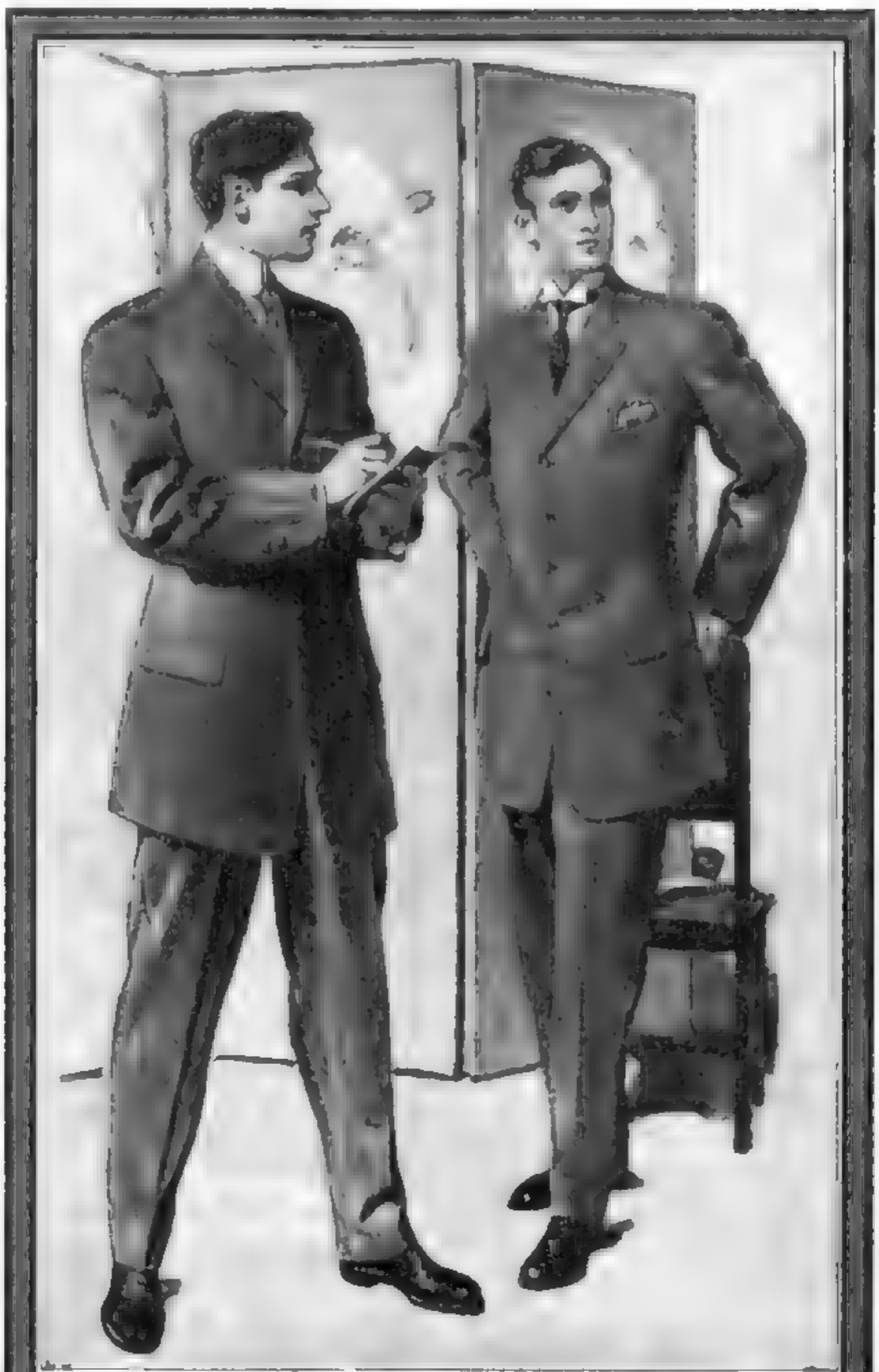
Closely allied with this social work is still another kind of work that the automobile is accomplishing. One of the great drawbacks of farmlife in the past was its remoteness from the centers of good education. One reason why many farmers moved to the cities was to give their children the benefit of education while they were growing up. By owning a motor car the farmer can remain at home and send his children to a school in town, even though it is thirty miles away.

Factotums on Wheels

More important than this is the effect of the wide rural use of the automobile on the union schools. Formerly these schools comprised a small area—not more than five miles. The courses were limited and some of them were scarcely better than mere graded schools. They were supported by townships and many of the children went in omnibuses which called at the farms. They were horse-drawn and naturally could not cover much ground. This meant that the number of children served was small. Farmers' families who lived too far away sometimes lost the advantages of the school; but now the automobile is being used to gather up these school-children, and the result is that not only are all the eligible pupils of the communities brought to school, but, through the enlargement of the classes, the whole scope of the schools has been broadened. They have become high schools instead of ordinary graded schools. The farmer does not have to send his son to a paid city school and thus keep him off the farm during the school terms. He can send him to the union school in the morning and have him on the farm in the afternoon, where he can enjoy the healthful advantages of this environment and likewise be kept out of mischief.

Larger in value than all this is the fact that by keeping him on the farm during these plastic years he is imbuing him with a love and a knowledge of farmlife that will make him immune against the call of the three-dollar-a-week job in the town. Thus a new and helpful agency has been created to keep the boy on the farm, and the fact that there is an automobile on the premises will go a long way toward holding him there.

The motor on the farm has many other values besides wiping out distance and saving time. I could cite dozens of picturesque uses. None is more interesting or practical than the use of the engine as a power generator. In Kansas automobiles have been used to run alfalfa stackers; in Iowa they are often hitched up to cream separators; in Nebraska they are belted to buzz-saws and cut logs. They have a



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avoid conspicuous extremes, yet meet all the demands of fashion. These are the representative, modish clothes of America. Decidedly above the average in quality, style and individuality, they are the garments preferred by men who know good dress and carefully discriminate. Foremost dealers in all sections of America are showing our overcoats, suits and raincoats at $15.00 to $40.00. Our style book will thoroughly post you. Mailed upon application.

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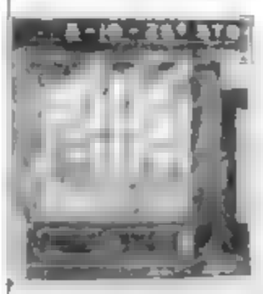
An Opening for a Retail Store



If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc in every part of the U S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store

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With this clever little attachment on your machine, you can sew buttons on every garment in your house in a very short time.

The "Holdaway Buttnsewer"

Sews buttons or hooks and eyes on any kind of material, neatly and quickly, and sews them to stay. Can be used on any make of sewing machine, to sew buttons of two or four holes. Locks every stitch; buttons, hooks and eyes will stay on as long as garments last. A child can attach and use it.

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cannot afford to be without the *Holdaway Buttnsewer.* It does the work of twenty women, does it exactly, with a neatness no hand sewing can equal and what it sews stays sewed.

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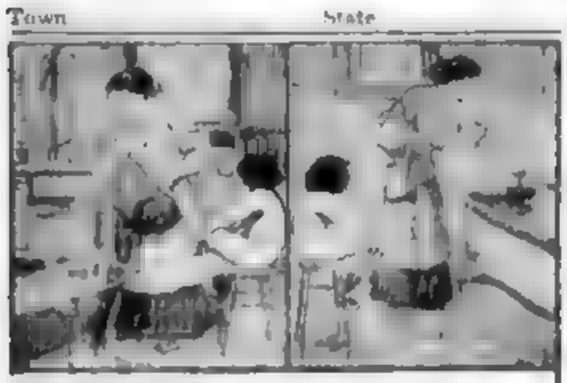

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You've been drudging long enough carrying water. You can now avoid all this—even though you live a hundred miles from city waterworks.

You can use the water from your present well or cistern, or both—have it under constant high pressure—supply bathroom, kitchen, laundry and barn—have running water hot as well as cold—sprinkle lawn and garden—protect your home against fire—all by owning a

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R. F. D. or P. O. _____

Town _____ State _____

dozen such uses, from corncutting to post-hole digging. All through the Middle West you can see road-drags hitched behind automobiles. In many cases the farmer may be doing an errand or taking his children or his wife on an outing while he is improving the highway. Yet any one of the cars doing such a service as has been specified may have been to town with cream and butter before breakfast; may have taken the children to school afterward, and had several runs round the farm with barbed wire or supplies of some kind. Herein lies one of the great virtues of the motor car for the farmer: it does not get tired and need rest like a horse. It is on the job day and night. All it needs to achieve this is a little care and plenty of oil and gasoline.

Nothing daunts the farmer in the way of freight for his automobile. A farmer in Iowa wanted to get four hogs to the train in a hurry. It was impossible to take them by wagon, so he yanked off the tonneau of his car, rigged up a crate, put in the porkers and shortly got them to town. A neighbor was determined not to be outdone. One of his mares foaled a colt and then died. It was important to get the colt to a neighbor's; so he put the little horse in the back of his car and raced over. The life of the colt was saved.

Thousands of farmers use their automobiles for milk and butter delivery. They can take in their stuff before breakfast and not interfere with the use of the car for the farm or other work during the day.

A farmer in Kearny County, Kansas, got a telephone call one night from a neighbor who said that his wife was very ill and had to be taken to a hospital. The nearest one was twenty-four miles away. In two hours from the time he got the call the woman was on the operating table in the hospital. This trip was accomplished in the rain too.

Down in what is known as the "short-grass region" of Kansas, where towns are few and far between and railroad stations are scarcer, the farmers maintain what they call an automobile street-car service. They arrange to take people to railway stations which may be seventy miles away. They haul their mail and get their supplies in the same way. Formerly this trip consumed more than a day; now, if the start is made early in the morning, it is made in less than half a day.

Quicker Rural Free Delivery

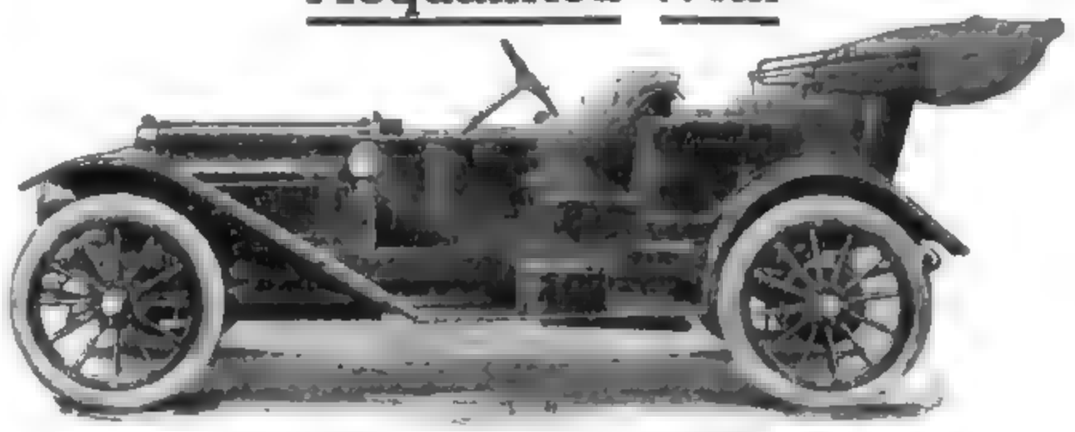
Few agencies have been of larger constructive help to the farmer than the rural free delivery, and when you expedite this agency you perform a real service. To no single class, perhaps, outside the farmers, has the automobile brought more benefit than to the rural mail carrier. A few years ago you could find him plodding down the road behind a horse; now you see him whizzing along in an automobile. His usefulness has been quadrupled.

The case of a carrier who goes out of Hutchinson is typical. His route is twenty-nine and a quarter miles long and he has one hundred and twenty stops. Altogether he serves five hundred people. With a horse it took him eight hours to make his round and he had to buy his dinner on the way. He started at eight o'clock in the morning and got home late in the afternoon. His day was gone. He began to use an automobile and now he covers his route, including every stop, in three hours and is back home in time to eat dinner with his family.

There are two big results in this swifter service. One is that it gives the farmer his newspaper with the market reports hours earlier than before. This enables him to realize quicker on any change in the price of stock or grain. If he has a bunch of steers to sell he can close a deal at once by telephone. If he does not get his paper until late in the afternoon he must wait until the next day, when the price may have declined. The second result of this motor service is that it gives the carrier the whole afternoon for himself in which to increase his earning power. The Hutchinson carrier, for example, adds to his income by using his automobile for delivering packages and sometimes for hauling passengers. He has found that keeping his automobile costs him less so far than keeping his two horses. This is exclusive of the investment in the car, but the extra money that he makes in the afternoons will enable him to pay for the machine in less than two years.

I could cite a good many instances of how rural carriers have increased their efficiency and their service with motors. A

Here's a High Quality, Sweet Running, Silent Six You Should Get Acquainted With



6-Cylinder, 3½ x 4, Unit Power Plant—3 to 60 Miles an Hour.
Price, including Top and Lamps, $2,100.

McFARLAN SIX-1911

It has long been known and acknowledged that the 6-cylinder, from every standpoint, is the ideal power plant,—but the price heretofore has been prohibitive in comparison with several popular 4-cylinder cars.

We were the first in the field with a thoroughly developed 6-cylinder car at a price within the reach of buyers of even the popular priced 4-cylinder cars,—because when you buy any of the standard fours, by the time you get all the accessories necessary to complete the car, the price has mounted up to nearly the price of the McFarlan SIX,—which includes all necessary equipment,—*and no extras to buy.*

WHAT THE McFARLAN SIX IS

We have been in the automobile business several years. We are one of the oldest manufacturers in the vehicle world.

We *manufacture* the McFarlan SIX. We have developed our cars to a point where we know exactly what they are and what they will do.

AT INDIANAPOLIS SEPTEMBER 5th

a McFarlan SIX regular stock car finished the 500 miles in [illegible] minutes and 45 seconds, the only car in a field [illegible] to finish without a stop. This was the first race in which the McFarlan was ever entered. Another McFarlan, a [illegible] the above mentioned car, in the same race finished fifth and stopped once.

[illegible] these cars [illegible] miles without change of tires and averaging [illegible] Lagoni he. In the free-for-all [illegible] and third respectively.

[illegible] how [illegible] automobile ideals may be you are bound to become a McFarlan convert if you'll but investigate the merits of these cars before you buy.

Write Today For Free Literature

describing all Models Touring Cars, Runabouts, Torpedo Bodies, Demi-Tonneaus, etc., etc.

McFARLAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. F, Connersville, Indiana

Responsible Dealers Write For Open Territory.

A Collar Contrast Easy to Tell Which of These Men Wear

SLIDEWELL HALO COLLARS

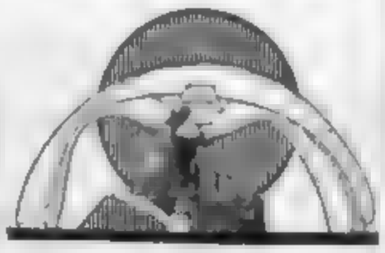
the collars with the little back button shield that lets your tie slide freely back and forth. End your own collar troubles, too—save your ties and time and temper—have your neckwear and linen look 100% neater and fresher, by getting SLIDEWELLS the next time you buy collars.

15 CENTS, 2 FOR 25 CENTS

You Can't Get better styles and wearing qualities than you get in SLIDEWELLS—and they're Premako shrunk to prevent laundry shrinkage—wide stitched, hand made effect.

Get the Genuine or be Disappointed

If your dealer (ask him first) happens not to have as yet put SLIDEWELL Collars in stock you can order direct from us. State name of your present collars and send 75c. for 6 corresponding SLIDEWELLS (in Canada $1 for 6) or write for the complete SLIDEWELL Style Book and order from it. Address Dept. A.



HALL, HARTWELL & CO. Troy, N. Y.

Keep Warm and Comfortable this Winter

It's easy—just a question of getting the right undergarments—wear

HIGH ROCK

Fleece-Lined Underwear

The soft, curly fleece lining of High Rock Underwear keeps your body warm and healthy. High Rock is guaranteed not to "shrink, pill up," shrink or lose shape. It's ideal underwear for outdoor men city men, traveling men—*all men.*

50 cents a garment.

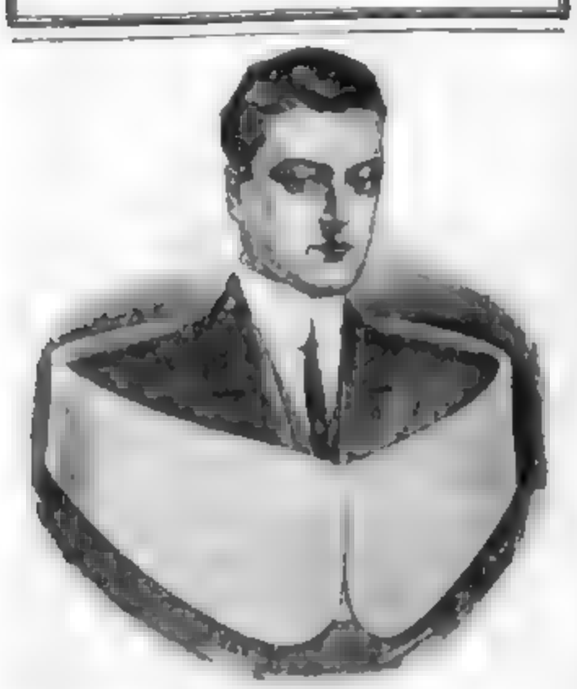
Ask your dealer to show you

Duo-Lastic Interlock Rib

—the modern underwear made on the patented Interlock Stitch Machines. Very light weight, but very warm and comfortable. Union Suits $2. Two Piece Suits $1. a garment.

Our free book, "The Underwear For Men," is very interesting information about underwear manufacture. Write for it today.

High Rock Knitting Company
Dept. T, Philmont, N. Y.



"CHEVY CHASE"

2¼ in. Front 1¾ in. Back

A NEW CLOSE FRONT COLLAR—cut on different lines—and more comfortable than the fold collar you have been wearing. It is a

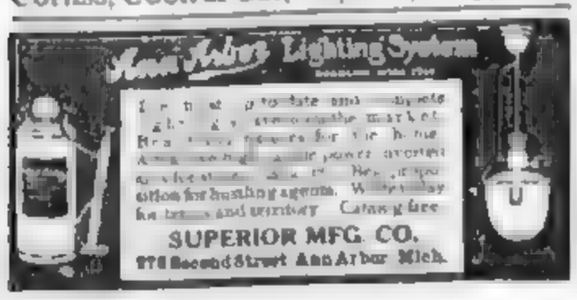
Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collar

2 for 25c

In Canada 20c; 3 for 50c

Send for Style Book, showing all the new and popular styles of Corliss-Coon Hand-Made Collars

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. V., Troy, N.Y.



carrier in Colon, Nebraska, has used a runabout for a year on a twenty-four-mile route full of hills. His expenses for operation have averaged a dollar and a half a week. When he made the route with horses it cost him an average of five dollars a week for feed and supplies. A carrier in Honey Creek, Iowa, has reported that on a twenty-five-mile route, which has twenty-five small hills on it, his operating expenses, exclusive of tires, have averaged scarcely twenty-five cents a day, while with two horses that he formerly used the daily expenses were four times that much. Every rural carrier who uses a motor car gets his afternoons to himself and he employs the car to increase his income.

But of all the new and picturesque uses of the automobile in connection with the farmer that I found in the Middle West the most unusual was discovered in Reno County, Kansas. Here lives a circuit rider who uses an automobile on his circuit. He is the Reverend W. B. Stevens, and he has demonstrated that gasoline is about as good a motive power as you can find anywhere.

Mr. Stevens rides out of Hutchinson. When he first came to Kansas, a few years ago, his circuit embraced eight miles and he used a horse to get around; but he was progressive and he wanted to enlarge the vineyard. He looked around to find the best way. He saw many of the farmers coming to the little white meeting-house in automobiles. "I'll have to keep pace with them," said the minister; so he got a machine. He had saved some money and he was thrifty. The results are many and beneficial. In the first place, he has been able to extend his circuit so that it is now sixteen miles around. Instead of being able to hold only one full church service on Sunday he now holds services and conducts Sunday-school at three churches on the Sabbath. His churches are in three different towns; the first two alternate for the Sunday morning service. Every Sunday Mr. Stevens covers thirty-five or forty miles in his car. He can rush to the bedside of the dying and hurry to the house of affliction; he has conveyed the sick to hospitals, and he takes out for fresh-air trips the old and the weak who otherwise might be prisoners in a lonely farmhouse all the year round. This is only a part of the good work that this automobile achieves.

The Motor and the Church

The motor car has proved a big factor in bringing the farmer to church. Mr. Stevens, who has been a student of agriculture, runs his machine into the fields and talks crops to the farmer. At the same time he interests him in the church. Before the automobile came the farmer had a good excuse for not attending worship, because he always could say, "My horses are tired on Sunday." The automobile does not get tired and the farmer has lost one of his excuses for staying at home.

"I can trace a large part of the new membership in our churches directly to the automobile," said Mr. Stevens. "It gives the farmer a pleasant spin on Sunday; it enables him to meet his neighbors, and all the while he can feel sure that his horses, which have worked faithfully in the fields all week, are getting a good rest and grazing."

The cost of the upkeep of Mr. Stevens' car is an interesting item. Between February 12th and September 25th of this year he covered fifty-nine hundred miles. The total cost of operating the car was sixty-seven dollars and twenty-eight cents, which included two hundred and fifty-two gallons of gasoline, twenty-one gallons of cylinder oil and four spark plugs.

Mr. Stevens' circuit is in the heart of a great motor country. Out of a congregation of about one hundred in one town practically half come to church in automobiles. Any fine Sunday you can see thirty cars parked in the little green churchyard where formerly the old family horses browsed on the turf.

Everywhere the automobile is helping to bring the farmer and his family more closely in touch with the church. Near Clinton, Illinois, a farmer, who is very religious, bought a touring car so that he could take the children of his neighborhood to his Sunday-school. He has been able to carry fifteen at a time. It is safe to say that he has the biggest class in the county.

But more imposing, perhaps, than all of these many usages is still another, one

The Sign of a Square Dealer

Sealshipt Oysters—with the delicious tang of the sea—are sold by leading dealers everywhere. As registered agents of the Sealshipt System these dealers can be absolutely depended upon to supply Pure Foods. You can easily identify them by the blue and white enameled Sealshipt sign outside their stores, and the blue and white porcelain Sealshipticase within.

In every part of the United States thousands of oyster lovers are buying Sealshipt Oysters—

Thousands are enjoying the world's best oysters, just as fresh and delicious as if opened and eaten at their native beds.

But the popularity of Sealshipt Oysters lies not only in their appetizing quality—their irresistible salty tang. It lies as well in their *absolute purity.*

From the moment they are planted in our beds until they come to your table, Sealshipt Oysters are under the *rigid protection* of the Sealshipt System.

Even the waters where Sealshipt Oysters are grown are *safeguarded.* In addition to being constantly supervised by State and Federal Government we have these waters analyzed regularly by the Lederle Laboratories—the famous food experts.

Sealshipt Oysters

Shipped and Sold Under the Protection of The Famous Sealshipt System

After you have eaten Sealshipt Oysters you will realize that the shell has no more to do with the flavor of an oyster than has the shell to do with the flavor of a nut.

Sealshipt Oysters are "shucked" at the oyster beds. Then they are immediately packed and shipped in cleanly, air-tight Sealshiptors—*sealed at the seaside.*

Your dealer has the sole authority to break the seal of the Sealshiptor. He transfers the oysters to our Sealshipticase—our blue and white porcelain store refrigerator. He hands you Sealshipt Oysters in the wax-lined blue and white Sealshipt paper pail.

Sealshipt Oysters embrace all the world's best oysters: Blue Points, Narragansetts, Greenports, Chesapeakes and Gulfs. In ordering, ask for Sealshipt Oysters in any of these delicious varieties.

The Biggest Oyster Value Obtainable

Sealshipt Oysters are *all solid* meat—*no water*—hence *no waste.* When you pay *less* you get *less.*

Please remember that Sealshipt Oysters are sold *only* from our Sealshipticase. Also remember that our Sealshipticase identifies a reliable dealer. It will *pay you* to patronize him.

Mark Twain's Oyster Story FREE

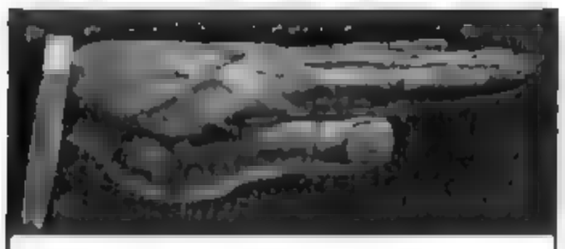
Write us the name of your oyster dealer and we will mail you this delightful little story together with a number of recipes for oyster dishes unknown inland. Address Dept. F.

Sealshipt Oyster System

General Offices: South Norwalk, Conn.

Annual Shipping Capacity [illegible]

Sealshipt Oyster Stations [illegible]



Is Your Hand Steady?

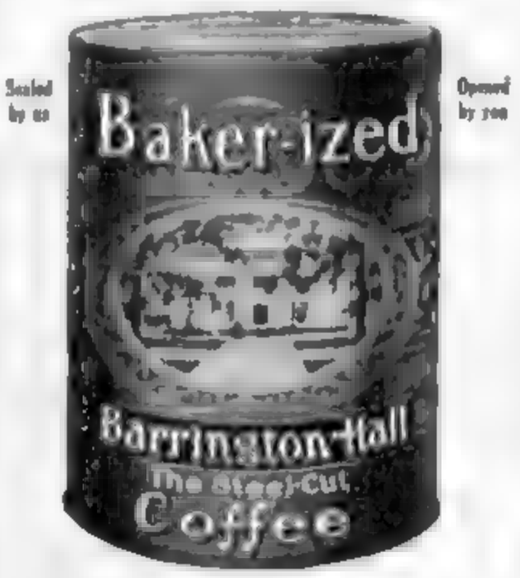
Extend your hand at arm's length, and see if your fingers tremble. If so, it is a sure sign of an overwrought nervous condition. If this is due to coffee, try

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Baker-izing improves coffee in three distinct ways.

First, the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

Coffee chaff can be seen in any coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy—and will actually tan leather. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.



The coffee then passes through steel-cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

Therefore, a pound of coffee *Baker-ized* will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you get all the flavor from every grain.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You won't find this dust in *Baker-ized* Coffee.

Trial can free

Don't take our word for it—or the word of the thousands who drink it regularly without harm or nervousness.

Try it yourself! A trial can free. A pound at your grocer's at 25 to 40 cents, according to locality.

BAKER IMPORTING CO.
116 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

Baker Importing Company
New York
Minneapolis

Please send me free sample can, enough to make 6 cups of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet "The Coffee Without A Regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name on the margin.

Name

Address

BH BH BH BH

that really affects all the people in some way. It is the direct effect of the farm ownership of automobiles on good roads. This touches one of the largest agencies for human progress, for without adequate highways no nation can advance. In every rural region where the farmers use automobiles extensively there has been a noticeable improvement in the condition of the roads. The "river-to-river" road in Iowa, for example, would never have existed save for the efforts of the farmers who have cars. Direct roads across other states have been made possible in the same way. The renewal of the old Santa Fé trail from Kansas to the Great Divide was instigated by farmers who wanted a fine highway for their summer vacations awheel, and so on. To quote one eminent Kansan: "The increasing use of the automobile by the farmer has done more for good roads in half a decade than fifty years of oratory and resolutions accomplished."

The combination of the automobile and the good road means not merely safer and more comfortable transportation for the farmer and his family and his help; it means closer proximity of the producer and the consumer. Right here is where the big lesson comes in, for it affects that bugbear of the nation and that nightmare of the householder—our old friend, the high cost of living. The chief cause of the high cost of existence summed up seems to be that our population has become too remote from the sources of food supply and that transportation facilities are not ample; or, as Mr. James J. Hill has put it, "an enlarged city life and a neglected country life."

Certain facts, assembled under the direction of the National Grange, bear out this statement. In 1804 four per cent of our people lived in the cities; now more than forty per cent dwell there. A hundred years ago there were ninety-six cultivators of the soil to support four non-cultivators; today only thirty out of every one hundred persons are agricultural producers in quantity. Of course the wonderful improvement in farm machinery has increased the efficiency of the farm worker and scientific methods of farming have enlarged the output; but at the same time the great mass of city dwellers—the vast horde to be fed—has increased and the number of farm workers has not grown in proportion. All this means the transporting of more food stuffs. With horses as the only hauling power the farmer has found the operation costly in time and money: first, because of the bad condition of the roads; second, because of the natural limitation of the horse's efficiency. It is estimated that the average length of the road-haul of agricultural produce under the present system of rural transportation is ten miles and that the cost is twenty-five cents a ton-mile. Under ideal road and horse hauling conditions this has been reduced to ten cents; but with an automobile truck or even a converted automobile the cost is only three cents a mile. Many farmers in the Middle West have demonstrated this fact. The total agricultural tonnage of this kind each year is said to be about two hundred million tons. If this could be transported by automobile on good roads it has been figured out that the saving would not be less than four hundred million dollars.

A New Foreign Wrinkle

Hauling agricultural products by motor would go a long way toward achieving coöperation for the farmer, which would result in the elimination of the middleman and a cheaper delivery of the products to the market and the consumer. An interesting precedent has been established in England and in France. Take one of the districts around London. Every little truck farmer has a car that he fills with produce at night. Before dawn the cars are all assembled, hitched together and the motor train proceeds to the metropolis, where the cars are dropped off at the markets. In the afternoon the train returns with supplies for the farmer. The cost of hauling has been reduced by this process to four cents a mile; the middleman has been wiped out in many cases and the profit to the producer has been correspondingly increased. Likewise the consumer has enjoyed a reduction in price. Thus there is benefit all round. Another result is that the truck farmer has been able to keep his horse at home all day at work in the field.

What Pleases You Will Please Your Friends

The wise giver selects his Christmas gifts NOW. Try the Durham-Duplex Razor TODAY and you will select it as *the* holiday gift for your friends.

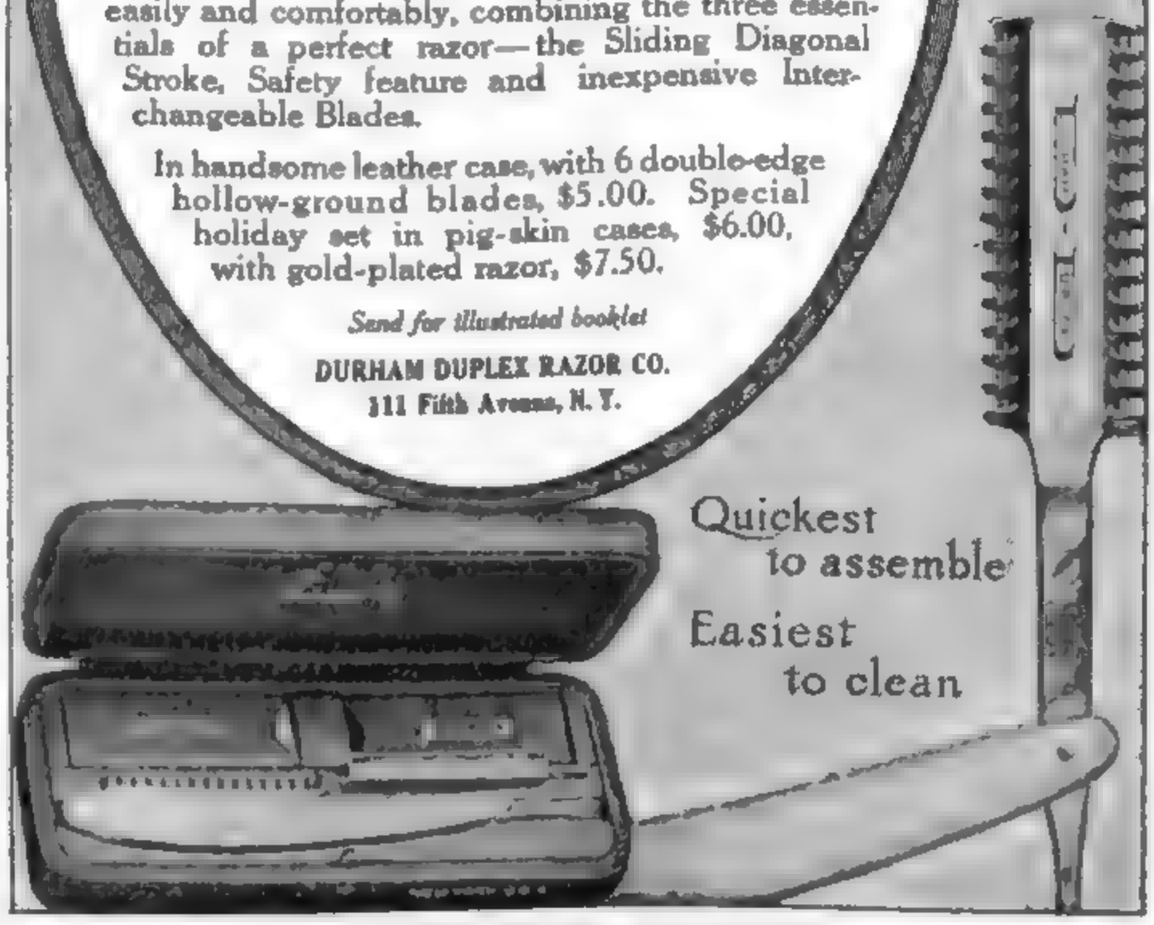
DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR

The *one* razor that every man can shave himself with easily and comfortably, combining the three essentials of a perfect razor—the Sliding Diagonal Stroke, Safety feature and inexpensive Interchangeable Blades.

In handsome leather case, with 6 double-edge hollow-ground blades, $5.00. Special holiday set in pig-skin cases, $6.00, with gold-plated razor, $7.50.

Send for illustrated booklet

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
311 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



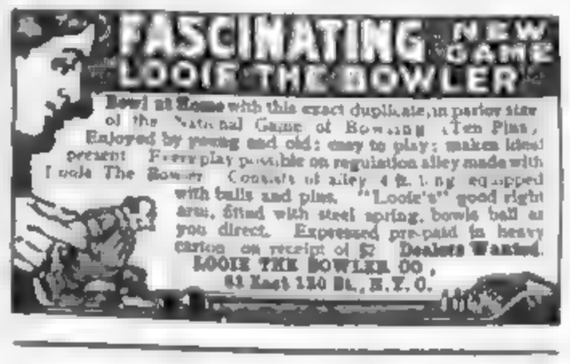
The Popular New Game
ROOK
The Latest Parker Game

With very clear rules for ROOK and Display Rook (now so popular in society), High 14. I doubt it, Pasquandrum, Solitaires, etc. Some of these games like "I doubt it" are light, bright and simple, some are full of skill, but all are DELIGHTFUL, POPULAR GAMES FOR THE HOME.

ROOK is the only new game for years worthy an Adult's attention.

Handsome 50c Sold everywhere or by mail from us. Those who have published so many famous games, GUARANTEE YOU'LL LIKE IT. Your money back if you don't.

PARKER BROTHERS (Inc.)
Salem, Mass., or Flatiron Building, New York
Sole makers of ROOK Cards, PIT, Ping-Pong, etc.



6% $100 DEPOSITS

6% Interest on $100 Savings and 5 per cent on smaller sums, and yet assuring you ample security through Trustee holding $3,750,000 of Approved First Mortgages and $750,000 Capital Surplus and Stockholder (individual) liability. Write for "Dollar" booklet and double your income.

GEORGIA STATE SAVINGS ASS'N
170 York Street Savannah, Ga.

5% SMALLER SUMS

Without Knowing Shorthand Write 100 Words a Minute

Typewriter Typewriting Dispatch Business Systems Typewriter Supplies Typewriter Exchange Typewriter Rentals Typewriter Repairing Typewriter Duplicating Typewriter Mailing Typewriter Addressing Typewriter Multigraphing Typewriter Billing Typewriter Bookkeeping Typewriter Stenography Typewriter Notary Public Typewriter Public Stenographer Typewriter Public Typewriter Typewriter Public Typewriter Typewriter Public Typewriter

The Nose Pores

How to reduce them

Complexions, otherwise flawless, are often ruined by the conspicuous nose pores. The blood supply of the nose is comparatively poor, does not keep the pores open as they should be. They clog up, collect dirt and become enlarged.

Begin tonight to use this treatment.

Wring a wash-cloth from very hot water, lather with Woodbury's Facial Soap and hold it to your nose. Do this several times. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in a good lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub it in. Then rinse thoroughly in cold water.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores and refines [illegible] this treatment with Woodbury's [illegible] reduces the enlarged pores, causes them to contract, [illegible] blackheads, [illegible] spicuous. The skin of your nose becomes as refined in texture as your cheeks.

Begin now to get its benefits

Use Woodbury's *regularly*. It costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact, it is not expensive, for it is solid soap—all soap, it wears two or three times longer than ordinary soap.

For four cents we will send you a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For ten cents, a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream, Woodbury's Facial Powder. Write today. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere

"Devices for Hanging Up Everything—Little and Big Without Disfiguring Walls"

Moore Push-Pins

These world-famous glass and steel devices for fastening up small pictures, draperies, etc., by a simple pressure of the fingers. Two sizes, Nos. 1 and 2, 10c. ½ doz., either size.

Moore Push-less Hangers

Scientifically constructed of brass and steel, capable of sustaining heavy framed pictures, mirrors, hat racks, etc. (See illustration.) Easily put up. Two sizes, No. 25, 10c. ½ doz.; No. 28, 10c. ½ doz.

Moore Push Thumbtacks

Distinguished for their fine tool-tempered steel needle-points firmly imbedded in brass heads. Useful everywhere. Three sizes, Nos. 31, 32 and 33, 10c. for 10, either size. Mounted on red blocks.

At stationery, hardware and shoe stores or by mail.

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO
128 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Frisbie Collars

At Most Good Shops

THE laundry is the "Waterloo" of machine-made collars. *Handmade Frisbie Collars* guarantee utmost strength and foremost style. The "Cadillac" is the most *approved and improved* Autumn Shape.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will (prepaid) on receipt of price.

25 Cents for Two

FRISBIE, COON & CO.
Troy, N. Y.

Along with developing good roads the farm automobile is increasing the agricultural acreage. In the United States today there are approximately half a billion acres of good land lying idle simply because of inaccessibility. The motor car has already begun to destroy this isolation and bring the land within the radius of the worker, the market and the road.

Yet, despite the great and increasing aid that the automobile has brought to the farmer, his right to own one has been questioned in certain quarters. Instigated by the speculative banks of Wall Street that have thrived on Stock Exchange loans, the impression became widespread that the Western farmer was mortgaging his soul and his land to buy automobiles; that the motor car, together with land speculation, was heading him straight for the poorhouse.

Wherever I went in the Middle West I talked to bankers on this mortgage subject. In Kansas City, for example, I could find but one mortgage on an automobile and that was made by a farmer who was amply able to pay for the car. He had wheat in his bin and he wanted to keep it there until the price went up. He really made money by holding his grain and paying the small interest on the money borrowed. Nowhere could I find any evidence of the fact that the farmer had made any sacrifices to buy a car. In practically every case he had bought for cash.

The case of the largest loan and mortgage company in Topeka will illustrate. During the past ten months this company loaned one million dollars and most of it went to farmers. There were over four hundred items. Every borrower was asked to state whether he owned an automobile. In exactly three cases the borrowers had cars. One was a garage owner who wanted to build an addition to his shop; the second was a farmer who had a good chance to buy a quarter section of land that he had long coveted, and the third was a prosperous lumberman. The farmers who had borrowed from this company were using the proceeds of the loans to acquire good land in Texas and Oklahoma. One moral of the example furnished by the Topeka company was that the automobile owner was not a borrower.

Motors and Mortgages

On the other hand, the bank deposits in the Middle West are increasing. In the little town of Great Bend, which, as you have seen, is the very center of wide ownership of automobiles by the farmer, there has been an increase of fifteen per cent in deposits. The same is true all over Iowa and Nebraska.

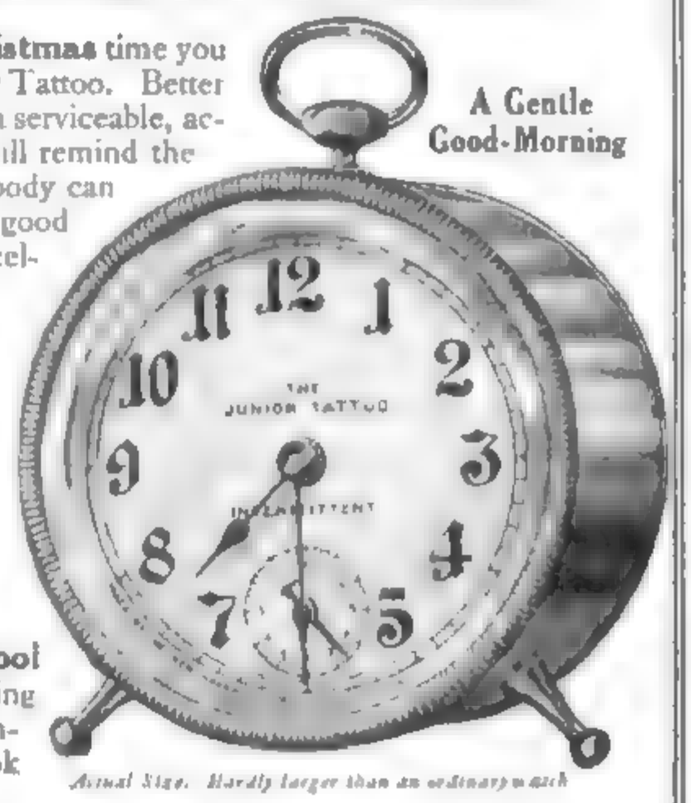
Here is another angle on the mortgage question: One of the largest consolidations of motor companies sent out a circular letter to twenty-four thousand bankers asking if the people were mortgaging their homes or lands to buy automobiles. The number of replies received up to the time this article was written was fifty-two hundred and eighty. The number of machines reported in these answers was one hundred and ninety-eight thousand two hundred and sixteen. The number of people who had placed mortgages to buy cars was twelve hundred and fifty-four, or about one-half of one per cent. In practically every instance the person who did the mortgaging lived in the city. Most of them were physicians and merchants, who regarded the motor car as a good investment and who were using it in business.

The reason why the buying of automobiles by the farmer is felt in the East and causes distress there is quite simple. The farmer is the biggest depositor in many country banks. These banks in turn send their surplus on to the Eastern centers, notably New York. When the farmers draw out cash to buy machines it causes a shrinkage in the country bank's surplus and it must call in its money from New York. This in turn cuts down the amount available for loans to stock speculators in Wall Street.

One wise Kansas farmer sized up the whole situation for me in this picturesque fashion: "No wonder those benevolent Wall Street fellows are disturbed over our buying automobiles. We are keeping out of the stock market. But they would not be so fearful of our alleged extravagance if we were answering the circulars about mining and watered stock. We are using our money to buy something that will help

The Junior Tattoo

The Alarm Clock for Christmas



Actual Size. Hardly larger than an ordinary watch

Decide right now that at **Christmas** time you will present at least one Junior Tattoo. Better still, present several. This is a serviceable, acceptable gift, that for years will remind the owner of the giver. Everybody can use a Junior Tattoo. It is a good timepiece as well as an excellent alarm clock.

For the **traveler,** the Junior Tattoo is ideal. Small enough to carry in a hand bag, it is so constructed that it may be packed loosely without injury. In the leather case it makes a handsome gift, but the leather case is not necessary for traveling.

Present the **boy or girl at school** with this unique, early morning caller. Give one to the coachman, the chauffeur, the cook and the maid.

The Junior Tattoo has a pleasant, but insistent, intermittent alarm. The call is not so loud that it disturbs others in the household. It calls at the desired time. If you do not rise and turn the switch, it will repeat every twenty seconds for five minutes. It is a durable, accurate timepiece, made in our fine watch department.

The price of the Junior Tattoo is $1.75 (in Canada the purchaser must add the duty). In the rich red or black leather case, it costs $3.00. Nearly all dealers sell it. If you can't buy it in your own town, send us the price and we will ship, delivery charges prepaid, as many as you wish, provided you give us your dealer's name.

Send for our amusing, interesting short story, "The Uprising of John Hancock, Salesman," free, with a full description of the clock if you send your dealer's name.

[illegible] Junior [illegible] Charley the Shopper [illegible]

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN. 139 Hamilton St.

THE "WEEKLY CATALOG" OF THE

RALSTON

No Foot Cramp

No one type of last will fit all kinds of feet, but by the Ralston scientific method of last modelling, all types of feet are fitted *comfortably*, whether your taste runs to the extreme styles favored by the young men of today, or to more conservative models.

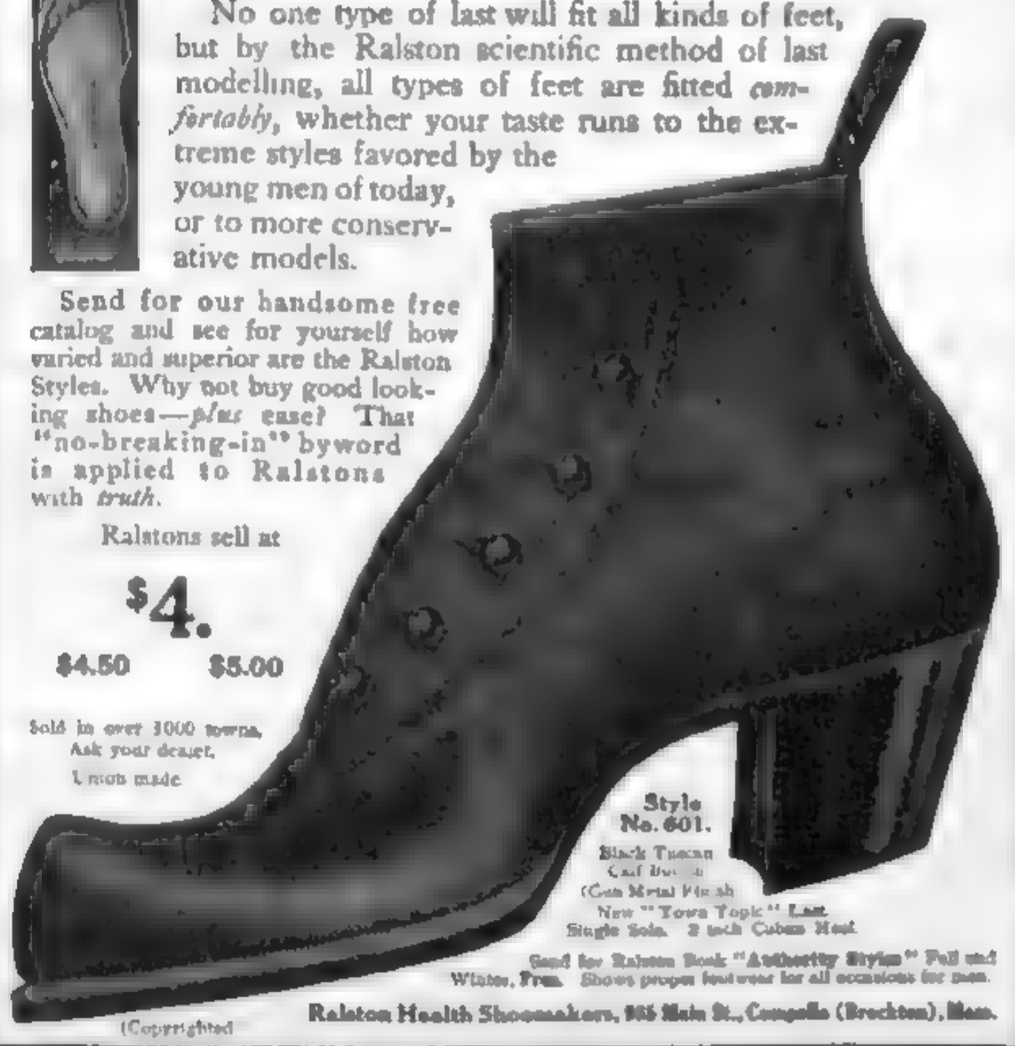
Send for our handsome free catalog and see for yourself how varied and superior are the Ralston Styles. Why not buy good looking shoes—*plus* ease? That "no-breaking-in" byword is applied to Ralstons with *truth*.

Ralstons sell at

$4.

$4.50 $5.00

Sold in over 3000 towns. Ask your dealer. Union made.



Style No. 601.
Black Tucan Calf Bucher (Gun Metal Finish) New "Town Topic" Last. Single Sole. 2 inch Cuban Heel.

Send for Ralston Book "Authority Styles" Fall and Winter. Free. Shows proper footwear for all occasions for men.

(Copyrighted)

Ralston Health Shoemakers, 955 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

ANOTHER STYLE NEXT WEEK

us to earn more money and at the same time give us and our families some pleasure."

Any careful investigation will show that the farmer in the main is much better able to own and keep an automobile than the average city man. He has no expense for garage rent; he does not need a chauffeur—I found only one farmer who had one; he is a good mechanic and he takes excellent care of his car. Many farmers have found the upkeep of the car less than that of a pair of big horses. A farmer at Rossville, Kansas, has figured out that where his teams cost him a hundred and sixty dollars a year his automobile has cost him only a hundred and forty-four dollars and fifty cents, and has done more work. Of course the cost of running the car depends upon roads and usage. Some Kansas farmers have gotten fourteen miles out of a gallon of gasoline. Nowhere did I find a farmer who thought that the upkeep of his machine was excessive.

This naturally brings up the question, what kind of an automobile buyer is the farmer? In the answer lies a helpful lesson for any purchaser. There was a time in the early days of the motor car when the farmer was not so good a buyer as he is today. This type is represented by a story told by a Kansas City motor salesman. An old farmer came to town with a roll of bills in his pocket prepared to buy an automobile. He hunted up this particular salesman who had come from his town. He looked over a runabout that cost a little under five hundred dollars. Cocking his eye critically he asked:

"Are those fenders good?"

"The best in the world," answered the salesman as he jumped up and down on them. Then he asked the farmer to get up on the fenders to try their strength.

"I'll take it," said the farmer, handing over a bunch of greenbacks. Then he asked: "Will it run?"

That kind of farmer buyer has long since passed. In his stead is the shrewd, discriminating, cautious purchaser, who knows just what he wants and who generally gets it. He has studied a dozen catalogs; in some cases he has visited the factory. He does not buy on impulse. He takes his whole family into the buying council and he is careful to give the machine a good test before he pays for it. In short, he regards the car as an investment that must yield him something in return.

Though the automobile has made certain and definite progress as an aid to farming, the fact remains that only the frontiers of its usefulness have been crossed. There are about six million two hundred thousand farms in the United States, occupying nearly half of the population. About half of these farms are owned by the operators. Yet only eighty-five thousand automobiles have been sold to farmers; so only about three per cent of the farm owners have them.

What will be the result when the great majority of our farms have automobiles galvanizing the life and activities of fifty millions of people? It will mean a dawning era of larger agricultural efficiency; of higher spiritual, social and educational uplift for the rural worker; of wider prosperity generally, for all the people will share in the benefits. Meanwhile, the honk of the horn on the farmer's motor car proclaims his emancipation from isolation and from rusticity. Together with the rural free delivery and the long-distance telephone, the automobile is working out a new life and a greater usefulness for our most numerous worker.

THE TEDDYSEE

(Concluded from Page 14)

We are the Rebate Spoils Distributors,
We are the Campaign Fund Contributors;
The Meddling Mats,
The Mollycods,
The Standing Pats,
The Salary Gods;
The grubs of Gammon,
The slaves of Mammon;
The Pork-Keg Grabbers,
The Cork-Leg Stabbers;
The Senate-protected,
Boodle-directed,
Toothless,
Truthless,
Utterly ruthless,
Soot-bad,
Loot-mad
Cogs unclean
Of the old Republican Coin Machine.
Har! Har!
That's what we are!
Huroo!!"

Teddysee gazed a while with looks elate:
Then said to Pluto: "This is simply great.
When we get out of this
It wouldn't be amiss
To put an extra padlock on the gate."

V. THE ELEVATOR DESCENDETH WITH THE LATEST LOAD

They struggled a while in a downward direction
To a cave plainly marked, "Editorial Section."
Close to this portal
Of terrors immortal
Covered with fetters
Sat Bellamy Storer,
Typewriting letters
And looking still sorer.
These billets, marked "Private," I blush to confess,
Were quickly devoured by the fiends of the press.
"In this busy department," said Pluto to Ted,
"You'll find a fresh editor lashed to a Post,
With the Sun in his eyes and the World on his head——"
"We'll cut out this show," said Ted to his host.
"Since I've got a long life on the Outlook before me,
I'm weary of printers; and editors bore me."

As Teddy thus spoke
From the darkness there bounced
An imp black with smoke
Who distinctly announced:

"There's a fresh load o' spooks of a serious natur'
Jest bein' sent down by the west elevator."

To the west elevator they speedily loped.
The Victims poured out as the great door was oped,
And the first to arrive on the Stygian tarns
Were Sherman and Lorimer, Woodruff and Barnes.
"Well, boys," said Teddysee,
"You've got to the place
Where one seldom misses
A popular face."
Whereat the Big Four, with a sigh of regret,
Lined up and delivered this mournful quartet:

SENTIMENTAL SONG

In the fields of our endeavor, when we worked in days of yore,
We mowed down miles and miles of golden grain—
Tra-la-la-loo!
But to them Old Headquarters we will ne'er go back no more,
For happy days won't never come again.

(*Close harmony*)

The Same Old Gang sets silent round the empty ballot-box,
Joe Cannon's picture's turned against the wall;
Their campaign buttons need a shine, and holes are in their sox
As this refrain they warble thro' the hall:

CHORUS:

"The Old Machine is bursted, mother dear!
There's a clothesline tied around the running gear.
Can't we coax some kindly Trust
To relieve the wheels of rust?
For
the Old
Machine
is rotten,
Mother dear!!"

VI. THE WINDLASS IS AGAIN HOISTED

Weary of ghosts, Ted turned his toughened tissues
Back to the sunlit earth of living issues—
The earth of platforms, policies and kings,
And just about a million Other Things;
The World of Struggles, where the human race,
Being from torpor shook,
May learn at last to look
Truth, the Magnificent Bromide, in the face.

Photographed from Life

If you realize that a gentleman can't be outlandish in his attire, you'll like

Sincerity Clothes

for young men, which are tailored right, styled right and wear right. They fit and they're fit for you.
A little bit better, not a little bit more.
A style book free for the name of your favorite shop.

MAKERS **Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.** CHICAGO
Sincerity Clothes

Compare "Come-Packt" with any furniture

made any where, at any price, sold under any plan, and if you do not agree that our Quarter Sawn White Oak is the best value, we will gladly refund your money. "Come-Packt" costs less than half the cash store price, a third the installment price, and is honest all through.

$3.25 $16.50 with leaves $7.95 $8.50

COME-PACKT FURNITURE

Nearly 200 splendid bargains shown in our big catalog and new supplement, mailed free with samples of eight finishes and cushion materials. Write for them.
Come-Packt Furniture Co., 1014 Edwin Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

GUNN

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

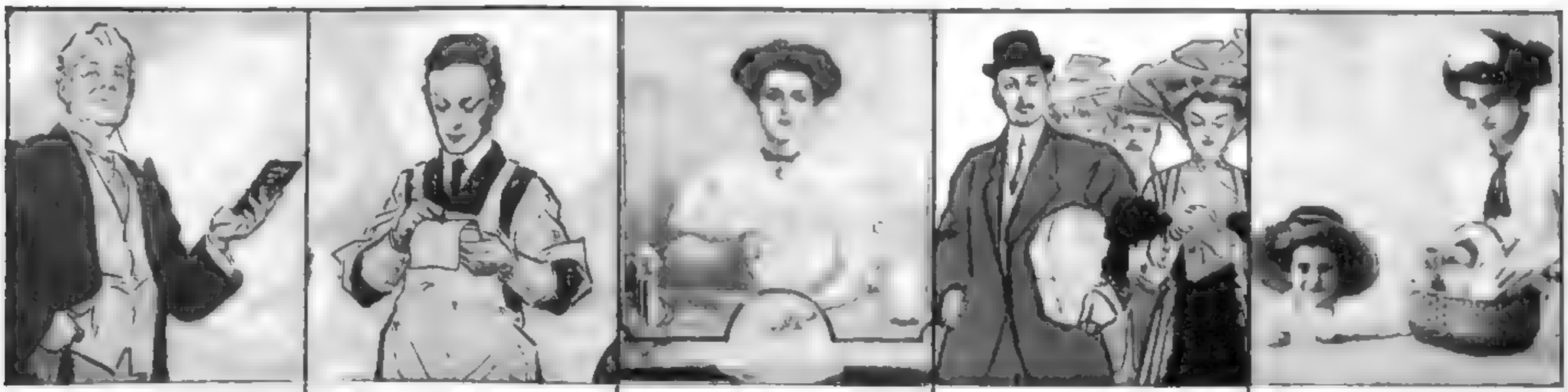
SEND for our new catalogue M—something unusually attractive—which we will mail you free on request.

Prices are lower than others

on Sanitary Claw Foot, Mission and Standard styles; solid in appearance, no disfiguring iron bands, guaranteed Grand Rapids quality with exclusive features. *Sold by dealers or direct.*

Gunn Furniture Co., 3 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

All People Are Benefited By National Cash Registers



MERCHANTS benefit because every customer leaving the store must have done one of these five things:

1—Bought goods for cash
2—Had goods charged
3—Paid you money on account
4—Received money from you
5—Had a coin or bill changed

—and in all of these things losses occur from time to time.

National Cash Registers stop these losses.

All detail connected with the recording of these five things is done for you by the Register, saving you much time and worry.

Each month, now, over 10,000 progressive merchants in every line of business are buying Nationals and are paying for them out of the money they save.

If it pays so many merchants to own our Registers it ought to pay you to investigate—investigation costs you nothing.

CLERKS benefit because they can show their ability quicker and easier where a National Cash Register is used. It does these things for clerks:

1—Saves their time
2—Enables them to wait on more customers
3—Gives them credit for all the sales they make
4—Makes them more efficient
5—Prevents mistakes in making change
6—Protects them against other people's mistakes

No store system ever invented helps a clerk to earn promotion so rapidly as the National Cash Register. He becomes responsible for his own good work only—not for the mistakes or carelessness of other people.

Although it does so much a National Cash Register is very simple to use. Anyone who can read figures can understand it.

CASHIERS benefit because they have a machine that cannot make a mistake to help them keep their cash in order—thus they become more accurate and useful to their employers and earn more money.

With a National Cash Register a cashier can keep track on separate adding wheels of:

1—Cash sales
2—Charge sales
3—Money received on account
4—Money paid out
5—Total of all money received

—and at the end of the day can balance the cash quickly and easily and go home with the rest of the employés.

National Cash Registers save disputes. Every record is right there in plain figures. No room for argument then. Cashiers are protected from mistakes—their own and other people's.

CUSTOMERS benefit because there is a guarantee of accuracy in all money dealings with merchants who use National Cash Registers.

Here are some of the ways customers are benefited:

1—Their payments of money "on account" are faithfully recorded
2—Printed receipts for money they pay are given
3—Prompt service from clerks is ensured
4—Overcharging is prevented
5—Mistakes in making change are stopped

Customers like to deal in the store where discipline, system and order prevail. The National Cash Register stands for these desirable things in any store. Concerns like Wanamaker's, Siegel-Cooper, and thousands of other enterprising merchants the world over, now use National Cash Registers.

SERVANTS and children benefit because they are taught habits of accuracy, and promptness in buying goods, where a National Cash Register is used. Thus:

1—They are given a receipt for everything they buy
2—They are protected from overcharges and mistakes in change
3—Money they pay "on account" is carefully credited and a receipt given
4—They are prevented from dealing with any but the right store
5—They are waited on promptly

Children and servants are guaranteed exactly the same kind of treatment in a store where a National is used as the head of the family would get.

This is important but not nearly so much so as the lessons of exactness and honesty which the National Cash Register teaches.

900,000 merchants have bought National Cash Registers; 10,500 buy monthly. We sell to every class of business, great and small. All nations buy them. The store farthest North and the store farthest South use a National Cash Register. It will pay you, too.

If you want to know how a National Cash Register will stop mistakes, increase your profits, increase your business, and satisfy your customers, we'll tell you.

The National Cash Register Co.

DAYTON, OHIO

Mail this to us.

To The National Cash Register Co.
Dayton, Ohio

Please send me your booklet. This does not commit me to buy anything.

Name

Address

Business_____ No. of Clerks_____

MENNEN'S
(Borated)
Skin Soap

fulfills every Toilet Soap requirement.

At all dealers, or mailed on receipt of 25c postpaid.

Sample cake for 4 cents in stamps.

Trade Mark

Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

A 76-TIME CHRISTMAS PRESENT

The real spirit of Christmas is not expenditure, but rather love—thoughtfulness. The lavish gift is easy to bestow, if you are rich, and easily forgotten by a rich recipient.

True Christmas friendship is to express in the gift something of yourself, and to satisfy in the friend some need.

We submit to you that seventy-six magazines of Curtis quality, coming every few days through the year, make an ideal Christmas gift. They are a constant reminder of you; they are a continuous source of information; and a delicate compliment to the taste of the recipient.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is issued every week, and our readers are always saying for us what we seldom say for ourselves—that it is a unique magazine in its interest to live Americans.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is issued twice each month. What it means to the women of America, in its inspiration and helpfulness, is in every home a commonplace.

For three dollars both these magazines will be sent to the same address, or separate addresses, for one year. And may we suggest that what is a good Christmas present for your friend is an even better one for yourself? In fact, if we cannot have both, we would prefer to have your subscription than another's.

And always the best time to do a good thing is NOW

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

More Men learn true comfort each season by trying The Florsheim "Natural Shape" Shoe. "Dapper" styles for the young man; conservative, genteel styles for those who prefer them.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Our booklet, "The Shoeman," shows 'A style for any taste"—"A fit for every foot."

The Scoop

DULL CALF

High Arch and Heel

The Florsheim Shoe Company

Chicago, U. S. A.

Brass-Craft Offer

Everyone will be doing Brass-Craft this season,—it's the best and most popular New Art Work of a generation. All articles (except shades) are wood beautifully covered with brass, stamped with design ready for the artist. Satisfaction guaranteed.

We Give Away a Complete Outfit

consisting of Tool for Stippling, polished maple combined Mallet and Modeling Tool, Package Coloring Powder, Steel Wool and Polishing Plush, to everyone sending 25c for this Brass-Craft Calendar (worth $1.00 when decorated). It is Brass with stamped design (see illustration) and perfectly spun over 3 ply Basswood Panel; includes Brass Hanger, Round Head Tacks, Calendar Pad and full directions, all prepaid. *Write today.*

Ask for FREE Catalog P-10

Illustrates hundreds of new Brass-Craft articles suitable for Home Decoration, Gifts, etc. Shows how a little investment in materials and time can produce liberal returns in both pleasure and profit.

THAYER & CHANDLER

737-739 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Ask your dealer for Brass-Craft.

Moving Picture Machines

Make Big Money

Almost no limit to the profits showing in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc., now operating

FIVE CENT THEATRES.

We show you how to conduct the business, furnish complete outfits. We rent films and slides. Write today. Catalogue free.

Chicago Projecting Co., 156 Dearborn St., Dept. 168, Chicago

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

(Continued from Page 12)

of these garments, and you ought to figure on at least five dollars' profit on a garment."

"Well, maybe I am figuring it a little too generous, y'understand; so, if that goes, Moe, I will quote the selling price at, say, forty dollars a garment to you, Moe."

"Sure, it goes," Moe said; "and I'll be at your store tomorrow morning at nine o'clock to decide on sizes and shades."

Abe's passage through the customs examination was accomplished with ease, for nearly all his Paris purchases were packed in the hold to be cleared by a custom house broker. His stateroom baggage contained no dutiable articles save the gown in question and a few trinkets for Rosie, who was at the pier to greet him. Indeed, she bestowed on him a series of kisses that reechoed down the long pier, and Abe's pallor gave way to the sunburnt hue of his amused fellow-passengers. In one of them Abe recognized with a start the tanned features of the young lady of the Café de la Paix.

"Moe," he said, nudging Griesman, "there's your friend."

Moe turned in the direction indicated by Abe, and his interested manner was not unnoticed by Mrs. Potash.

"How is your dear wife and daughter, Mr. Griesman?" she asked significantly. "I suppose you missed 'em a whole lot."

When Moe assured her that he did she sniffed so violently that it might have been taken for a snort.

"Well, Abe," he said at length, "I'll be going on to the Prince Clarence, and I'll see you in the store tomorrow morning. Goodby, Mrs. Potash."

"Goodby," Mrs. Potash replied, with an emphasis that implied "good riddance," and then, as Moe disappeared toward the street, she sniffed again. "It don't take long for some loafers to forget their wives!" she said.

V

"WELL, Abe," Morris said, after the first greetings had passed between them that afternoon, "I'm glad to see you back in the store."

"You ain't half so glad to see me back, Mawruss, as I am that I should be back," Abe replied. "Not that the trip ain't paid us, Mawruss, because I got a trunkful of samples on the way up here which I assure you is a work of art."

"Sure, I know!" Morris commented with just a tinge of bitterness in his tones; "Paris is the place for styles. Us poor suckers over here don't know a thing about designing."

"Well, Mawruss, I'll tell you," Abe went on: "you are a first-class, A number one designer, I got to admit, and there ain't nobody that I consider is better as you in the whole garment trade; but"—here he paused to unfasten his suitcase—"but, Mawruss," he continued, "I got here just one sample style which I brought it with me, Mawruss, and I think, Mawruss, you would got to agree with me, such models we don't turn out on this side."

Here he opened the suitcase, and carefully taking out the dress of the Café de la Paix he spread it on a sample table.

"What d'ye think of that, Mawruss?" he asked.

Morris made no answer. He was gazing at the garment with bulging eyes, and beads of perspiration ran down his forehead.

"Abe!" he gasped at length, "where did you get that garment from?"

Before Abe could answer, the elevator door opened and a young lady stepped out. It was now Abe's turn to gasp, for the visitor was no other than the tanned and ruddy young person from the Café de la Paix.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Perlmutter," she said. "I've just got back."

"Oh, good afternoon, Miss Smith!" Morris cried.

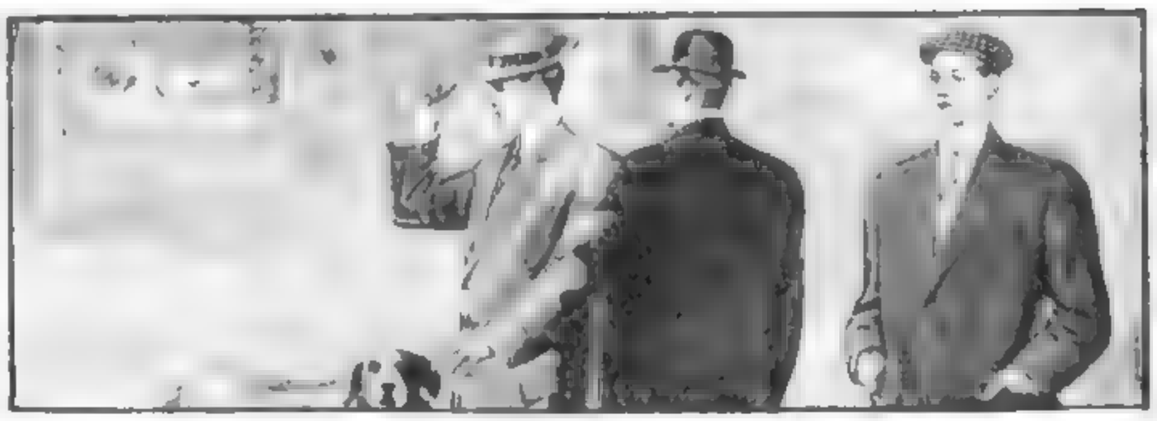
"I hope I'm not interrupting you," she continued.

"Not at all," Morris said; "not at all."

Then a wave of recollection came over him and he muttered a half-smothered exclamation.

"Abe, Miss Smith," he almost shouted, and then he sat down. "Say, lookyhere, Abe, what is all this, anyway? Miss Smith comes in here and ——"

"Well, upon my word!" Miss Smith interrupted; "if this isn't the gentleman



"Personal" Clothes for Young Men

You Young Men in college, in high school, in business—everywhere—have a right to indulge a taste for clothes that show your vigorous, aggressive personality.

Clothes that are "distinctive"—maybe a little extreme as your elders regard them—yet show good taste.

Individuality is your ideal in clothes—that's why

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Campus Togs for Young Men

will appeal to you. They're designed and built especially for you.

And the pleasing qualities which you admire when you buy a Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Campus Tog Suit or Overcoat are *there to stay.*

Made permanent by our *exclusive* "Pre-Shrinking" process, applied before the cloth is cut, which removes *every bit* of shrink tendency and insures you against bagging trousers, wrinkled coat fronts, puckered pockets—all the defects common to ordinary clothes after the first rainy day wear

There is a clothier near you who has a "Campus Tog" Suit and Overcoat that for style, fit and material will just suit you. Call at his store and try them on.

And ask about our strong guarantee of LASTING STYLE and SHAPE PERMANENCE

You'll be interested, too, in our attractive Style Book, illustrating Fashion's decrees for this season for Young Men. The clothier has it—or we will mail it direct, if you wish. (65)

Chicago **Chas. Kaufman & Bros.** **New York**

Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap

THE most rational form in which shaving soap can be used. Cleaner, quicker, more convenient and safer than soap in any other form. Not an ordinary soap, but a ready-to-use condensed lather.

JOHNSON'S Shaving Cream Soap brushes up instantly and luxuriously; softens the toughest beard without mussy finger rubbing; doesn't dry, smart nor irritate; leaves the face smooth and comfortable, requiring no emollient after the shave. JOHNSON'S Shaving Cream Soap is put up in a hermetically sealed germ-proof collapsible tube containing 150 shaves—one-sixth of a cent a shave. Money back if not pleased.

EVERY DRUGGIST SELLS IT. PRICE **25c** *If your druggist has sold out send price to us for a tube postpaid.*

Send us name and address with 2c stamp for 30-shave trial tube

Johnson & Johnson Dept. 2-X, New Brunswick, N. J.

You Don't Need Electricity for Thorough Vacuum Cleaning

"Work Isn't Work Any More"

The Automatic Hand Power Vacuum Cleaner is a real "Automatic," Cleaner, offering the full power of the large, expensive machines yet at a price that brings it within the reach of every overworked housewife.

The Hand Power Cleaner That Blows

Any Child Can Operate It

—it works so easily—and the Automatic is so light that a woman can carry it upstairs or down.

Now Ready—The 1911 Models of

Automatic
(Hand Power $25.00)
Vacuum Cleaner

Our exclusive double tank device catches 95% of the dust in the bottom of the tank without screens, baffles or water tank. The "Automatic" cannot clog. The "Automatic" is the one cleaner that does not rust any tin or cast iron, brass or iron tubes and frame being used exclusively in its construction.

Try It 10 Days In Your Home

We might write volumes about this wonderful Hand Power Cleaner and still not tell you enough to convince you that you can afford to try it in your own home without cost. A demonstration in your own home will convince you in a very few minutes and after you have used the Automatic one week you will not part with it for many times its cost. If you are tired of the bother of dirty ash cans, if you want to make the cheapest, most convenient and healthful cleaning—if you want to get rid of the dust, dirt and germs that are breeding disease and filth in your home—if you want to save the drudgery of dirty ash cans and the accumulation of dust and dirt, then write us today for our free booklet and full particulars of our free trial offer.

Write For Free Booklet

We want a live representative in your town. Write us today.

Automatic Vacuum Cleaner Co.
1026 E. 40th St., Bloomington, Ill.

$5.00 SAVES $5.00

25 to 50% on all Gas Bills

OUR GAS REGULATING VALVE

SAVES THE CONSUMER THE AMOUNT AND IS GUARANTEED

Once installed, lasts lifetime. This is the first Successful Gas Regulating Valve on the market. Many testify to a saving of 50%. Install in a few minutes on YOUR Piping, consequently no interference. If you move take it with you—you will want it. Easy to install, simple and practical.

SEND $5 TODAY AND POSITIVELY CONTROL YOUR GAS BILLS 25 to 50%
Agent's Sample $3.00. Live Agents Wanted.
Consumers Mfg. Co., Dept. 2, Syracuse, N. Y.

Tax Bonds Do You Buy Bonds?

Nothing safer than those backed by good communities. The Middle West needs money. Safety and

5% to 6% Interest

Buy a bond of us. Ask for Circular No. 538, Scott County, Mo., 6's. 21 years' service—no losses.

William R. Compton Company
2310 Merchants-Laclede Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.
2310 Home Insurance Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

MUNICIPAL BONDS

Select investments bearing. Yielding from 4% to 6% Write for Circular

ULEN, SUTHERLIN & CO.
BANKERS CHICAGO

from the Café de la Paix—and, of all things, there is the very dress!"

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"That's right, Miss Whatever-your-name-is," Abe admitted; "that's the dress, and since I paid you sixty dollars for it I don't think you got any kick coming."

"Sixty dollars!" Morris cried. "Why, that dress as a sample garment only cost us twenty-two-fifty to make up."

"Cost us?" Abe repeated. "As a sample garment? What are you talking about?"

"I am talking about this, Abe," Morris replied: "that dress is the selfsame garment which I designed it, and which you says was rotten and freaky, and which I give it to Miss Smith here for a present, and which you paid Miss Smith sixty dollars for."

"And here is the sixty dollars now," Miss Smith broke in. "I hurried here as fast as I could to give it to you, Mr. Perlmutter."

"One moment," Abe said. "I don't know who this young lady is or nothing; but do you mean to told me that this here dress which I bought it in Paris was made up right here in our place?"

"Here, Abe," Morris said, "I want to show you something. Here is from the same goods a garment, and them goods as you know we get it from the Hamsuckett Mills. So far what I hear it, the Hamsuckett Mills don't sell their output in Paris. Am I right or wrong?"

Abe nodded slowly.

"Well, Mr. Perlmutter," Miss Smith said, "here's your sixty dollars. I've got to get back to my patient. You know that I went to Paris with a rheumatic case, and I've left the old gentleman in charge of a friend. I came here to settle up."

"Excuse me," said Abe; "I ain't been introduced to this young lady yet."

"Why, I thought you knew her," Morris said. "This is Miss Smith, the trained nurse which was so good to my Minnie when my Abie was born."

"Is that so?" Abe cried. "Well, Miss Smith, you should take that sixty dollars and keep it, because, Mawruss, on the way over I sold Moe Griesman fifty garments of that there style of yours at forty dollars apiece."

"You don't say so!" Morris cried. "You don't say so! Well, all I got to say is, Miss Smith, in the first place, if Abe wouldn't of told you to keep that sixty dollars I sure would of done so, and in the second place I want you to come in here next week and pick out half a dozen dresses. Ain't that right, Abe?"

"I bet yer that's right, Mawruss; we wouldn't take no for an answer," Abe replied. "And you should also leave us your name and address, Miss Smith, because, *Gott soll hüten*, if I should be sick, y'understand, I don't want nobody else to nurse me but you."

* * * * * * * * *

"Say, lookyhere, Abe," Morris said the following morning, "that trunkful of Paris samples which the custom house says we would get this morning ain't come yet."

Abe clapped his partner on the shoulder and grinned happily.

"What do I care, Mawruss?" he said. "For my part they should never come. I ain't got no use for Paris fashions at all. Styles which Mawruss Perlmutter originates is good enough for me, because I always said it, Mawruss, you are a crackerjack, high-grade, A number one designer!"

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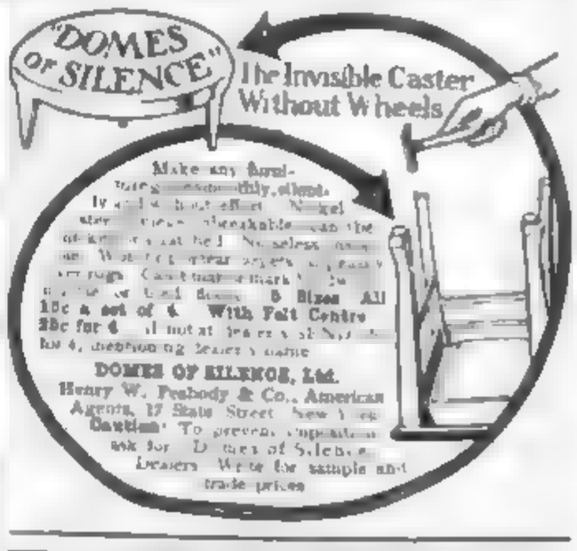

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New Plan of City Building

How to Secure A Free Trip to Memphis

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The Career of Farthest North

(Continued from Page 21)

the shrubbery. From the way his shoulders moved I thought he was laughing. I had been observing him with much interest. Although the old hat closely shadowed his face I thought I recognized my old acquaintance, Detective O'Brien. Willy retreated slowly up the street, mopping himself with a soaked handkerchief, emptying the water out of his hat brim and pausing every few feet to blackguard the hand.

Naturally, White and I had rolled over on the dead leaves. We crept out weakly to the street to meet Willy, trying hard to keep our faces straight. His splendid raiment was a mere sop. He saw tears in our eyes and refused to speak to us. There was nothing to do but wait until we could keep from laughing and Willy could choke down his rage.

We were standing in the street, by the edge of the woods, doing that, when White remembered that time was passing. His watch showed five minutes to ten. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "Elijah's got to hurry!"

White was just putting up his watch when Williamson, who still wouldn't speak, pointed west.

An odd procession was turning off the main road into our street. Elijah came first, with his head up, looking straight forward and marching briskly. Directly behind him came Miriam in a white dress and hat, carrying a large white banner. Then came the band. A fierce little man lugged a bass drum as big as himself and firmly grasped a drumstick in either hand, while perspiration ran down his nose. At his right marched a willowy sister equipped with a snare drum, and a shorter sister with a fife was on his left. In the next rank were two women with cymbals and a man with a slide trombone. Behind the band came the rank and file—about fifty men and women. The women, who were in the majority, mostly wore white and several of them carried banners.

Reaching the edge of the woods—that is, the extreme northwest corner of President Beck's grounds—Miriam turned and raised her hand. The army halted; but Elijah marched straight on, looking neither to the right nor the left. When he reached the cement walk that crossed President Beck's lawn and turned in we fairly held our breaths and Williamson actually smiled. But the man with the hose kept right on sprinkling the shrubbery. Elijah marched up the steps and crossed the veranda. We saw him ring the bell. A moment later the door opened and he disappeared within. It was ten o'clock to the minute.

I know my pulse beat fast and when I looked around at White I saw that he had really lost color a little. Without thinking what we were doing, but drawn on by curiosity, we drifted slowly down the street, our eyes fastened upon the house as though we half expected to see it fly away.

We had drifted on slowly four or five rods when we all three jumped and clutched one another, for from behind us came a sound as though a twelve-inch gun had been discharged. We scarcely had time to see what it meant before an infernal din broke out.

What had happened was very simple. At a signal from Miriam the fierce little man had slugged the bass drum with all his might and then the band had struck up. I hope there was never such another band. The man belabored the bass drum with the furious energy of a boy killing snakes; the willowy sister agitated the snare drum like mad; the fife shrieked; the cymbals clashed; the slide trombone blared like a dying hippopotamus; and the rank and file set up a sort of chant, which consisted of shrieks from the women and howls from the men.

We were dumfounded and half paralyzed, with aching ears. The man with the hose stood with his mouth open, while the powerful stream, playing at random, dug up a flower bed. The gardener dropped on his hands and knees behind a rosebush. The two men who were tinkering the automobile crouched; and the harness-mender peered cautiously around the corner of the stable with a huge revolver in his hand. At the west windows of President Beck's house startled faces appeared. The entrance to the kitchen was at the rear, facing the lake. Several servants, male and female, ran out there and stood gaping as though they had been stricken to stone.

The intolerable din increased. Waving her free arm and her banner and yelling at the top of her lungs, Miriam led her army across the edge of Mr. Beck's lawn. Three sisters seemed to fall in fits. For a moment the others clustered about them; but as Miriam shouted commands they spread out again and gave undivided attention to shrieking.

Flesh and blood couldn't stand it. We three had been slowly backing away, our faces screwed up, as though we were mechanically giving ground before a battery of gatling guns. "Let's duck!" Williamson shouted in agony; and in a moment, no doubt, we would have taken to our heels. But at a signal from Miriam the hideous uproar suddenly ceased. The silence was fairly startling. Everybody's nerves ached. The din had continued, I suppose, something like five minutes.

Now the prophet himself had been disturbed by it. Entering the house he had been conducted to the back parlor where President Beck sat, red, sullen and bursting with helpless wrath. Mr. Beck suspected that Elijah was going to pick a sizzling dynamite bomb from under his chair. He had personally blackguarded the chief of police and Inspector Mullaney. What was the good of having police, he wanted to know, if a faking old tramp could drop in any time he liked and extract a pound of nitroglycerin from a man's furnace? President Beck, in fact, had reached that point of intolerable nervous irritation which shortly precedes a collapse. His heavy chops were flabby and his eyes were dull from loss of sleep.

He had chosen the back parlor for the interview, because then one detective could stand just inside the arch connecting with the front parlor, another could lurk in the hall with the door slightly ajar, and Inspector Mullaney himself could stand behind the portières which separated the back parlor from the dining room. Thus, with a fourth detective masquerading as a gardener and trimming the rosebushes outside the window, the room would be completely surrounded.

Entering, Elijah advanced to the middle of the room, beside the writing table, folded his arms and fixed his dark, deep-set eyes upon the president's sullen face. Meeting that lambent gaze, with its queer, uncanny suggestion of a wavering or flickering light, Mr. Beck struggled painfully. He wanted to think of this man as a tramp; but in spite of himself he felt his will to resist subsiding.

Elijah began in a low, deliberate voice: "Death lurks in this house. The pit of destruction has yawned beneath your feet before. It has been granted me to snatch you back in time, as you know. I am here to snatch you back once more—for the last time. This strike must cease. You must arbitrate, or the trap will be set again and my eyes will be sealed." He slowly lifted his hands, palms outward, his gaze flaming into the president's dull eyes. "Death will be your portion. It may involve your family." He stretched out his right hand, pointing. "I see it as plainly as I see that chair."

He suddenly dropped his arms to his side, and the president started as though to dodge a blow. "Damn it all," he began, in a high, querulous voice.

"S-s-s-h! S-s-s-s-h!" said Elijah, as though he were correcting a petulant child.

Mr. Beck reddened slightly, looked down and began picking foolishly at the back of his right hand with the thumb and forefinger of his left.

The prophet's low, deliberate voice sounded again, and in spite of himself the president looked up, meeting the lambent eyes. "You must arbitrate. Even to-morrow may be too late. I will tell you that tomorrow which I saw. I saw coffins standing in this very room; a small coffin and a large; and sorrowing women who smelled the odor of white funeral flowers. I saw four men digging graves. That is what was to have been. And I heard the agonized cry of your heart, 'Oh, if I had only acted in time!' This further chance is given you. Act in time now."

The president turned tallowy, gulped and seemed to grow a size smaller in his chair. "Show me!" he muttered under his

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breath, and looked at Elijah with a kind of horror-stricken beseeching. The prophet perceived that Mr. Beck's nerve resistance had collapsed; that he had fairly given up.

But at that moment the band struck up. The awful uproar pervaded the room. Mr. Beck started and turned to the window in amazement. Elijah himself was surprised. He recognized the noise, but did not know what it meant. He hurried over to the president's chair, looking out of the window, and fell to stroking his long, slim beard as he wondered what Miriam was about. In a moment an explanation occurred to him.

"Do you see?" he said, raising his voice to make himself heard. "The word has passed to them through the air; the word of peace and life. They know it has been given me to overcome the powers of death. They know the strike is to end. They cannot restrain themselves."

At any rate, they didn't restrain themselves. The infernal racket continued. Elijah, stroking his beard, waited for it to cease. When it did cease he laid his hand on the president's shoulder and said, "Come!"

The president looked up at the prophet obediently, but did not at once arise. Somehow the band had broken in upon the spell. Again the prophet looked rather trampish, and the president felt somewhat dubious, suspicious, even hostile. After a moment, frowning slightly, he got to his feet. And then both of them were aware of a third figure standing beside them.

It was the figure of Farthest North in an odd plight. For his long hair was tousled, his face and shirt-front were smudged with coal dust. His left hand, in fact, was perfectly black. With it he was offering the prophet a sheet of notepaper.

"I come from Miriam," he said, addressing Elijah and looking earnestly at him. "I bring a message. You are ordered to do nothing further today. You are ordered to leave this house at once."

The prophet was plainly amazed. "From Miriam?" he repeated, and took the sheet of notepaper from the messenger's hand.

Now, President Beck had been looking steadily across the lawn at Miriam for the last five minutes. Certainly he hadn't seen anybody coming from her. Farthest's sooty figure looked very human and unghostly; also, standing uninvited in a gentleman's parlor, it looked unseemly. With a vague and angry resentment the president took a step forward, looked over Elijah's shoulder and read the note. It said simply, "Go no further. Leave the house at once." And the ink was not dry.

Staring at the note with a puzzled expression the prophet stroked his beard. But President Beck laid a detaining hand upon his shoulder, lifted his voice and shouted lustily: "Hey, there, you fellows! Come here, all of you!"

Inspector Mullaney at once stepped through the portières. A detective appeared from the hall. The gardener ran up to the open window. A large person in the white cap and apron of a chef, who was none other than Detective Swanson, hastened in from the kitchen.

"I want to know," Mr. Beck demanded angrily, "how the devil this fellow got into this room."

Inspector Mullaney surveyed the slight, besmudged figure, gasped and turned to Swanson. "It's Farthest North," he said. "You remember him. But he didn't come through the dining room," he added positively. "I was there all the time."

The others were as positive that he had not come through the hall, or the front parlor, or the kitchen.

"But he's here, ain't he?" said the president hotly. "And he's written a note at that table. I recognized the notepaper when I looked over your shoulder," he added, glaring at the prophet.

Inspector Mullaney stepped to the table and examined it. "Farthest," he said severely, "let me see your hands."

That was useless, however, because Farthest's whole person was daubed with the coal dust which the inspector found on the notepaper, blotting pad and penholder. The company stood glowering upon the culprit, waiting for him to explain himself. But the culprit, in modest embarrassment, only looked down at his guilty hands.

"Come! How did you get in here?" Mr. Beck demanded angrily.

"Why, it's perfectly simple," Farthest replied in gentle deprecation, as though anybody ought to know the answer. "I came up from the coal bin."

President Beck looked at the floor, through which he must have come if he had not come through the hall or the dining room.

"I bolted the door from the cellar to the kitchen myself," cried a female voice in excited denial. They saw that the real cook, overcome by alarm and curiosity, had followed the bogus chef.

"But what for?" President Beck exclaimed, ignoring the interruption.

"Why," said Farthest, in modest embarrassment; "why—to—to bring Elijah the message, of course!" He smiled genially at them over that happy thought.

For a moment it floored them. Then Inspector Mullaney noticed that the young man's right-hand coat pocket bulged. Seizing Farthest's right arm he plunged his hand into the pocket and drew forth a small, well-filled paper bag. Pouring a little of the contents into his palm he smelled it cautiously; then felt it; then announced: "It's ground glass! You was goin' to put it in some food, and this guy"—indicating the prophet—"was goin' to discover it."

The cook groaned loudly. Farthest, demurely studying the floor, smiled a little. Then he said, in a candid and friendly way: "Come into the hall, Inspector, and I'll tell you something."

Inspector Mullaney glowered formidably, but concluded to go. Farthest led him to the end of the hall, next the front door, and looked back over his shoulder to make sure there was nobody within hearing.

"I told the maid I'd come from the gas company to examine the meter," he explained hurriedly, but with engaging candor. "So she let me in and I hid in the coal bin. I thought likely there'd be some detectives around the house today, but I knew they'd run out of doors or to the windows to rubber as soon as Fannie—that is, Miriam—cut loose with the band. Nobody in the kitchen could see what the racket was, you know, without going out of doors. But the cook bolted the inside cellar door. When I heard the band I skipped up to that door; but it was fast. I lost quite a lot of time trying to get it open. Then I ran down cellar again and got out through the outside cellar door. That's right near the outside kitchen door. Everybody was watching the band so I got into the kitchen all right. But I lost time again. You see the light sort of blinded me after I'd been in the coal bin thirty-six hours. I'd just located the flour box and was getting it open when I saw the cook coming in. Of course I couldn't get the glass into the flour then. There was nothing to do but take a chance on calling Elijah off, so he wouldn't fall down on his test. I skipped through the dining room—where you were looking out of the window at the band, Inspector—and scribbled a note and gave it to Elijah. Now, that's the honest truth about the whole thing," he concluded, with a gentle earnestness—as though the "whole thing" were a perfectly simple, every-day affair.

Inspector Mullaney, swollen like a turkey cock, was about to speak; but Farthest cut him short, laying a hand upon his sleeve.

"Now, what I wanted to say to you, Inspector," he continued, very earnestly, "is that you mustn't for a minute blame Elijah. Why, Inspector, Elijah's the innocentest old goat that ever lived. I give you my word, there isn't a thing in the world wrong with him except he's just nutty. Fannie—that is, Miriam—and I knew right away that it wouldn't do at all to let him in on a fake. He couldn't work it for a minute unless he believed it himself, you understand. But if he did believe it himself, why then he was a wonder. Blamed if he couldn't make almost anybody else believe it too. Now I'm telling you this, Inspector, because I don't want you to do Elijah an injustice. You may think it strange, but that's honestly the way his cracked head operates. I give you my word if you play up some mystic hocus-pocus and bring in the occult powers you can stuff Elijah like he was an empty bedtick. You can make him think Isis put hair oil on his whiskers while he slept. Actually, Fannie did that the other day, just for greens. So when Fannie and I wanted him to have a vision, you see, I'd just write it all out with a stylus on sheets of oiled paper and Fannie would put it in the bosom of his nightshirt while he was asleep, and then in the morning she'd tell him he saw it——"

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Beside hundreds of distinctive *Shackamaxon* patterns—soft handsome worsteds, cheviots and serges—these fabrics include the most attractive styles just now appearing in the exclusive tailor-shops of New York and London.

"These are the most beautiful fabrics I ever saw!"

So exclaimed a prosperous young Philadelphian, smoothing down the fine silky surface of his *Shackamaxon* business coat.

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Write us for the *Shackamaxon* book of fall and winter styles; with the name of a tailor near you who handles them. Any tailor guarantees every suit he makes from them in every particular. And his guarantee is backed by *ours.*

If any suit of Shackamaxon fabric shrinks or fades or if any other fault develops in the fabric at any time, write to us and we will make it good.

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Look for this *Shackamaxon* trademark stamped on every yard of the fabric.

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It does what other towels *seem* to do. When you step from the bath the myriad little fissures in your skin are filled with soap, water and secretions. The Rubdry is made to *remove* these secretions.

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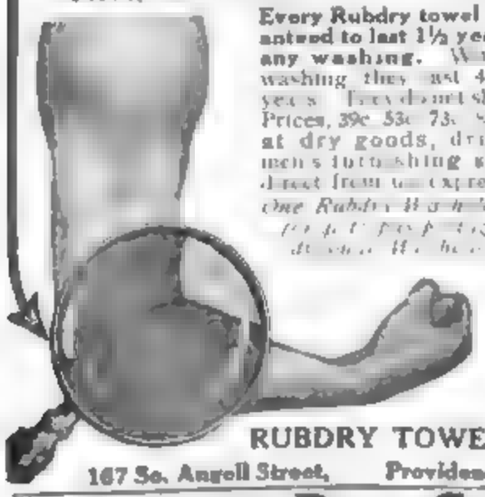
The nubs of the Rubdry press and manipulate the pores and fissures and clean *them*, as well as the surface of the skin.



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We will sell this Gentlemen's Australian Mink Lined Coat with Persian Lamb Collar and Facings; Extra fine black broadcloth Shell, sizes 34 to 46. Retail value $100

Special for $37.50

NOTICE When writing for this coat, state size of your suit and we will use our judgment as to size of coat.

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Send for folder of our October Specials—FREE upon request.

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But at that point Farthest's earnest discourse was cut short by a wild yell from the parlor door. President Beck and the prophet, in fact, had both been consumed with curiosity. Without any verbal understanding they had slipped through the parlor to the hall door, which was ajar, and listened. For some moments the president had been standing with his foot against the door and his hands on the prophet's shoulders, striving to make him keep still. But at Farthest's final detail the prophet had flung off the president's restraining hands, pushed him rudely aside and torn open the door with a mighty yell of wrath.

Even as a mud hen dives automatically and instantaneously at the crack of a gun, so Farthest bolted through the front door almost in the same instant that the prophet appeared in the hall.

Now we three reporters had drifted down the street to a position midway between Miriam's army and the house. We were startled to see Farthest's slight, besmudged figure shoot across the veranda and take to the open lawn, closely pursued by the prophet. Farthest's slender legs moved like the spokes of a runaway buggy. He skimmed over the ground like a swallow. Elijah, his fists clenched and his long beard streaming behind, moved in great strides that showed astonishing muscular energy. He seemed to bound along with all the resiliency of a startled jack-rabbit.

Farthest made straight for the army and reached Miriam's side half a length ahead of the prophet. In a twinkling the army was involved in confusion. As near as we could make out, the sisters seemed to side with Elijah and the brothers with Miriam and Farthest. At any rate, I distinctly saw the fierce little man beat the fife-player over the head with his big drumstick. But the mêlée was too general and complicated to permit accurate conclusions. One moment the army was all in a mess. The next moment we saw Farthest break away from the entangled mass, the coat torn from his back, and fly up the street with the speed of the wind. In a moment he turned the corner and was lost to view.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Payne relating the Adventures of Farthest North. The next story will appear in an early issue.

Missing

His typewriter's covered and silent, his chair
Is empty, his desk is in trim;
It never was so when he used to sit there
And hammer out "copy" with vim.
The cigarette stubs that he left in a row
Are gone, and the table is clean;
But give me the mess that the place used to show
And the click of his busy machine.

He used to come in with his hat on his ear
And a limp cigarette on his lip,
With a smile that was crooked, an eye that was clear
And a tongue that was fluent and flip.
He'd hang up his coat on the hook overhead,
Tilt his chair to the proper degree,
Run his hands through his hair, which was curly and red,
And write like a cyclone set free.

And sometimes, when pegging away, I forget
That he isn't one of us still.
And I'll start to say, "Jim, got a good cigarette?"
And turn toward his battered old "mill."
And then I'll remember that "30" is in
For him who once sat in that spot;
And—well, I redouble my hurry and din
In writing the story I've got.

His fingers will nevermore clatter the keys;
His life and his stories are done.
Those stories as brisk as the keen western breeze—
Another will take up his run.
Another will cover assignments he had;
He's gone, but the world mustn't lose
Its tales of the sad and the bad and the glad—
Its regular quota of news.

A newspaper man's always moving about,
He seldom stays long in a place;
And yet when he leaves, why, you haven't a doubt
That you'll see him again, face to face;
But this—well, it's different; this is the end,
And the office won't seem just the same.
My "fellow-reporter"—and also my friend—
He is through with the newspaper game.

—*Berton Braley.*

One Dollar Puts the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner In Your Home

One Dollar puts the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner in your home

One Dollar forever frees you from brooms, mops and dusters—and the backaches and drudgery they bring

One Dollar forever stops the expense and the nuisance of Spring and Fall house cleaning

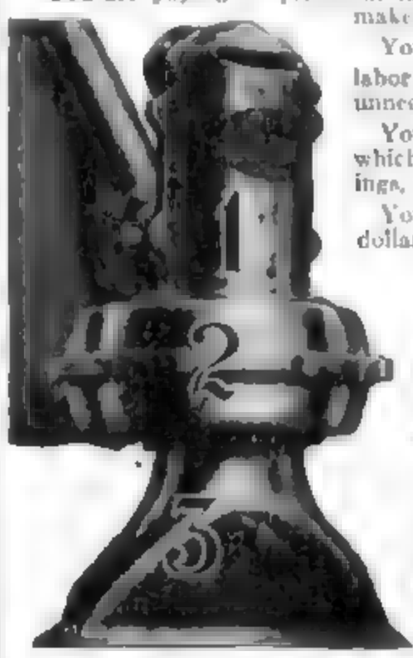
One Dollar enables you to do, *easily*, by electricity, the worst work a woman has to do

And One Dollar is the only cash outlay

It will bring you the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner complete—ready for instant use. The balance you pay for month by month out *of the actual money you save*

For Vacuum Cleaning is the greatest of all household economies

You are paying the price of a suction cleaner, *right now*—whether you have one or not. You are paying its price out in twice-a-year house cleaning alone—for a "RICHMOND" makes house-cleaning needless.



You are paying its price out many times over—in the hard labor of sweeping and dusting which the "RICHMOND" makes unnecessary

You are paying its price out again and again in the damage which dust does to your furniture, to your carpets, to your hangings, to your clothing—to YOU

You are paying the price of a "RICHMOND" when a single dollar would save the waste

YOU see here the lightest and simplest suction cleaner *ever* designed.

It is [illegible] a piece of furniture, built expressly to operate the [illegible]

It [illegible] the [illegible] of dust that was ground in two years of [illegible]

It [illegible] to screw into [illegible] the suction [illegible] which can be attached a receiver for [illegible] upholstery and upholstery cleaning

Nothing to Wear Out

There are no gears, no [illegible] no valves. Nothing to wear or to [illegible] It weighs but [illegible] pounds—two pounds less than the vacuum cleaner of ten years ago

Not any vacuum cleaner or suction cleaner can do this one does. And it does, [illegible] other thing which any other machine can do

You can, for example, use this "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner either with or without the hose

[illegible] the hose, we furnish special tools for cleaning portières, walls, books, [illegible] upholstery, clothing, hats.

For Hair Drying

Also a special attachment for hair drying, pillow renovating, etc.

The hose attachment slides on and off with the same ease that your foot slides [illegible] an easy slipper

Slip on the hose and the two-pound "RICHMOND" rivals any machine—no matter how much it weighs or how much it costs

Slip off the hose, and you have a floor machine which compares favorably in weight with the ordinary carpet sweeper, which sweeps on both forward and backward strokes and glides over the floor without pressure

Advantage of Light Weight

The "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner enables you, now for the [illegible] to have [illegible] eighty pound machine [illegible]

It represents as great an advance over [illegible] cleaners as these cleaners represented over brooms and carpet sweepers

But light weight and easy operation are but [illegible] the "RICHMOND"'s exclusive superiorities. There are many more.

The Vibrating Brush

There is, for example, the vibrating brush, *which you find on no other machine*

This brush fits in the floor nozzle of the "RICHMOND" It vibrates at the rate of [illegible] motion to wear the carpet, but a light upward-downward *fluffing* motion

Tops Out the Dirt

The vibrating brush taps the caked dirt out of the carpets and fabrics with [illegible] so [illegible] could clean

The [illegible] taps all [illegible] without the use of tools. It is but the work of ten seconds to take it off or put it on

And without the brush the "RICHMOND" will do all that any machine—vacuum or suction—can possibly do without working injury to even the finest fabric

Simplest Construction

We could mail you [illegible] on [illegible]

But without saying more you can judge our confidence in the "RICHMOND" by the fact that we do not only cover it with the [illegible] guarantee, but we give you besides a full year to pay for it

Saves Its Own Cost

If [illegible] and perfect cleanliness were worth nothing [illegible] the backaches of sweeping and the [illegible] the highest [illegible] worth [illegible] terms as this. The "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner will pay [illegible] besides from the actual [illegible] money it saves

Guaranteed One Year

Surely you must see that the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner must give perfect service, perfect satisfaction, day after day, month after month, else we could not afford this offer. Snip out the dollar coupon and send today to

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Five Factories { Two at [illegible] / One at Racine, Wis. / One at Chicago, Ill.
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1 Bric-a-brac Brush / 1 [illegible]
1 Dusting Brush / 1 [illegible] Hair Drying Attachment
1 Tube Screen Tool

[illegible] greenback or your order for $1.00 herewith and [illegible] I [illegible] when [illegible] paid.

Name

Address

THE COLLEGE LORELEI

(Continued from Page 17)

joined the Phi Chi Pai's. And there's no chapter of that here. So it leaves me rather lonely; or it would if it weren't for you. You're my one friend here. This porch is my chapter house. I've been wondering if you would honor me by wearing my pin."

This was a fraternity emblem she had never worn. She had been decorated with all the rest of the alphabet.

"I'd love to," she said, and he took it from his waistcoat.

"It's rather pretty," he went on. "The name is a secret, but I can tell you. I couldn't have a secret from you. The name is *Philotes chrepeuches*. I don't imagine it's very good Greek, but it is supposed to mean, 'Friendship is a necessity of the soul.' Will you wear it?"

"Over my heart," she murmured, and pinned it there. Her phrase and the music of her voice stirred him to unwonted courage.

"There's one other emblem I wish you'd wear for me."

"What's that?" she asked.

"This ring. I've been carrying it for days. I—I've been afraid to ask you to put it on. May I?"

He seized the hand in her lap and, selecting the wrong finger, held the ring before its tip. She gasped.

"Why should you give me a—a ring like that?" In the collet a diamond glowed like another moon.

"Because I want you to wear it as—a—as an—an enga-gagement ring. Won't you?—please!"

"But, my dear boy, you don't want to be engaged to me!"

"Oh, but I do. It's the one thing I want most on earth—except one thing."

"And what's that?"

"To have you marry me. Will you? Could you? Won't you? Please!"

The proposal had been precipitated at her feet with such sudden slips and starts that she was all confusion. One might have thought she had never been proposed to before. All she could say was a weak:

"But you don't want to marry me."

"I do!"

"But you're only a boy!"

"No, I'm not. And anyway, I'm a postgraduate."

She could not help a further argument: "But what would your father and mother say?"

"They wouldn't mind. They want me to be happy. Besides, I'm of age. I have my own money too. An aunt of my mother's left me enough for us to live on and I could earn more."

And then she began to laugh, a wild, imbecile, harsh laugh, with nothing dulcet in its metal. He edged away and stared in bewilderment.

"What are you laughing at?"

"I—I was just thinking—just thinking!" And she burst into another peal of hysterical clatter that woke her mother from sleep upstairs.

"Thinking of what?" he pleaded. "Were you thinking that I am ridiculous?"

She could not be so heartless to him. It was not he, but his father and the procession of other false-swearers that she wished to hurt—not this poor devotee. So she caught his hands and patted them reassuringly, and said:

"No, no, dear, sweet boy. I wasn't laughing at you, but at something else. Forgive me. I—I —— You'd better go now."

"But you haven't answered me."

"I can't now—please go!"

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow. Good night."

"Will you wear this ring till then?"

"Yes, yes, if you will go. Good night, good night!"

She fled within. He heard her laughing as she stumbled up the stairs. It was not pretty laughter. It alarmed her mother, who came barefooted and haggard to her door and, finding it locked, called through:

"What's the matter, Bertha? What on earth's the matter? Are you sick?"

"Yes, I'm sick. But I'm all right. Don't worry. Go back to bed. I'm all ri-i-ght!"

VI

SHE smothered her chuckles in her pillow; laughed till she cried; then lay for hours thinking. Her thoughts were as harsh as her laughter.

Here was her revenge; prepared, complete and ready for consummation. To marry Douglas Wier's son! How the news would waken old memories in his heart! Old memories would ring in that hard shell like the roar in a conch from the sea. How he would try to explain to his wife! How she would rage at home and smirk to the neighbors!

They could not disown her or annul the marriage or tear the plain gold band from her finger.

Here was the wedding she had longed for, and her husband was young, handsome, brilliant, devoted. He had money. She would leave Arden at last as a bride. She would have a home, children. She would shake off that tenacious "Miss." She would be a "Mrs."

The Society of ex-Lovers of Lalage would die unformed. Her big, brave husband would knock their heads together if they breathed her name again. They would laugh secretly. There would be much laughter over Lalage's elopement. They would call her a cradle-snatcher; but the best and the last and the loudest laughter would be hers.

Even if eventually, when her imminent age would make her old, while her husband's youth had years and years to run—if then he should tire of her, and desert her, still she would be a grass widow, not that eternal mockery—a college widow. She would have known a little respite from celibacy. She would not die an old maid.

Oh, it was too good a chance to let slip! She fell asleep planning her trousseau, and she dreamed of her honeymoon on an ocean steamer and in London, Paris, Venice—by some Italian sea.

VII

SHE woke exultant with holy vengeance and rapturous desire. They called her a Lorelei. Well, the Lorelei was driven to her pique and her cruelty by the ruin a lover had made of her trust. If the Arden Lorelei wrecked young Wier's life had not his father wrecked hers? And the young man was young enough to get over it. She was too old to hope for another chance.

She feared only that some accident might yet forbid the perfection of her revenge, but he came that evening earlier than usual. Fortunately the dark twilight came earlier still, for when he marched up the steps his first words were, as he poised trembling with anxiety:

"Well, what—what is your answer?"

"Yes."

He seized her with amazing immediateness, enveloped her with an embrace that threatened to crush her. She had not foreseen his strength or the ferocity of his joy. He covered her face with kisses smotheringly. As though he were already her husband, he took his place in her chair and with unquestioning authority drew her forward to take her on his lap.

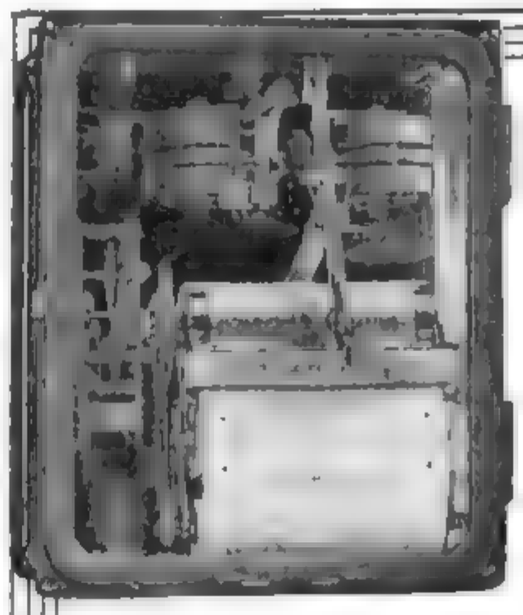
But she recoiled. She was afraid of this man. This was no ghost, no replica. This was not the timid Douglas Wier who loved her for a year and only kissed her when he wept to say goodby. This was a stranger, a tyrant. She did not know him. She dreaded him. But he would not be denied. His timidity had fallen from him as though her mere "Yes" had been a witch's abracadabra to transform him from a lamb to a tiger.

When she protested he laughed and silenced her lips with his own. He rocked her in his arms as though she were a child, and he talked of nothing but his unheard-of joy, his pride in her, his impatience to be wed at once. Further delay in Arden and further study of books were unbearable. He and his Lalage would study the world together.

She submitted to his caresses and his plans for fear of him. The thought of opposing him frightened all resistance from her. She hoped only that he would go soon and let her escape from the unexpected dominance of his new mood.

For a culminating horror, he raised to his lips the hand that wore his engagement ring, filled her palm with kisses, and then, in an access of infantile glee, caught one of her fingers in his teeth, growled like a fox-terrier—it was a remarkable imitation; he even shook her finger snarlingly as though it were a mouse.

That was hideous enough; but he had to confess that the trick was not his own.



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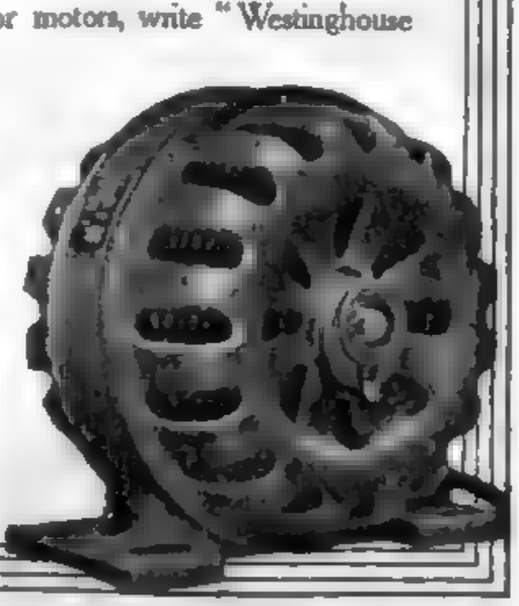

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"You ought to hear my father do that. He gives a wonderful imitation. Sometimes, when he and mother are feeling spoony in their old age, he'll grab her finger and shake it and growl till you'd think it was a real fox-terrier. And she'll squeal like a mouse. Oh, you'll love my mother, and she'll love you."

This was too much. To learn that her old lover was untrue to her was hard to bear, but to learn that he was amusing another woman with the silly love pranks he had invented for her was beyond endurance. The whole affair was becoming impossible.

She broke away from the understudy of her first lover, and in a sharp voice insisted:

"I—I'm afraid I must ask you to leave me now. I—I'm so—so excited; I—I'd better rest."

"But you're happy, aren't you? You're terribly happy, aren't you?" he demanded fiercely.

"Yes—yes, terribly."

She thought she would die before he ceased to kiss her good night. When he was gone she had not strength enough to mount the stairs to her room. She sank on the steps and stayed there a long, long while; once more made young by the magic of terror; once more as shy, as fearsome, as the little girl that Douglas Wier—the first—had found sitting on the stairway at the reception. It seemed centuries ago. She was once more that timid fawn, scared at man and his ways.

VIII

NEXT morning the sky was dull and the sunlight had no mellowness. It was just daylight—cold, clear, cynical. It was not illumination, but exposure; not color, but fact. It demonstrated everything in clear, cold lines and planes.

The angles of the bureau, the surface of the panes of glass, the wrinkles in the curtains, and life itself, were all one pitiless geometry. Romance was puerile extravagance. Even revenge had no more red glow than the old wood stove that needed polishing without and had only ashes within.

As problems are often found resolved after a night's sleep, so her schemes were already debated, denied, wrapped up and put away on a shelf when she woke. She had no power to recall even her yesterday's enthusiasm. Her plan was just an impossible childishness, and that was all.

She got up, bathed, dressed and went about tidying up the house with a finicky old-maidishness that she somehow accepted as her final and unalterable condition of servitude.

When Douglas Wier, 2d, called that night she kept him at a distance, and told him that she was wrong to have said yes, and he was crazy to have asked her. She must say no.

But he would not accept dismissal. He caught her in his arms, kissed her and called her his own. She overcame his ardor by her frigidity. She felt angry at him; she felt that he outraged her right to be herself and to give or withhold her own soul. But she quelled him most by her frigidity.

When he understood he reverted to his old weakness again. He pleaded, argued, insisted, pouted, and finally, with a complete loss of American ideals, broke down and sobbed.

She felt so sorry for him that at infinite sacrifice she brought herself to confess.

"You seem to forget that I am years and years older than you."

But he flung out impatiently: "What difference does that make? Most men marry women that are younger than they are—and most marriages are unhappy, aren't they? The happiest marriage that ever was was Robert Browning's; and his wife was years and years older than he was."

She had only her confession for her pains; she felt that something must be done to absolve the victim of her incantation. It was not enough to be rid of him and let him grieve his heart out. She could not have treated a dog so heedlessly.

She cast about for some other to suffocate his love painlessly. She remembered her fear that he might have overheard Cal Newby and the other old-wives' gossip at the initiation. She had feared that if he heard of the convention of her ex-lovers his love would die of disgust.

What might have served then must serve now. The convention in Madison Square Garden had already met in a small way in her photograph album. She would parade the regiment of ex-Lalage lovers before the boy and let them trample down his affection. She would show them all to him—except his father. That would be too humiliating to both of them.

Leaving him mopping his eyes and doubly shamed by his tears and the cause of them, she hurried up to her room and took the album from the table. It was heavier than ever, and as she came slowly down the steps she felt as if she carried the last of the Sibylline books.

She went to the sofa and motioned him to sit by her side. He came with alacrity.

Before she opened the album she said:

"If I am to marry you"—at this his arm hastened to clasp her waist. It irked her, but she made no effort to escape it. She thought that it would soon retreat of its own accord. "If I am to marry you," she repeated, "there are certain things about my life that you ought to know—you have a right to know."

His right arm crushed her and he put his left hand out to prevent the opening of the book.

"Oh, Lalage, I know you've been in love before. So have I—or thought so. I don't want to see the pictures of the fellows that have been crazy about you. They couldn't help it. I don't want to know their names. It might torment me if I ever met any of them. Just let bygones be bygones for both of us. Our lives are beginning all over again."

It was a lovable thing to say, and she looked up at him with a new tenderness and a stir of strange pity. On impulse she reached up and kissed him lightly, motheringly. It overjoyed him, for he did not know that it was a kiss of farewell, her "*Ave atque Vale!*"

She persisted: "But I must show you these pictures—some of them at least—and then ——"

"Well, if you insist, my love," he murmured, and was cheerful enough to add: "'You may fire when ready, Gridley.'"

Womanlike she began at the last. She lifted the cover and the end leaf; there stood an amiable barbarian in football pelts. This man's name was hidden on the back of the picture, but young Wier laughed.

"Why, that's Colby—the football wonder—isn't it?"

"That's Colby," she sighed; but Wier seemed to feel an uplift of pride at winning what Colby had lost.

"Well, well! so the famous Colby loved you too, eh? I went to see him play two years ago, but he wasn't in the game. He'd broken his arm."

"Yes," she breathed. She hesitated for a moment, then braved it: "Colby was a savage sort of fellow. He was too wild for me. I—I couldn't stand him. Two evenings before that game he called on me; he kissed me in spite of my struggles, and I broke away from him and locked the door on him, and went up to my room. It was late and dark, and he—he tried to climb up to my window. I saw his face peering in; I was horribly afraid, but I ran and pulled down the sash. It crushed his finger and he let go and fell. It was a wonder he wasn't killed."

And now they were both scarlet, and the man who was proud that the great Colby had loved his bride-to-be was muttering: "It was a pity he wasn't killed—the dog! If I ever see him ——"

She ended the painful scene by turning the leaf. She realized that now his encircling arm clasped her with protecting ardor. She felt that she was not making great progress in her project.

"Who's that?" he asked, somewhat uncomfortably.

"That's Bob Kenebel. We were engaged, and—and he died. He caught pneumonia and died just before Commencement."

She felt a shiver run along his arm. Evidently the man who had died was an even more dreaded rival than the one that ought to have died.

"Next!" he mumbled, with a croak in his throat.

"That's Carl Heslewood. He—he was going to leave college to marry me, and he went to his pastor in his home town and asked him to marry us. But the pastor—his name was Horace Pollock—here's his picture," she was skimming the front leaves rapidly.

"Good Heavens! Is Horace there too?" The arm behind her seemed to wilt a bit.

"Yes, that's his picture. He told Carl that he oughtn't to marry me, because he

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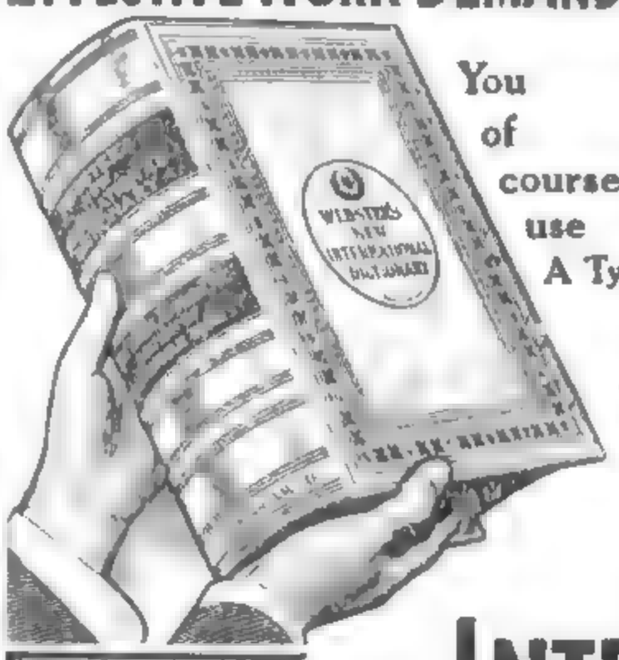

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had been engaged to me himself, and he—he had found out that I was engaged to another man at the same time."

"What a cad he was! It wasn't true, was it?"

"I'm afraid so. This is the other man's picture. See—Sidney Grinnell."

The arm at her waist was on the back of the sofa now, and her lover sighed to his depths. She was winning, but the triumph was not comforting. She turned to the back of the book again, but he groaned:

"I don't want to see any more."

"But you must, my dear. This is Stuart McQuoid—handsome, isn't he?" There was no answer to this. "I wouldn't have him. He drank and gambled, even in college. When I found it out I threw him over, and he—he took poison. It didn't kill him. They saved him with a—a stomach pump, I believe. That part of it wasn't very romantic, was it? And before him I thought I was madly in love with this boy—Ralph Temple. He was a fascinating fellow, and I—well, I found out that he was engaged to two other girls in town and one at home; and then it was my turn to try suicide. I threw myself into the Arden River—I wanted to die, but I wanted to live too; and I'm not sure that I didn't pick out a shallow place on purpose. But I caught a terrible cold and I've had rheumatism a good deal ever since."

"You have rheumatism?" he asked feebly. Somehow she felt that this was the most disillusioning thing of all, but she returned to the album and sketched him a few more reminiscences of a busy heart; told him of Newby, Peplow & Co.

She knew that his heart was aching with mortal pangs; but he really loved her, and the better side of his heart overwhelmed the repugnances he suffered. At length he became masterly again. He slammed the book shut, dragged it from her hands and dumped the chamber of horrors on the floor with a thud.

"I won't look at any more. It's fine of you to want me to know all that, but I can't stand any more. I'm sorry about all those other men. I wish I could have saved you from them."

"You'd have had to be born so long ago," she interposed dolefully.

"I know that too. I wish I were older than you, so that you would respect me more; but the one thing I know is that I love you, whatever you've been. If you love me now I don't care about those others. It's better, I guess, to have a woman's extra lovers come before marriage than after. Nothing makes any difference, Lalage. If you love me and if I love you—nothing on earth matters."

She sat silent a long while, letting him hold her and shelter her from everything hateful and futile in past and future. She was very near to accepting his creed of "nothing matters." But, even as she closed her eyes and swayed toward his heart, her last glance fell on the album and she sighed:

"One thing matters, Douglas—one thing. There's one other picture you must see."

"No, no!"

"Yes!" She writhed from his arms and dropping to her knees reached out and drew the album to her. Opening it again she sat back on her heels and looked up into his eyes to watch him as he bent forward.

She saw his face jolted as if with a fist. She saw it whiten as the blood was sucked back into his wounded heart. She saw it flush crimson as the blood was regurgitated into every vein. She saw his mouth quiver and set hard, as though with sudden age.

"My father!" he whispered. He turned and stared at her, and seemed to appraise her years for the first time.

Then he threw his head back and laughed, shouted, writhed, rocked with primeval uproar.

"My own father!" he howled. "My o-o-own fa-ha-ha-ha—— Oh! ho-ho-ow—how—how—he—he"—all the imbecile noises the human animal shakes out when his diaphragm is seized with a colic.

Lalage sat at his feet, humbled to the lowest dust; she had had the last laugh for her own and she had turned it over to him. The martyrdom of ridicule is hard to bear with stateliness. She resented the absence of beauty and dignity in her sacrifice.

When he had laughed himself limp and sat staring at her through bleary eyes, his lips still fluttering with the last bubbles of laughter, she said:

"Yes—that is your father. I owe everything—the whole ruination of my life—to your father. He taught me to believe that no man is worth trusting. He started me on the path of being a silly, shallow, hopeless flirt. I owe him this big album-load of affairs, with this pack of lovers and liars and forgetters. They're bad enough, but he was the worst of them. He took my heart when it was young and innocent, and he ruined my life. Your father was a cad—a cad and a beast."

"Oh, come now!"—and he glowered truculently—"I can't permit you to slander my father. Dad's a noble, splendid man. He was only a boy then, and you've no right to cherish it against him. He's a splendid man, and I can't let even you criticise him."

"You can't, can't you? Well, then, you'd better go back to your father, and to that wife of his whose finger he shakes like a fox-terrier. Go tell her that he used to work that trick on me! Go tell her that!"

It was unworthy of Lalage, but instinct taught her that it was the final stab to the boy's love. He rose in a hurricane of wrath.

"You leave my mother's name out of this. My mother is a good woman. She has no photograph album full of—of—a—a syndicate of lovers."

She thought of various crushing things to say in retort, but she had had enough of the Wier family. She was glad to see that this was to be the last of them. She rose from the floor, leaving the album there. She took off the engagement ring, took off the fraternity pin, placed them in his hand, crossed to the door, turned and spoke with the melodious voice of the early Lalage:

"I was trying to cure you of your foolish infatuation. I think the cure is complete. I restore you to your parents with my compliments."

Then, with a bow of thirty years ago, she murmured:

"Good night, Mr. Douglas Wier, Second."

She swept out and moved up the stairs like a grand dame of the old school; but she was giggling as only Lalage could ripplingly giggle.

When Douglas, left alone on the battlefield, realized his position, he set out for the door and stumbled over the bulky album. He gave it a healthy kick in his best football-punting style. It did him good and enabled him to march out of the house in excellent order, as befitted the last of the Lorton regiment.

Miss Lorton's window has thick curtains now; she has taken up fancy stitching and nursing, and the other jobs that make an old maid's life beautiful and her presence dear. Everybody remarks that her voice is more dulcet than ever, and invalids say that it is medicine just to hear her laugh.

Fitzgerald's Flight

AT THE recent Harvard-Boston aviation meet—which, by the way, was neither in the university city nor in Boston, but in Atlantic, a part of Quincy—President Taft and Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, shared honors one afternoon. Mayor Fitz is a "mixer," and is just as much at home with Presidents and princes as with his constituents in the "dear old North End." Likewise, when the opportunity presents itself to get into the spot-light the "little general" embraces it.

So, when Claude Grahame-White, the English aviator, asked Fitz if he wouldn't like to make a flight the mayor instantly replied:

"Sure, now!" Both were game, and Fitz made his flight before the President and thirty thousand other spectators.

At the end of the flight Grahame-White brought his biplane to a stop directly in front of the presidential automobile in such a sensational manner that the secret-service men got a scare. Fitz alighted and went up for well-deserved recognition. Mr. Taft congratulated the mayor heartily and asked: "Are you not afraid to go up in such a machine?" Fitz was right there with the goods. "There is only one machine that I'm afraid of," he shot back; "and that is the Republican machine!" Mr. Taft chuckled and shook until the auto was threatened with disintegration. When the company regained its dignity and Mr. Taft reasonable composure the President asked: "And could you see people on the earth plainly when you were away up in the air?" "Well," replied Fitz, with an all-embracing smile, "I could see you without any difficulty!"

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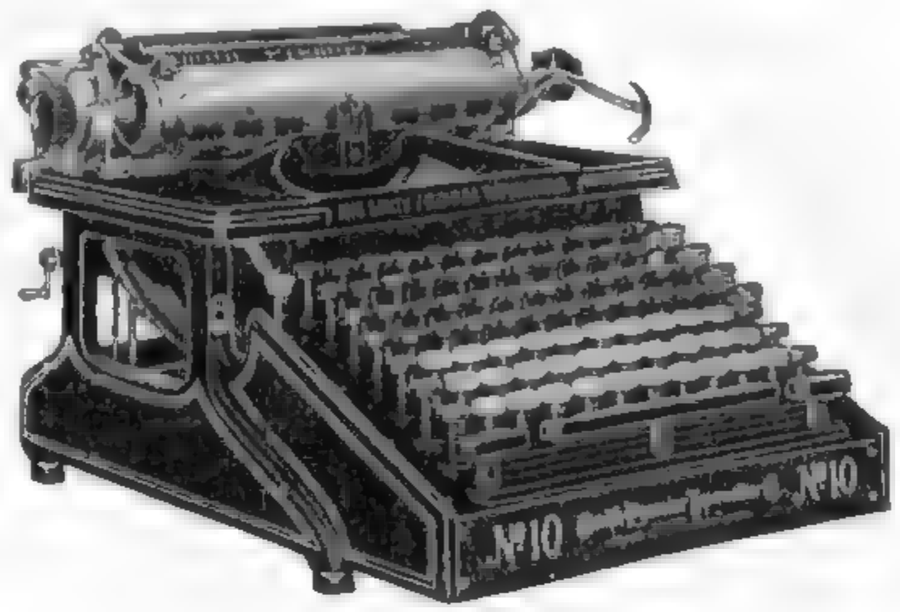

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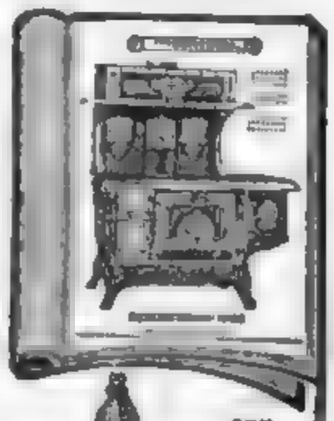

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Write very carefully on coupon only.

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THE ROPER

(Continued from Page 9)

"Then I don't want to hear it, my boy. Maybe I could tell you a little something about myself that would just square us."

A clever variation of his usual method had occurred to the roper.

"Won't you let me tell you?" pleaded the assistant cashier almost piteously.

"Look here," said the detective in a firm but kindly tone, as he promenaded, "a man is always sore on the fellow he confesses to, like he is sore on the man he borrows money from. He regrets it. He's suspicious the other fellow may give him away. They can't stay friends like we are. I take you at your face value, just as you take me, and I don't want anything to come between us."

"Perhaps you are right," murmured Larned, his face in his hands.

"But I'll tell you what," continued the roper hurriedly, fearing he had overshot the mark: "confession is certainly good for the soul. It's a great relief. Can you get the benefit of it without paying the cost? I say, yes. Look at the fellows who contribute anonymously to the conscience fund of the Government—though they're foolish not to send anonymous checks instead of real money. Now, confession is like drawing up a bank statement. The point is to draw up a statement for yourself and don't let anybody else see it. Catch the idea? That's what I did once—wrote out my little Jean-Jacques-Rousseau yarn, burned it, and felt a heap better."

"That's quite an idea," said the fugitive.

"You bet. Just try it for yourself. Here's pen, paper and envelope. Write out a full statement of what's troubling you—put in names and dates—roast anybody that you feel is responsible for your slip. Make it short but meaty, as the editor said to the reporter who was writing about a dwarf found cut up in a barrel. I'll give you half an hour to do it. Then we'll just seal up the blamed statement in an envelope, burn it, and celebrate the occasion with a bottle of extra dry that I'm going downstairs to get."

When Mr. Garrett returned, with a champagne pail in one hand and a box of cigars in the other, having considerably extended the time for producing the statement, he found Mr. Springer almost happily revising five sheets of closely written hotel paper.

"Good boy!" he ejaculated. "Did you date it and sign it?"

"No; but I will."

"That's right. Don't forget the little formalities. Now for the bonfire."

Mr. Garrett took the sealed envelope from Mr. Springer, turned to the fireplace and—performing a piece of legerdemain—substituted another sealed envelope, filled with blank paper, for the confessional document, which he slipped up his left sleeve.

"One, two, three!" He lighted a match, applied it to a corner of the blank envelope, and in a minute the apparent "bank statement" was reduced to ashes.

"Don't you feel better, old sport?" laughed the roper, slapping Larned on the shoulder.

"By Jove, I do," said the subject. "It's foolish, but I do."

"Then shake hands, drink hearty and light up one of these official French cigars, which are good though they don't rank with the official and original French Venus of Milo. That reminds me of a story."

The roper, bubbling over with good nature, delivered himself of some anecdotes that made the subject laugh until he was red in the face.

"Where are we going today?" asked Larned at the rather late breakfast next morning.

"I've got a hunch to run over to Monte Carlo and try my luck."

"When do you think of going?"

"This afternoon—three-forty."

"I'd like to go with you."

"Sure. Come along."

As a magnet draws iron, the roper drew the subject after him on a circling tour around Europe. From Monte Carlo they went to Venice, from Venice to Vienna, thence to Budapest and on to Amsterdam.

"He's hitched to me like the tail on a kangaroo," wrote McIntyre to the superintendent. "I'll have to pry him loose if I ever want to get rid of him."

The purpose of the whirl through Europe was to give the New York authorities time to act against the bigger game on the information contained in the assistant cashier's confession—which remarkable document McIntyre had promptly cabled in cipher—and also to keep Larned out of touch with the higher conspirators, who were desperately seeking him. The shadowed bank director, failing to find Larned in London, had engaged a retired Scotland Yard man to locate him, and this individual had traced the fugitive and his companion to Paris, Monte Carlo and Venice before losing the trail.

At Amsterdam the roper had one of the searching moments of his career. He was taken down with an attack of lumbago, the belated penalty of Gargantuan indulgence, and suffered exquisite pain for four days in a hotel room above a misty canal. There was a Dutch doctor who prescribed uselessly. James Larned acted as the nurse. He attended the patient by night as well as by day, with the patience and tenderness of a woman. On the fourth evening, when the worst torture was over and the detective was recovering from exhaustion, Larned sat beside his bed and, for the first time, talked of his home, his mother and his sisters, who lived on the Park Slope.

"Cheer up, old sport," murmured McIntyre faintly; but there was moisture in his eyes and sweat on his brow. The contempt that he had felt for the weak-willed subject was gone. He saw the affection and loyalty, of which he had been a beneficiary, at the bottom of the man's character.

For some minutes the roper with the artistic temperament was on the point of telling Larned everything, so that he might escape the net.

The next day, quite in his normal health and vigor, McIntyre did not entirely repudiate his generous impulse, but he put it aside with the more or less sophistical reflection that it would be no kindness to turn loose a weak, helpless creature for inevitable recapture. Some other way of helping him must be found.

"Well, old man," said McIntyre soon afterward, "we've seen enough of the Dutch. How would you like to take a trip to Canada? I have some friends in the provinces: we might do a little moose hunting for a change."

"All right," replied Larned as usual. He would be nearer home, he thought, yet safe on foreign soil.

Before starting for the moose country Garrett learned that the fishing on the St. Lawrence was excellent. They went out every day in a rowboat, keeping close to the Canadian side. One morning the fishing seemed better farther out. There was an attractive island toward the American shore. The sportsmen went near it to pursue their quest. In the excitement of landing a big fish Springer did not hear the chug of a motorboat rounding the island until it was almost upon them.

A thick-set man in the motorboat drew a revolver and said:

"Halt! James Larned, I want you."

The fugitive, pale and trembling, dropped the gaff from his hands. He was on the point of fainting. His companion, however, angrily exclaimed:

"Who the devil are you? What does this mean?"

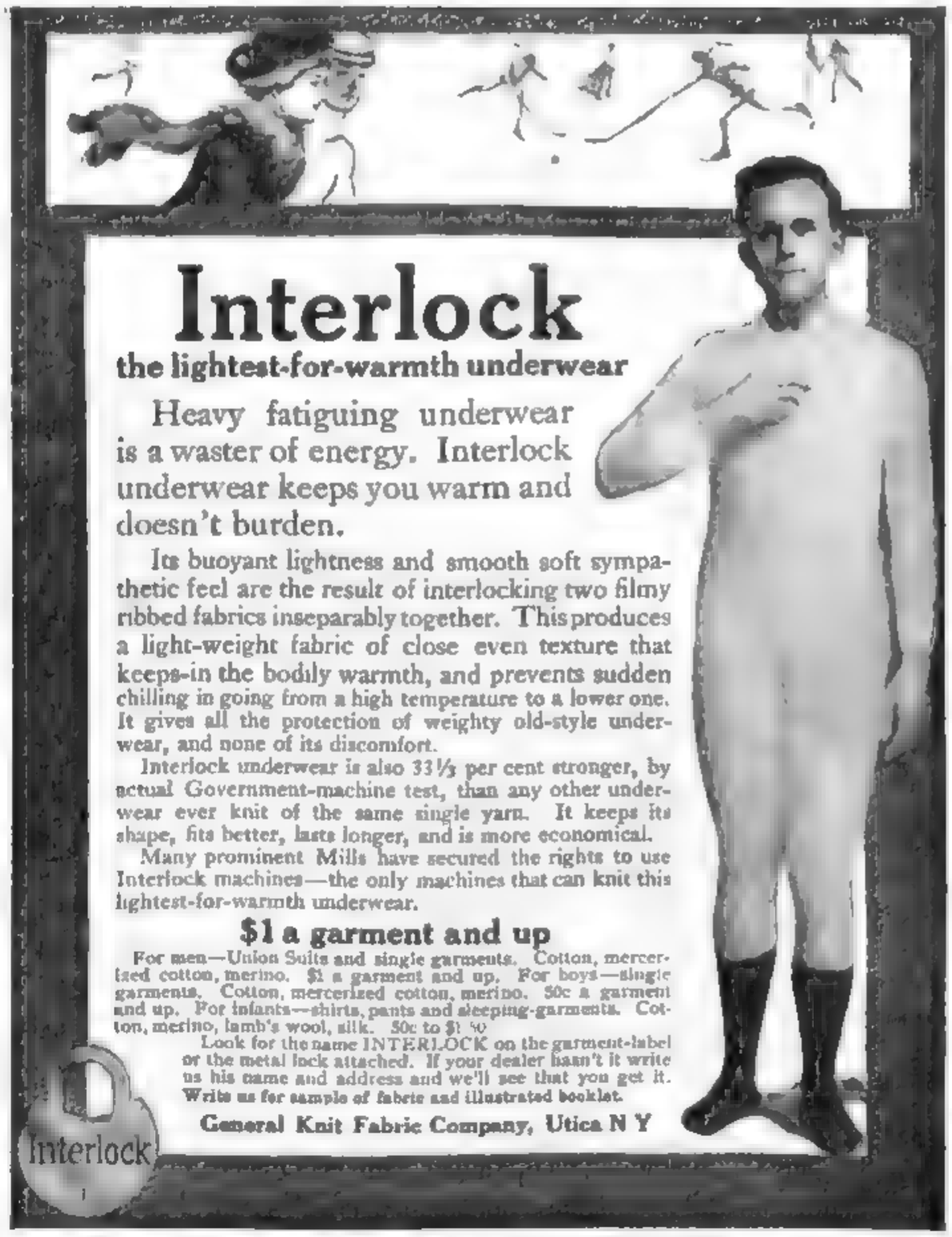
"I'm a detective—so's this man with me—from the central office, New York. I have a warrant for James Larned's arrest. And seeing you're with a crook, Mr. What's-your-name, I'll just take you along too."

The roper blustered and threatened something about neutrality, the rights of a citizen, and so forth, and then submitted. The men were taken ashore in the motorboat, handcuffed together and lodged in an American jail.

"Don't say a word to anybody till you get to New York and see the district attorney," said the roper to Larned, while he was supposed to be tying the last knots in the web around the prisoner.

Larned had been recognized by the authorities as the tool in the bank looting. He was to receive some consideration, not entire immunity, for acting as state's evidence against the bank director, the vice-president and the cashier, who were all in the toils. But the roper, strange to say, made a stiff ultimatum to his superintendent and to the district attorney.

"You let that young chap go scot-free and I'll make him cough up everything.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THE **Portland Commercial Club** is in daily communication with 148 organizations in **The Pacific Northwest.** These organizations are banded together under the names of **The Oregon Development League** and **The Southwest Washington Development Association.** Make known your line of **manufacturing**—the scale upon which you operate and other details to the **Portland Commercial Club** and in return you will receive **authentic** and **impartial information** regarding the **opportunities** open to you in **your own line,** here in the **Great Pacific Northwest.** These organizations have no connection whatsoever with any private enterprise. We will hold your communication in confidence. Address

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Otherwise he'll close up like a clam and deny the Paris confession—and you can't prove it by me."

"McIntyre, you're an insubordinate fool!" said the superintendent and the district attorney in varying language. But they accepted the terms.

"It's his artistic temperament," sighed the superintendent to the prosecutor when they were alone. "Every roper is more or less impractical."

The big thieves, on Larned's testimony—the Paris confession was not produced in court nor even shown to its author—went to jail for half a dozen years apiece, and Larned went to his home on the Park Slope, where his mother and sisters wept over him with more joy than sorrow. Said the penitent son and brother:

"I owe everything to a clever, sociable fellow named Garrett—a chance acquaintance on shipboard. He went all over Europe with me, kept me from doing anything foolish, and advised me what to do when we got to this country. He's gone out to his ranch somewhere in the West. I wish he were here, so you could all meet him and thank him. He's a fine fellow, though he never went to college."

Girls of Yesteryear

The Poet was sad and his face was drear,
"Oh, where are the Girls of Yesteryear?"
Quoth he as he sat and sighed.
And a little Bird who had overheard
In a near-by tree—oh, her heart was stirred!—
Replied:
"The Maidens dear of the Yesteryear?
Come hither, oh, man of visage drear;
Come here, come here,
And I will show you those Yestergirls,
Who filled your Yesterheart with whirls,
And made you blue
Because they wouldn't say Yester-you."

So the Poet climbed that Birdy's tree
The Girls of the Yesteryear to see;
And, oh, the sights that the Poet saw!
One Yestergirl was a Mother-in-law,
And held a family 'neath a paw
In such an iron and steely grasp
It made the sad-eyed Poet gasp.
To think that one demure as she
In the Yesterdays that used to be
Had now become
The omen glum
Of overbearing Tyranny!

The next he saw was a maiden fair
He once had losed for her raven hair
In the Yesteryear.
Oh, sight of woe and dark despond!
She'd now become a buxom blonde—
I greatly fear
Both bleached and dyed
With peroxide!
And once again the Poet sighed:
"Alas, alack!
Oh, where are those Yestertresses black?"

Again he looked, and Nancy sweet,
That Yesterfairy so petite,
Whom once he'd thought to bear the crown
For lightness like to eiderdown
Oh, where is that lissom Yesterform
That made his Yesterdreams so warm
And filled his Yestersoul with storm?
Poor Nancy sweet,
So light of feet,
Now tipped the scales at quite ten score,
And possibly a few pounds more;
And she, once fragile as the Rose,
Had changed her name to Addie Poor!

One other glance—the Poet fled,
This time he saw a scene of dread.
Dear dainty Maude he'd loved so well
Back in that old-time Yesterspell,
Because he deemed her sure to be
The Queen of Amiability—
He saw her now—an awesome scene—
More like Horrida Bella's Queen;
Erect, an eye flashed with command,
A big flatiron in her hand,
With which with an unerring eye
She pinked her husband standing by!

. . . . . .

"For all their Yesterpink and fuzz
They don't seem like they used to was!"
The Poet said,
With low-bent head—
While Birdy laughed and flew away
To woo the Maidens of Today.
And 'twixt us two, viewed in the light
Of what the Poet saw that night,
I rather think the Bird was right!

—*Blakeney Gray.*

Take it From the Ad-Writer

Well, what do you know about this? After writing a few "ads" on Twin Oaks I've put over the biggest success in years—outselling everything on the market. But hush, I couldn't have done it if the tobacco hadn't sold itself after the first tin—that's the real secret—not the stuff I've been writing.

The boss is going to raise my salary—the manufacturers are just tickled to death. It's a plain case of a genuine article getting the patronage it deserves. Fellows, there's nothing like the simple truth after all in this selling game, and when you have the courage of your convictions it's a cinch.

I was converted because I was convinced it was the most for the money I'd seen—it had body—sturdy as an oak—I don't mean strong, but body, meaning good rich tobacco taste—Great guns, it's grand—full of character—this wonderful mixture of Latakia, Virginia, Turkish, Burley and Perique makes it burn fine—and the smoke is as cool as a breeze from fragrant hills.

You draw so easy—Uh-m-m, you exhale slowly—Ah-h-h! You hate to part with even that one puff, though you know there are dozens equally as good to follow. There isn't a bite in it, with any kind of a pipe—new or old—under any conditions—and this one point is enough to recommend it without saying one word. But I *must* speak of the can. I can't pass that, it's a beauty. Slips into your pocket so easy—feels so light—makes you proud to be seen using it—and presto, you open it with a gentle thumb pressure—with one hand.

I just can't say another word, boys. Twin Oaks is a better blend—a better mixture—a better smoke all told than you ever believed possible. And the wonderful sales are proving my statements every day.

Are you one of the lucky converts—if not—start to-day and become one.

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WEALTH IN WOOD

(Concluded from Page 19)

land is dryer and it is harder to control a fire." And this fairness toward ourselves reminds one of their fairness to France in regard to the recent disastrous floods. "It is easy to criticise them," said a prominent German official, "but, really, the French floods were far more the result of the abnormal rains than of unwise deforesting at stream sources. France is peculiarly subject to floods on account of the torrential character of many of its mountain-fed streams. Of course the sources should be well afforested; but what France most needs is a tremendously expensive system of dams near the sources." The French foresters, I afterward noticed, were very sensitive to the world's criticism as to the cause of the floods and claimed that they had used due care as to afforestation of sources.

It was fortunate for forestry that, in the Middle Ages, great forests were set apart for the preservation of game and for hunting. Naturally such tracts were usually in wild and hilly regions, and so, when modern ideas as to the conservation of forests for the national good came in, forests were to quite a degree ready, and in the best localities for the best results.

Some countries, however, notably Italy and Spain, continued to permit the wasteful, improvident destruction of forests, with evil effects on national well being. Even in the time of Francis of Assisi the denudation of Italy was so advanced that he instructed his disciples to build no chapels of wood, but to use only stone. England, with the national trait that forbids her to see her own faults till the sight is actually forced upon her, has blindly continued tree destruction, and has also continued to put off the time of reforestation. Today her lack of trees is one of the prominent causes of her seriously depressed condition. In the British Isles barely four per cent of the land is forest land; and, although timber is now never used except from absolute necessity, the importation of wood amounts to about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year. A royal commission recently urged the adoption of a great scheme to remedy the evil conditions. The plan was to afforest one hundred and fifty thousand acres a year for sixty years, twenty years after which time the forests would have a value of nearly three billion dollars, and ought to yield an average net revenue of nine dollars and seventy-five cents an acre for land now yielding an average of fifty cents an acre. But Parliament is too busy with other problems to go into this.

German Thoroughness

Germany aims mainly at the cultivation of the spruce, the pine and the fir for soft woods, and the beech and the oak for the hard. I noticed that the spruce and the fir were mostly planted in the lower grounds and the pine in the higher; the pine is also used on sandy wastes. Germany experiments freely and with open mind with the trees of other nations, and there one sees great quantities of Norway spruce and Scotch pine, though the Douglas fir, the black walnut and the American white ash are very popular. In the experimental tracts they set out in juxtaposition patches of seedlings from many lands and closely watch their comparative growth.

The patient thoroughness of the German is everywhere apparent; and perhaps an example from the German territory about Tsingtao in China, taken in charge by them eleven years ago, will be illustrative. They found in this territory a great bareness, but already they have planted three thousand acres of forest; and in 1908, utilizing Chinese help, they fought the greatest pest, insects, having over seven million caterpillars gathered by hand and smashed, and—a further German touch—used as fertilizer.

A pleasant feature of the great forests in both Germany and France is their openness to the public, who may walk or drive or picnic there at will. It amused me to find one German forest pond stocked by an esthetic over-forester with gold fish. There are, however, wilder things than gold fish in some of the forests; France alone pays some five thousand dollars annually in bounties for the killing of wolves, crows and wild boars.

France, though not so successful financially as Germany in forestry, shows in her forests a peculiar charm that is somehow missing from most of the German forests the kind of charm that inspired Corot to paint his masterpieces. The French forests, royal chases descending direct from princely possession, still seem to display the dignity, the charm, the fine beauty that properly go with descendants of the *ancien régime*.

Eighteen per cent of the area of France is forest land. Nearly three million acres are owned by the Government, and from this there is an annual net average income of one dollar and seventy-five cents an acre.

France, poorer than Germany, hesitates about spending; and whereas the most economically administered German forests have an average of one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre for operating expenses, and other German forests range from that to as high as three dollars and fifty-eight cents an acre, the annual French expenditure is but ninety-five cents an acre. It is a case where putting less in takes less out.

Then, too, the French have a great total of unproductive space given over to stately avenues, and splendid forest vistas down wide roads radiating interminably from central points, and broad entrances of beauty and dignity; and they spend money on stone walls and clipped hedging and fine roads. They are ready to do with decreased revenue for the sake of increased beauty, and in great degree find financial reward in increasing the attractiveness for visitors. They are willing, for the same reasons, to maintain trees not the most productive financially, such as the miles and miles of beech forests at royal Compiègne and the magnificent beeches of Fontainebleau.

What France Has Done

In general, the methods are like the German. Indeed, the actual principles of forest growing are comparatively simple, the more important points being the willingness of the Government to conserve its forests and a general watchfulness over forests in general. And the French policy is very liberal.

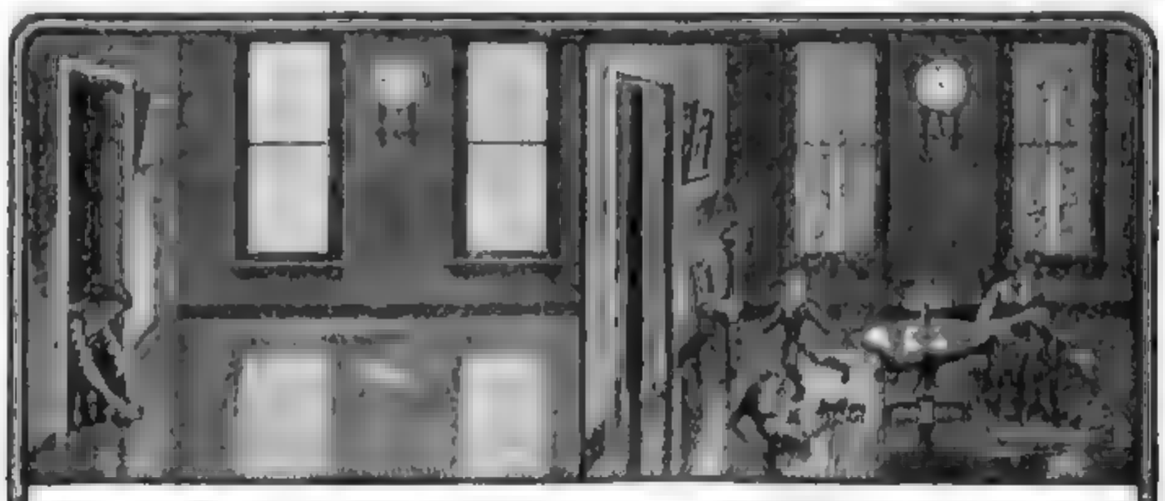
Exemption from taxation for many years is granted private owners who afforest the tops and slopes of mountains, and a reduction of three-quarters of the taxes on other land afforested. The Government even furnishes seed or young trees to private owners under certain conditions; but if a private owner wishes to cut down his piece of woods—and by this is not meant the ordinary use of the proper accretion—he is not permitted to do so without asking governmental permission and showing good cause.

The chances are that after a long delay and many formalities he will find his request refused.

At the present time France is planning such an extension of her forestry system as will take two centuries to complete.

Already France has furnished the best single example of successful forestry that the world has seen: the reclamation of the sandy and marshy wastes of the southwest. The work was begun in 1793, at the time of the French Revolution, ordinarily associated only with war and bloodshed, and is still continuing. Two hundred and seventy-five thousand acres of sand-dunes in Gascony have been covered with pine forest, and also almost two million acres of the region of sand and marsh known as the Landes—a region so desolate that popular belief had it that its condition was due to Divine wrath on account of the burial there of innumerable Saracens in the ancient wars. Real miracles have been wrought by a century and a quarter of intelligent forestry, with the result that, for Gascony, the Government has recovered the money expended and owns forest property valued at ten million dollars, and that for the once worthless Landes there is now property, partly owned by the Government and partly transferred to private individuals, valued at one hundred million dollars.

Such triumphs as these, and the reclamation by Prussia of the sandy wastes of Brandenburg and Pomerania, where mighty stretches of drifting sand have been conquered, show what good governmental forestry and encouragement can accomplish.



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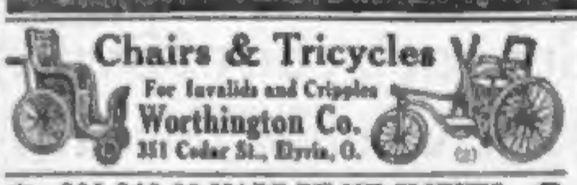

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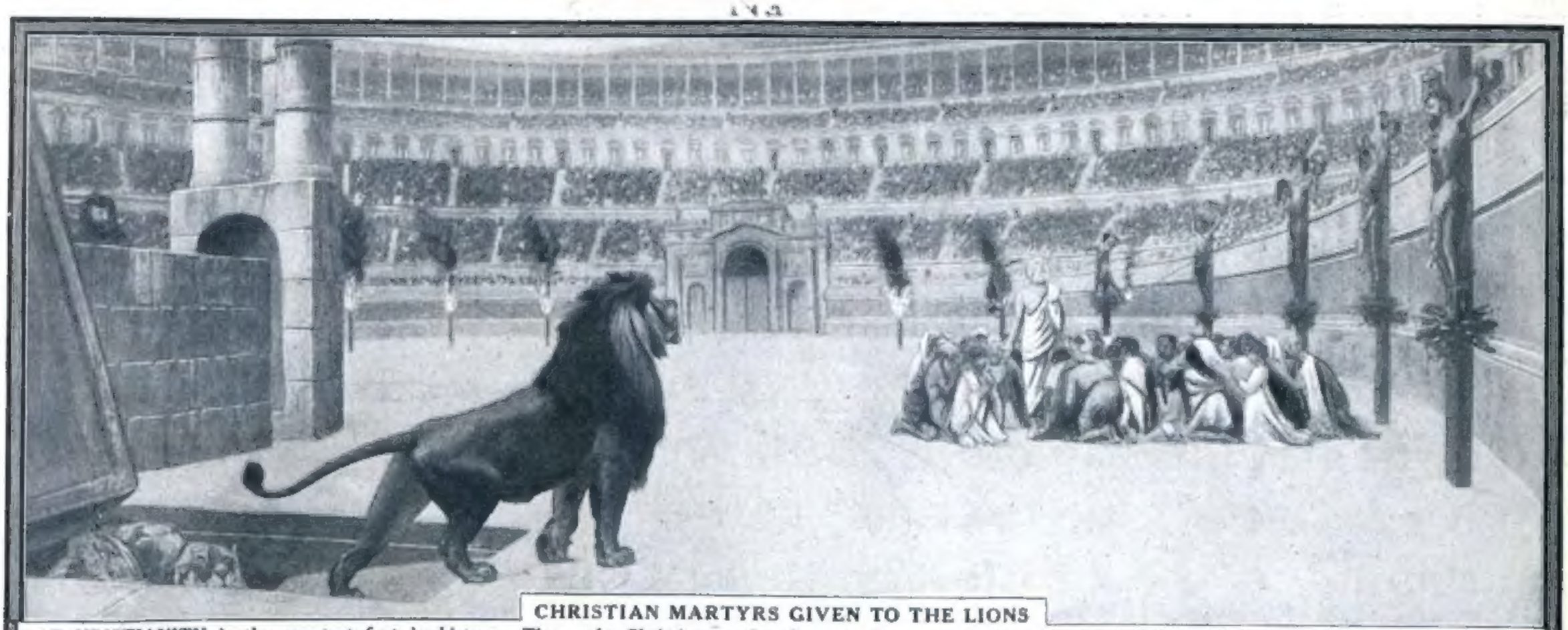

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